D. Huntington P.N.A.

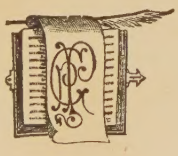
Book of the Artists.

AMERICAN ARTIST LIFE,

COMPRISING BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL SKETCHES OF AMERICAN ARTISTS: PRECEDED BY AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF ART IN AMERICA.

BY
HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

WITH AN APPENDIX CONTAINING AN ACCOUNT OF NOTABLE PICTURES AND PRIVATE COLLECTIONS.



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'WHEN, from the sacred garden driven,
Man fled before his Maker's wrath,
An angel left her place in heaven,
And cross'd the wanderer's sunless path.
'Twas Art! sweet Art! new radiance broke
Where her light foot flew o'er the ground,
And thus with seraph voice she spoke:
'The curse a blessing shall be found.'"

Sprague.

"MAN, it is not thy works, which are mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, but only the *spirit thou workest in*, that can have worth or continuance."—*Carlyle.*

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PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT.

A CANDID and comprehensive survey of the Progress of Art in the United States has for some years appeared to be an essential want in our literature, and a theme which cannot fail to be emphatically interesting and acceptable, not merely to those more directly connected with Art, professionally and as collectors, but also to the many thousands of intelligent people who can appreciate and enjoy good pictures, although they may not have means to buy them.

In this faith the Publishers have induced Mr. TUCKERMAN to undertake the laborious yet genial task of collecting the leading facts and details connected with the Progress of Painting and Sculpture in this country, and the personal, or at least the professional history of our Artists. In this undertaking the author has incorporated, as the groundwork, his own brief Sketch of American Artist-Life, published some twenty years ago, and which was warmly welcomed by judicious critics at home and in England. Biographies of the pioneer Artists, and of those whose names and works are most familiar, are given more at length, and with special regard to authentic details of their characteristic works.

The limits of a single volume do not permit extended reference to the works of all our younger Artists—and respect has been paid to the modest wishes of those who desire to accomplish something more worthy of record before they are enrolled in our Art-Annals.

PLAN AND PURPOSE OF THIS WORK.

This work is essentially a Biographical History of American Art; the statistics, means, influences, obstacles, needs, and triumphs thereof are stated and discussed; the past facts, the present tendencies, and the future prospects of Art among us are also suggested; but the great feature of the work is its personal revelations. In many instances the author has enjoyed intimate relations with the artists he delineates; and therefore writes from his own observation and knowledge, which gives both value and vital interest to such memoirs as those of Greenough, Powers, Inman, Crawford, Clevenger, Brown, Leslie, Morse, Church, and many others. The account of Allston is by far the most complete ever written; in that of Inman and Powers there are extracts from letters, and specimens of original verse; numerous fresh and significant anecdotes enliven the narrative;—the several departments of Art are fully discussed, as *Portraiture*, in the chapters on Copley, Stuart, Page, and Elliot; *Landscape*, in those devoted to Cole, Durand, Church, etc.; *Miniature*, in the sketches of Malbone and Staigg; *Historical*, under West, Trumbull, and Leutzé; *Panoramic*, under Vanderlyn; and *Plastic Art*, in the memoirs of Greenough, Powers, Crawford, and Palmer. Among the other incidental subjects treated in connection with these lives of American Artists, are Western Adventure, in relation to Deas, Bierstadt, Ranney, etc.; Life in Italy, as experienced by Greenough, Crawford, Allston, etc.; English Patronage, as enjoyed by West and Leslie; Tropical and Arctic Excursions, associated with the paintings of Church and Bradford; the contrasted influence of the Düsseldorf, French, and Italian schools;—and interspersed with these interesting subjects,

many anecdotes of Artist-Life, for the first time put on record by the author ; as, for instance, the experience of W. E. West, while portraying Lord Byron ; of Morse, while initiating the Electric Telegraph ; of Chapman, in his early excursions about Rome ; of Palmer, in his humble youthful days ; of Clevenger, Akers, and Powers, in their first isolated struggles ; and of Elliot, in his acquisition and profitable use of a "Stuart" accidentally acquired, "whereby hangs a tale." The illustrations from travel and books ; the quotations from the best foreign and native art-critics ; the descriptions, dates, and local habitation of interesting works of Art, their character and history ; the facts of the Real, and the requirements of the Ideal, are among the many themes and associations which give value and variety to the historical details and personal experiences recorded in this work, with fulness, authentic precision, and earnest sympathy.

A recent liberal and judicious little treatise on Art, attributed to. a foreign writer of acknowledged authority, contains the following remarks, which, by a pleasant coincidence, we find amply illustrated in this record and discussion of American Artist-Life :

"Not by thinking about it will any one find out beauty ; but a sensibility that is weak may be strengthened, and one that is confused may be cleared and purified. Now, the way to make one's perceptions clear in Art is to consider carefully what Art is in general ; what is its object ; under what conditions it works, and what may be expected from it."

"There are standing controversies in Art, which are perpetually breaking out afresh : they take new forms with every new age, but they are essentially the same always. These violent dogmatic decisions crush and wither the timid likings of plain people, which might have developed into cultivated taste."

"The artist's capital is in himself ; it is the gift of nature, and incommunicable. And what is this gift ? It is the gift of joy. Will it not satisfy the artist that he should be regarded as one whom Nature has favored with a more elastic spirit than others ? as one who, because he retains his fresh-

ness when others have lost it in cares and details, becomes a fountain of freshness to the community? And if there is something sacred in the artist's intrinsic superiority, is there not also something sacred in his function?"*

THE PUBLISHERS.

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* ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF ART. *A Lecture.* Reprinted from McMillan's Magazine *Boston: Roberts Brothers.* 1867.

INTRODUCTION.

ART IN AMERICA.

TO one familiar with the Art of Europe, or even with the criticism thereof by eloquent modern writers, there may be little attraction in the earlier productions of pencil and chisel on this Continent; yet liberal curiosity and humane sympathies will discover much significant interest in the facts attending the dawn and progress of Art in America. The contrast between the stern exigencies of primitive civilization and the absorbing claims of a nascent polity and social development, with the initiation of what have ever proved the mature elements of culture and character, alone suggests a certain degree of romance and philosophy; and when these elements gradually assume an historical interest, and prove the germs of a progressive taste and practice, they acquire no inconsiderable, though often indirect, importance. Although a few portrait-painters have left traces of their vocation among the colonial relics anterior to 1700, such evidences of luxury are too few and ineffective to deserve much notice; and their rarity may be inferred from the fact that the artistic paraphernalia which a Scotchman, fifteen years after that date, possessed at Perth Amboy, N. J., made his studio as great a marvel to the scattered inhabitants as the cabinet of an astrologer. Cotton Mather, in his "Magnolia," speaking of the aversion of John Wilson to sit for his portrait, says: "Secretary Rowson introduced the limner"—showing there were limners in Boston in 1667.

The Colony now known as Rhode Island was the scene of our earliest Art; thither the benignly enterprising Berkeley had brought Smybert, whose pencil transmits the features of some of New England's fathers in Church and State, and a few of the belles of that day, and whose skill may be estimated by the first composite picture ever executed here—that of his beloved patron and his companions, now in the Yale College Gallery. To

him, also, we are indebted for the only authentic portrait of Jonathan Edwards; and it was his copy of a Cardinal by Vandyke, which gave Allston, then a Harvard student, his first ideas and practice in colors. Next, in the heart of Pennsylvania, and in the bosom of a sect remarkable for its indifference to the beautiful as a means of refinement and pleasure, appeared Benjamin West, whose story is a household word;—his boyish sketch of his sleeping brother—his slow encroachments on the prejudices of his neighbors—the interest he excited in Rome, as the pioneer American art-student, who compared the Apollo to a Mohawk warrior; the royal patronage he enjoyed in England—his signal ability in choosing subjects and in composition, and his inadequate power of expression—his integrity and kindliness—the encouragement he afforded his countrymen who came to London to become painters—his numerous and elaborate historical works—his serene and prosperous age, and his well-known "Christ Rejected" and "Healing the Sick," once so popular and still so endeared—make his benevolent and venerable figure a genial object in the foreground of our brief Art-history. Anterior to him, and entirely identified with colonial times, is Copley, through whom the brocade, buckles, velvet, powder, and other characteristics of an aristocratic and obsolete toilet, are associated with the old-fashioned dignity and formal self-possession of the eminent and the prosperous subjects of Britain, who were the oracles of society in Provincial America. Like West, he adventured notably in the historical sphere; and his "Youth Rescued from a Shark," and "Death of Pierson," and of Chatham, are among the memorable engravings of that period.

Patience Wright soon after modelled cleverly in wax and clay, favored by Washington and Franklin; Bembridge and Fraser were celebrities at the South; Paul Revere, a mechanical genius of Boston, and among her earliest patriots; Feke and Pratt had set up their easels here and there; and Wilson Peale and Colonel Trumbull united the fame of soldiers and artists—the former having earliest delineated the Father of his Country, and the latter the features of our Revolutionary heroes and statesmen—otherwise in many instances now lost to our senses forever. And then came Gilbert Stuart, whose humble birthplace, a small farm-house at Narragansett, near the site of the snuff-mill erected by his father, a shrewd Scotchman, may still be seen. The vigor of his pencil, the strength and character of his coloring, his colloquial fame, his numerous invaluable family portraits, which are among the most prized heirlooms in America; the racy anecdotes, the characteristic originality and force of the man; his work and his ways, his talk and his partiality to the "pungent grains of titillating dust," once so copiously manufactured by his thrifty sire; and especially his portrait of Washington, wherein the gentleman and the sage, the hero and the Christian, are so exquisitely combined and impressively embodied,—render his memory and his influence as an artist salient and enduring.

Earle, Fulton, Dunlap, Williams, and Joseph Wright, are among those who simultaneously wrought in the same field; and coincident therewith

the visits of foreign artists, to depict or mould the features of those remarkable men who laid the foundation of our constitutional freedom, gave a fresh impulse and an enlarged sphere to the art previously illustrated by native talent.

Jarvis and Vanderlyn now became known to fame; the stories of the former and his eccentricities are among the most amusing of Knickerbocker reminiscences, and his portrait of "Perry at Lake Erie," authentic as a likeness, was long the admiration of hero-worshippers; while the "Ariadne" of the latter was not only regarded as a miracle of beauty, but gave birth to an engraving from the burin of Durand, which threw the previous labors of Edwin, Lawson, and Anderson, into the shade, and is still one of the most creditable specimens of the art, of native origin. Wilson, the ornithologist, soon after came to give the first impulse to the artistic illustration of Natural History, so nobly followed up by Audubon; and an exquisite miniature painter, Malbone, while yet a youth, and, like Stuart, a native of Rhode Island, scattered precious gems of delicate portraiture from Massachusetts to South Carolina, and died at the zenith of his fame, by none more lamented than by Washington Allston, the sympathetic companion of his boyhood's rambles at Newport, and of his mature experimental studies in art. With the name of this great painter, painting reached its acme of excellence among us. In genius, character, life, and feeling, he emulated the Italian masters, partook of their spirit, and caught the mellow richness of their tints. Around his revered name cluster the most select and gratifying associations of native art; in each department he exhibited a mastery, as was emphatically acknowledged when a partial exhibition of his pictures was made in Boston thirty years ago. From an Alpine landscape, luminous with frosty atmosphere and sky-piercing mountains, to moonbeams flickering on a quiet stream—from grand Scriptural to delicate fairy figures—from rugged and solemn Jewish heads to the most ideal female conceptions—from "Jeremiah" to "Beatrice," and from "Miriam" to "Rosalie," every phase of mellow and transparent —almost magnetic color, graceful contours, deep expression, rich contrast of tints—the mature, satisfying, versatile triumph of pictorial art, as we have known and loved it in the Old World, then and there, justified the name of American Titian bestowed on Allston at Rome; while the spiritual isolation and benignity, the instructive and almost inspired discourse, the lofty ideal, the religious earnestness, even the lithe frame, large, expressive eyes, and white, flowing locks of Allston, his character, his life, conversation, presence, and memory, proclaimed the great artist.

Nor, though our country's career in art is so brief, is he—comparatively ripe in years, fame, and achievement—the only highly-gifted and graciously influential native artist whose untimely departure we have been called to mourn. Newton, who alone rivalled Leslie in that delectable sphere of illustrative art for which Sterne, Cervantes, Shakspeare, Pope, and Irving have afforded memorable themes, died with too limited a bequest to the artistic treasures of two countries; for years, miniature painting remained

among us as it was left by Malbone; Henry Inman, than whom no votary of the pencil in America had more of the true traits of artist-genius, whose few refined and graceful compositions, and portraits of Wordsworth, Chalmers, Macaulay, and others, amply attest his skill and originality, was cut off in the prime of his years and his faculties; Thomas Cole, a landscape painter, as truly alive to the significance of our scenery as a subject of art, as is Bryant as one of poetry, and who united graphic powers with poetical feeling, had but just reached his meridian when he passed away. Horatio Greenough left a void not only in the thin rank of our sculptors, but among the foremost of Art's intelligent and eloquent advocates and expositors; not soon will be forgotten his copious ideas, independent spirit, and genial fellowship; no American artist has written more effectively of the claims and defects of art-culture among us. The remarkable labors of Crawford, his consummate final achievement, his genius, assiduity, success, and early departure, are recent and familiar subjects of eulogy and regret. Deas, Doughty, Bartholomew, Cheney, W. E. West, one of the best delineators of Byron; Van Bryck, Woodville, Glass, Duggan, Suydam, Furness, and other disciples of art, have swelled the obituary, and left cherished memories and trophies. Such are a few of the names and the triumphs which the past affords; for the most part incomplete and casual indeed, yet not without precious results and delightful memories; in some of these men we find the conservators of national fame through authentic portraiture, at a time and in a country when excellence therein was rare; in others, was manifest a knowledge of art which guided and quickened aspiring students utterly destitute of educational means; in some, the love of beauty, the moral sensibility and artistic perception glowed, and in all the love and the labors of art raised and propagated its principles and charms, then but imperfectly recognized, now so diffused and honored.

A limited influence, but one not less valuable in the utter absence of artistic trophies, must have been exerted by Blackburn, through the few but highly-finished portraits he executed during a brief visit to the Eastern colonies; the grace of his female heads and the beauty of the hands are remarkable. We can indeed trace the foreign element in ameliorating the method and refining the taste in Art, until several years after the establishment of Independence. The portraits of Pine and Robertson, best known as having delineated Washington and the statesmen of the Revolution, the profile miniature likenesses by Sharpless, the Danae of Wertmüller, who passed several years, and finally died, in Delaware; the enthusiasm of the republican sculptor Ceracchi, who modelled the heads of Washington, Hamilton, and other American celebrities, and contemplated a grand historical statuary composition to commemorate the triumph of Liberty, and, at last, was beheaded for conspiring against the first Napoleon; the statue by Houdon, and the occasional visits of other and less famed, but comparatively accomplished foreign artists, gradually made the appliances and technicalities of the pursuit more familiar and accessible.

During the French Revolution, many valuable works of the French, Italian, and Dutch schools found their way to America; within a few years some of the best pictures of the Dusseldorf and modern Parisian school have been exhibited here. American travelers in Europe have secured admirable copies of the most renowned works of the old masters, and foreigners or natives in our principal cities have, in several memorable instances, made collections, some of English, others of French and German, American, or Italian pictures, so that there is now an opportunity for our artists, without going abroad, to become familiar with the finest exemplars of the limner's art. Whatever difference of opinion or taste may exist in regard to the comparative merits of the different schools, their products have made apparent to the least critical, the greater thoroughness of equipment and discipline which even moderate success demands of the artist in Europe; while mediocrity and presumption have thus been reproved, true talent has received a new stimulus, the effect whereof is obvious in the greater variety of subjects, and the more studious treatment in native art.

New York is nobly supplied with Hospitals and Libraries, but she lacks one Institution essential to a great civilized metropolis,—a permanent free Gallery of Art. There is no safe and eligible place of deposit and exhibition for pictures and statuary. The many valuable works that formed the City Gallery, and were once gathered in the Park, long mouldered in a cellar; among them were the masterpieces of Vanderlyn and Cole. A few years ago, an enterprising merchant offered to place a large collection of pictures, by the old masters, in any secure edifice, for the benefit of the public; but neither public munificence nor private enterprise would furnish the requisite shelter for these artistic exotics, and they now repose in the obscurity of lumber-rooms. Mr. J. J. Jarves brought a chronological selection of "old masters" from Italy, and sought a permanent home for them here in vain. Our native artists, toiling in their scattered *ateliers*, have no appropriate medium whereby their labors can be known to the public. It is not the custom here, as in Europe, for strangers to visit studios uninvited; accordingly, our artists, when they have a new picture to dispose of, send it to a fashionable print-shop, and pay an exorbitant commission in case of sale.

The surprise and delight exhibited by the thousands of all degrees, who visited the Picture Gallery of the Metropolitan Fair, has suggested to many, for the first time, and renewed in other minds more emphatically, the need, desirableness, and practicability of a permanent and free Gallery of Art in our cities. The third metropolis of the civilized world should not longer be without such a benign provision for and promoter of high civilization. Within the last few years the advance of public taste and the increased recognition of art in this country, have been among the most interesting phenomena of the times. A score of eminent and original landscape painters have achieved the highest reputations; private collections of pictures have become a new social attraction; exhibitions of works

of art have grown lucrative and popular; buildings expressly for studios have been erected; sales of pictures by auction have produced unprecedented sums of money; art-shops are a delectable feature of Broadway; artist-receptions are favorite reunions of the winter; and a splendid edifice has been completed devoted to the Academy, and owing its erection to public munificence,—while a School of Design is in successful operation at the Cooper Institute. Nor is this all; at Rome, Paris, Florence, and Dusseldorf, as well as at Chicago, Albany, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Boston, and New York, there are native *ateliers*, schools, or collections, the fame whereof has raised our national character and enhanced our intellectual resources as a people. These and many other facts indicate, too plainly to be mistaken, that the time has come to establish permanent and standard galleries of art, on the most liberal scale, in our large cities. Heretofore the absence of fire-proof buildings has prevented many Americans of wealth and taste from contributing to such institutions as include the Fine Arts in their objects. Not long since a fire occurred in Boston, whereby several invaluable historical portraits were destroyed, and the risk of such catastrophes deters prudential lovers of artistic treasures from indulging at once their public spirit and private taste, by presenting works of art to such institutions as already exist. No sooner did the New York Historical Society possess a fire-proof edifice than valuable donations began there to accumulate; the Nineveh marbles, the Egyptian museum, the Audubon collections, portraits, statues, and relics, were gratefully confided to this secure and eligible institution. It was soon found inadequate as to space, and the late President, with some of the more enterprising members, obtained a charter from the Legislature for a museum of art and antiquities, to be erected in the Central Park, and open to the public, as are similar institutions in Europe. As a nucleus for the statuary department, the casts from CRAWFORD'S Roman studio are most appropriate and valuable; they are already stored in the old Arsenal. It has been proposed that a permanent collection of arms and trophies, such as have attracted such crowds of delighted visitors at the Fair, should constitute another feature.

Already we have the munificent donation of THOMAS J. BRYAN, of his rare and costly gallery of pictures to the New York Historical Society. It numbers two hundred and fifty pictures, and is valued at one hundred thousand dollars. It is no casual gathering of odds and ends, such as may be brought together in any European capital by the mere expenditure of tasteless ambition. During many years of residence abroad, Mr. BRYAN collected one after another of these interesting works. To him it was a labor of love. At Paris he enjoyed signal advantages; and there are many exquisite specimens of the early French, Flemish and Italian schools in his gallery, such as are not now to be obtained at any price. As a collection, it is remarkable for the number of small masterpieces—those gems which the amateur loves to hang in library, boudoir and *salon*, and contemplate habitually, and with unsated relish. We remember pic-

tures of TENIERS, RUYSDAEL, WATTEAU, WOUVERMAN, etc., which discover new charms the more they are studied; add to these the fine exemplars of Italian masters, and several valuable historical portraits acquired in this country—such as a WASHINGTON, by STUART—and PRIESTLEY and JEFFERSON, by PEALE—and it is not easy to estimate the importance of such a collection as the basis of a Metropolitan gallery. We remember when Mr. BRYAN first brought his pictures to New York, that a call upon him was like visiting a venerable burgomaster of Holland, or a merchant-prince of Florence, in her palmy days. He had collected his treasures in the second story of a private building on Broadway, and seated there, a vigilant and enamored *custode*, in an old arm-chair, with his snow-white hair, gazing round the walls covered with mellow tints, delicious figures, vivid or picturesque landscapes—*chefs-d'œuvre* of pictorial art, hallowed and endeared by memorable names,—he seemed to belong to another sphere, and we to have wandered from Babel to Elysium in thus entering his gallery from bustling and garish Broadway. And now that he and others have bestowed art-treasures on our city, let us appreciate the gift by making them the starting-point of an enterprise worthy of a cultivated people in a prosperous Republic,—a permanent and precious shrine and heritage of art, to honor, elevate and refine the prosperous but perverted instincts of humanity, here and now, and modify the material tendencies of luxury and traffic by the presence of that truth and beauty which, accessible in daily life, are the most conservative of moral agencies, and the most inspiring means of popular culture.

To these auspicious indications of art-study, progress and taste, many others could be added, suggestive of the growing interest of the American public in the subject, and the more intelligent enterprise exercised in its behalf. We may cite, for instance, the free education, in elementary art, afforded by the benevolent founder of the Cooper Institute, in New York. Under the scientific training of Dr. Rimmer, and the effective co-operation of many ladies of the city, poor women acquire skill in wood-engraving so as to obtain an honorable subsistence thereby; others have developed superior capacity in plastic art, and become accomplished in drawing and designing. The careful anatomical instruction of Dr. Rimmer initiates a thorough system of art-knowledge and practice. Yale College has recently been endowed with an Art-fund, which will lead to pictorial exhibitions, a permanent gallery, and professional instruction. In Hartford, Connecticut, is a permanent art-exhibition, at the Wadsworth Gallery; in Brooklyn, Long Island, an active and prosperous art-association,—and in Boston a tasteful and efficient art-club; while, by the recent action of Congress, each State of the Union has been invited to fill certain niches or spaces in the old House of Representatives, in the Capitol, at Washington, with two statues, one of each of its most distinguished men, civil and military. These and like projects and social arrangements promise a more judicious conservation of works of art, a better method of instruction, desirable practical results, wider sympathy, and somewhat of that national pride

and love, which, once freely enlisted in the cause of art, secures her progress and prosperity.

The liberality of the citizens of New York has enabled the National Academy of Design to establish a home and nursery of art, wherein the novice may find all needful facilities for study and practice, the adept a secure and eligible exhibition hall for his work, and the amateur a shrine and haunt for his favorite pursuit.

A characteristic letter of Dr. Franklin to Wilson Peale, dated London, July 4, 1771, prophesies the future prosperity, while it recognizes the actual precarious tenure of Art in America. "If I were to advise you," says the prudent philosopher, "it should be, by great industry and frugality to secure a competency; for, as your profession requires good eyes, and cannot so well be followed with spectacles, and, therefore, will not probably afford subsistence so long as some other employments, you have a right to claim proportionally large rewards, while you continue able to exercise it to general satisfaction. The Arts have always traveled westward; and there is no doubt of their flourishing hereafter on our side of the Atlantic, as the number of wealthy inhabitants shall increase, who may be able and willing suitably to reward them; since, from several instances, it appears that our people are not deficient in genius." Still the discouragements, at this period, were neither few nor small, even in the view of those who now seem to us to have achieved success. "You have come a great way to starve," said West to one of his subsequently eminent countrymen, who told him he had visited London to become an historical painter. "You had better learn to make shoes or dig potatoes," said Trumbull to another young aspirant, "than become a painter in this country." Indeed, the instances of genius to which Franklin referred were chiefly mechanical and political. In the useful arts, the Americans seemed destined to excel; in naval architecture, machinery, and statesmanship, they had already, and have since continued to win distinctive honors; the Patent Office rather than Galleries of Art seemed the destined conservatory of national fame; and it was only by slow degrees that the same alacrity and aptitude became manifest in the sphere of the beautiful which so early gained us prestige and promise in that of the practical.

Isolated and itinerant, the votary of Art, in the latter years of our colonial and the first of our national existence, found his pursuit in America as capriciously remunerative as his education therefor was limited and accidental. West, to secure indispensable resources, had to reside abroad; and for many years he was not only the oracle, but, in the best sense, the patron of those of his countrymen who aspired to the fame and the discipline of Art. Peale, Trumbull, Sully, Fulton, Dunlap, Allston, Malbone, Morse, Leslie, and all our early painters, sought and found in him their patient teacher and most efficient friend. Their success, indeed, was long dependent upon foreign, and especially English recognition. The primal impulse and resources of their career indicate how little encouragement or guidance life in America then yielded the student of Art; and the same

precarious aids are characteristic of the initiation of those who subsequently adopted the vocation. Trumbull and Allston found in a copy of Vandyke, Malbone in scene-painting, and Cole in the sight of a traveling limner's apparatus, the first authentic hints of their chosen pursuit. Patronage was also as diverse in the Old World as in the New; no Royal Society awarded the prize to the young American at home, and, when a student in Rome, he found no national academy such as represents and fosters there the artistic culture of older countries. He looked to individuals for support, and the early and later history of American Art honorably identifies commercial success with tasteful liberality. Citizens of wealth or social influence almost invariably extended seasonable aid to the young and gifted in this career; and in after years they gratefully trace their first success to the sympathy or beneficence of their prosperous countrymen. Cooper gave Greenough his first commission; Longworth stretched out the right hand of liberal fellowship to Powers and scores of young Western artists; Luman Reed first encouraged Cole and Durand; the women of Kentucky sent Hart to Italy to model their great statesman,—and Leutze found his earliest encouragement in the personal interest and judicious orders of three American merchants. The artist, like the author, in America, finds his best and most legitimate sphere of work and honor in social rather than official life. It is true the exigencies of political routine or popular favor give rise to commissions. Portraits of municipal and military heroes are annually ordered; but, with few exceptions, they are as uninspired in execution as they are uninteresting in subject. The whole history of what may be termed the conventional nurture of Art in America is as remarkable a contrast to the means thus employed in Europe as it is illustrative of the democratic tendencies of our professional, not less than our political, life.

Local institutions for the encouragement of Art spring up and decline with the same facility as those associations designed for less permanent objects; yet, in several of our principal cities, there have been collections of pictures accessible to students and the public; and with every succeeding year the facilities both for education and enjoyment in Art have increased. Peale, soon after the Revolutionary War, established his once famous Museum in Philadelphia, of which national portraits were the chief attraction; and that city now boasts of one of the most eligible Art Academies in the country. The Boston Athenæum early commenced the acquisition of works of Art, some of which are invaluable trophies of native genius; and the Trumbull Gallery at New Haven, Connecticut, is full of interest; while in many of the Western cities, annual exhibitions and private taste indicate the growth of interest in this once ignored and beautiful economy of life. In 1807, an Academy of the Fine Arts was founded in New York, under the auspices of Livingston, Clinton, Hosack, Fulton, Colden, and other prominent citizens, to which the first Napoleon sent casts from the antique and valuable engravings, and of which Colonel Trumbull was the first President. Neglect and controversy soon baffled

its usefulness and narrowed its means. Revived in 1816 by the advent of West's pictures and Vanderlyn's "Ariadne," encouraged by the eloquent addresses of Clinton, Hosack, and Francis, and its practical utility enhanced by regular instruction in anatomy, the opposition of cliques, and an unfortunate conflagration which destroyed the best part of its models and drawings in 1828, led to a reconstruction, of which the result was the National Academy of Design. Professor Morse, who had originated the earliest social organization of New York Artists, became the first President. The earliest professional art-anatomical lecturer in New York thus describes the experiment:—

"The organization of the first association in this city, under the name of the 'New York Academy of Fine Arts,' was in 1801. In 1808, it received the act of incorporation under the name of the 'American Academy of Fine Arts,' and Chancellor Livingston was chosen President; Colonel John Trumbull, Vice-President; Dewitt Clinton, David Hosack, John R. Murray, William Cutting, and Charles Wilkes, Directors. If we add the names of C. D. Colden, Edward Livingston, and Robert Fulton, we include in this enumeration the leading New-Yorkers who, for years, were liberal in their patronage to promote the undertaking. Through the instrumentality of the American Minister at the Court of France, Napoleon presented to the institution many valuable busts, antique statues, and rare prints. After several years of trial and neglect, it was revived in 1816. Certain paintings of West, which for a time were added to its collections through the kindness of Robert Fulton, with the 'Ariadne' of Vanderlyn, and other results of the easel of that distinguished artist, sustained it for a few years longer from dissolution; while the several addresses of Clinton, Hosack, and Trumbull, gave it for a season additional popularity. At this particular crisis in the Academy, a measure long contemplated was attempted to be carried into effect, viz., the organization of a School of Instruction, with models and lectures; but the straitened condition of the Academy put a period to all plans cherished to protect its duration and increase its usefulness. With the downfall of the American Academy, the National Academy of Design took its rise about 1828. S. F. B. Morse, who has recently become so famous by his invention of the electric telegraph, was elected President; and the constitutional provisions of this association being far more acceptable to the feelings and views of a large majority of the artists than the old Academy favored, it has proved an eminently successful corporation, and has aided in numerous ways the promotion of its specified objects,—the Arts of Design. The plan of Anatomical Lectures was now carried into effect, and Morse, and Dr. F. G. King, gave instruction to numerous scholars for a succession of years. The devotion given to this institution by Thomas S. Cummings, in the instruction he imparted to students of art in the life and antique school, also proved a source of gratification and improvement." *

* "Old New York."

The Apollo Association, the Sketch Club, and the Art-Union, represented and promoted the Art-interests of the city. The latter institution is characteristic of the age; it exhibits the alliance between luxury and work, society and culture—the fusion of interests and influences so peculiar to later civilization. It emphatically marks the era when Art, emancipated from the care of Kings and Popes, finds sustenance by alliance with commerce and the people. Originated by a French amateur, the *Société des Amis des Arts* soon became a popular model. Artists are proverbially inexpert in affairs; academies are proverbially jealous of their privileges; and, therefore, the facilities which Art-Unions yield, both to the artists who desire an eligible market for their wares, and for purchasers whose tasteful enthusiasm outruns their means, were at once recognized and adopted. The Art-Union of Berlin was essentially promoted by Humboldt; that of Bremen boasts a fine edifice; in Prague, Vienna, and Düsseldorf, these institutions for the "purchase of pictures, to be disposed of by lot," have been remarkably efficient, both in developing artistic talent and distributing works of merit. In London, a few years ago, the annual subscriptions reached a hundred thousand dollars. The American Art-Union was established in 1839, and, for ten years, was a most successful medium for the direct encouragement of native art: its income reached the sum mentioned as that of the London subscriptions; it annually distributed from five hundred to more than a thousand works of Art; it published a series of popular engravings from American pictures, and during several years issued a Bulletin, wherein much valuable criticism, a complete record of the artistic achievement of the country, and a large amount of interesting information as to the Art and Artists of Europe, were embodied for immediate satisfaction and future reference. Several American Artists, who have since achieved high and prosperous careers, were first substantially encouraged, and their claims made patent by the seasonable commissions of the Art-Union. After a brief period of eminent service, the institution was broken up, on account of the alleged violation its course offered to the lottery prohibitions of the State law. Perhaps it ceased at a time when its best work had been accomplished, and when American Art had acquired enough native impulse and self-reliance to flourish without such extraneous support; but, in the retrospect of our brief artistic annals, the Art-Union marks a period of fresh progress and assured prosperity.

Constant, indeed, though irregular, has been the increase of means, appliances, resources, and recognition, in native Art. From annual metropolitan, we have advanced to frequent exhibitions in every part of the land,—those held within a few years at Providence, R. I.; Albany, Buffalo, Troy, and Utica, N. Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Baltimore, Md.; Washington, D. C.; Portland, Me.; Charleston, S. C.; New Haven, Ct., and elsewhere, having brought together a surprising display of superior achievement in Art, the result of native talent or tasteful purchases of old and new foreign works.

Let us rejoice, also, that American Art has, at last, been recognized as

a fact abroad. A permanent group surrounded the "Greek Slave" at the Manchester Exhibition; Crawford's equestrian statue of Washington was the admiration of Munich; Leutze's departure from Düsseldorf is regretted as the loss of a leading spirit of its famous school; Allston's pictures are among the most cherished in the noble collections in England; Story's "Cleopatra," and the landscapes of Church, Cropsey, and others, have won high critical encomiums in London.

At the late Fine Art Exhibitions in Antwerp and Brussels, several landscapes by American painters attracted much attention. The American Minister at Belgium, Mr. Sandford, writes that an artist of Brussels, of much merit and celebrity, declared the works of our artists there exhibited to be among the most characteristic of the kind ever brought to that city, and that admiring crowds were gathered around them at all hours. Hubbard's "Afternoon in Autumn" was especially regarded with appreciation, and Rogers's statuette groups, derived from incidents of the war, also attracted great attention. At the Antwerp exhibition, one of Kensett's landscapes occupied the post of honor, and a noted picture-dealer of that city has made a proposal to the artist to paint exclusively for that market, offering large prices as inducements for so doing. Pictures by Gifford, Hart, and others, were also favorably remarked upon.

"The American collection, as a whole, attracts attention, and has been very highly praised by the first artists of France," writes an intelligent critic of the Paris Exposition of 1867. "It is hardly possible to visit it without encountering some celebrity, and it is amusing to hear the surprise which is expressed at the progress which America is supposed to have made during the past two or three years—or since they knew there was such a country. CHURCH'S 'Niagara' is once more enjoying a career, and the 'Rainy Seasons in the Tropics,' with its double rainbow, has its admirers. The originality of this artist, more than his technical skill with the brush, entitles him to the leading position. The two pictures here exhibited illustrate the force and accuracy of a peculiar mode of observation, and of a manner of composition which is quite free from the consideration of schools.

"Every nation thinks that it can paint landscape better than its neighbor; but it is not every nation that goes about the task in a way peculiar to itself. No one is likely to mistake an American landscape for the landscape of any other country. It bears its nationality upon its face smilingly. The poetic repose of GIFFORD is exquisitely presented in his 'Twilight on Mount Hunter,' one of the finest pictures in the collection. WINSLOW HOMER'S strongly defined war-sketches are examined with much curiosity, especially the well-known canvas, 'Prisoners to the Front.' HUNTINGDON'S 'Republican Court' is in a good place, and is generally surrounded by a crowd. It is not often that so many pretty women can be seen together as in this graceful imagining of an impossible event. EASTMAN JOHNSON exhibits four canvases, all of them too well known to need particular reference. There are not many *genre* pictures in the Exposition

that excel these. They have the merit, too, of being true and faithful transcripts of American life, or of a phase of it which, as it has now passed away, can only be recalled by the pencil of the artist."

Of private collections, some of which were kept together but a few years, and others, which are still the source of great and instructive enjoyment to our citizens, may be mentioned those of Gilmore and Walters, of Baltimore; Meade, Snider, Towne, Carey, Fales, and Harrison, of Philadelphia; Hosack, Hone, Reed, Leupp, Cozzens, Lenox, Roberts, Stuart, Osborn, Olyphant, Nye, Bryan, Boker, Hunter, Belmont, Aspinwall, Johnston, Blodgett, and others, of New York; Corcoran, of Washington; Shoenberger, of Pittsburgh; Longworth, of Cincinnati, etc., etc.

"In the history of certain races of mankind it is related," said Bryant, (when the corner-stone of the New York Academy of Design* was laid, October 19th, 1863), "that in the earlier stages of their civilization they led a wandering life, dwelling in tents, migrating from place to place, and pasturing their herds wherever the glitter of cool waters or the verdure of fresh grass attracted them. As they made one advance after another in the arts of life, and grew numerous from year to year, they began to dwell in fixed habitations, to parcel out the soil by metes and bounds, to gather themselves into villages and to build cities. So it has been with this Academy. For more than a third of a century it had a nomadic existence, pitching its tent, now here and now there, as convenience might dictate, but never possessing a permanent seat. It is at last enabled, through the munificence of the citizens of New York—a munificence worthy of the greatness of our capital and most honorable to the character of those who inhabit it—to erect a building suitable for its purposes and in some degree commensurate with the greatness of its objects. It no longer leads a precarious life; the generosity of its friends ensures it an existence which will endure as long as this city shall remain the seat of a mighty commerce. When this institution came into existence I could count the eminent artists of the country on my fingers. Now, what man among us is able to enumerate all the clever men in the United States who have devoted the efforts of their genius to the Fine Arts? For a taste so widely diffused we must have edifices of ample dimensions and imposing architecture, dedicated to that purpose alone, and one such we shall possess hereafter in the Temple of Art whose corner-stone we are this day assembled to lay."

* The Academy is one of the finest buildings in the city. It consists of three stories and a basement. The main front extends along Twenty-third street for eighty feet, and the side front has a depth of one hundred feet on Fourth avenue. Both faces are of white Westchester county marble banded with North river graywacke stone, except the basement, which is of gray Hastings marble, banded with graywacke, and the third story, which shows a capricious and beautiful blending of white and gray marble. The external decorations of the building are rich but simple. There is a fine flight of steps on the Twenty-third street front, and a portico, the ornamentation of which is in the highest and most expensive style of carving and statuary. The style is like the famed Ducal palace at Venice

The building and ground cost about two hundred thousand dollars—most of which has been contributed by our wealthy citizens, lovers of art. The basement story is for the necessary offices, and the upper stories for exhibition, lecture, and school-room.

The increased value of Art, as a commodity, and of its appreciation as an element of luxury, if not of culture, is evinced by the statistics of the Picture trade in the commercial metropolis. Twenty-five years ago and less, what were called the "old masters" occasionally had purchasers among us; but so few were those who took any interest in, and professed any taste for, works of art, that they formed a very small and exceptional class. A person known as "old Paff" sold more pictures than any other dealer; he was an eccentric man, and his place of business was where the Astor House now stands. Paff, we are told, always had something new in the old line. "Ah, Mr. Reed," said he, to one of the most liberal and discriminating of the early friends of American art, in New York, "der is a gem for you, but I don't think I sell it to you. I was cleaning a landscape I bought at auction, and I cleaned one corner a leetle hard and I thought I saw something underneath, and sure enough, some one has stolen an old master in Italy, and painted a landscape over it to prevent detection, and now I have him. I don't know, but I think it is a Correggio. I sell him now for one t'ousan' dollar. But come to-morrow." Well, he came to-morrow, and the picture was all cleaned and varnished, with a nice glass in front. "Ah, Mr. Reed, I can't sell him for one t'ousan'; it is a fine Vandyke, here is the original engraving of it; no doubt about it. I must have five t'ousan' dollars for it." Then came old Aaron Levy, whose evening auction sales are remembered by a few of our older citizens. These were the predecessors of Leeds & Co. Soon after they commenced the occasional public sale of pictures, an eminent merchant of the city remarked to the senior member of the firm one day, that he had done a very foolish thing, and was ashamed of having thrown away thirty-five dollars for a picture; the same gentleman, however, died leaving ten thousand dollars' worth of paintings. One of the earliest consignments from Italy, received by Leeds & Co., was a collection of pictures belonging to the estate of Cardinal Fesch; he gave a standing order to his factor, to purchase any picture offered for sale at four *scudi*—expecting to find some valuable works in the mass thus collected, which he had examined, every now and then, by an expert. The experiment was successful; several rare and precious works were thus obtained; doubtless, in some instances, they had been stolen. In the spring of 1839, in the old Academy galleries was exhibited one of the finest collections of pictures ever brought to this country, known as the "Abraham collection." It was said that the pictures were entrusted to him to be cleaned, and were removed here. Among them were a fine Claude and Murillo. The exhibition was stopped by a law process, and the reputed owner incarcerated; subsequently a compromise was effected. He left in this country an original miniature portrait of Oliver Cromwell, by Cooper.* The four hundred pictures from the Fesch Gallery were sold by Leeds & Co., eighteen years ago, at the rate of from two to two hundred and fifty dollars each; one was bought

* Annals of the National Academy of Design.

for six dollars and a half; the purchaser took it, with others, to New Orleans, and among them was one a connoisseur evinced great anxiety to buy, which excited the hopes of the owner; it proved to be a Correggio—was purchased for three thousand dollars, and taken to England, where a nobleman bought it for two thousand guineas. American Art was then in its infancy; but Vanderlyn and others had already obtained high prices; and gradually a taste for foreign modern art sprang up. And this was a great benefit to our artists, as it made pictures better known and more interesting to the people than they had ever been; thenceforth the sales increased in number and pecuniary results. Leeds & Co., twenty years ago, sold seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of pictures annually; fifteen years ago the amount of their sales was two hundred thousand dollars; ten years since, three hundred and fifty thousand; and from that time, every year, the demand and supply have constantly expanded. They have sold many American single pictures for five thousand dollars,—one by Bierstadt for seven thousand two hundred dollars. The sale of the Boker collection of Düsseldorf pictures, and that of the Hunter collection of Italian, are comparatively recent. In December, 1863, they sold the private collection of Mr. John Wolfe, of New York, for over one hundred and eleven thousand dollars, which was then considered the largest and best sale ever made in this country. Many of their sales range from twenty to sixty thousand dollars; those made gratuitously for the Artists' Fund Society, for the last seven years, and consisting of pictures contributed by the artists for a charity fund for the bereaved families of their comrades, have averaged from three to eight thousand dollars. One of the most remarkable of their sales of American pictures was held the present year, and consisted of small works (from eight to ten and twelve inches); many of them, however, highly finished and characteristic: one hundred in number, they brought twenty thousand dollars; and one, a small head of Elliot, painted by himself, eight hundred. These facts might be indefinitely multiplied: it is enough to add that Leeds & Co., after leaving their dingy auction room in Nassau street for the Düsseldorf Gallery, have been obliged, by the extent and popularity of this once utterly neglected branch of business, to open an elegant permanent Art Gallery in the upper part of Broadway, for the exhibition and sale of pictures,—which is a favorite place of resort, and the frequent scene of amusing competition between rival purchasers of an "old master," a modern European gem, or the work of a favorite American artist. The "International Art-Institution," in New York, distributes works of the best German artists. For several years two foreign houses in New York have been largely engaged in the importation and sale of modern European pictures; and some idea of the amount expended for such works may be inferred from the fact that, during the past year, 1866–7, Goupil & Co. disposed of pictures by such artists as Auchenbach, Bouguereau, Frere, Fichel, Gerome, Meissonier, Merle, Troyon, Willems, etc., amounting in the aggregate to three hundred thousand dollars.

Within a few years past, American artists, especially painters, have, in

many instances, been remunerated for their labor far beyond its actual market value, if we take European prices as a standard. One cause of this is the sudden prosperity of an imperfectly educated class, who, with little discrimination, and as a matter of fashion, devote a portion of their newly acquired riches to the purchase of pictures; and as our artists have of late established a certain social prestige, friendly influences are not wanting to secure their liberal patronage. In fact, the entire relation of Art to the public has changed within the last ten years: its products are a more familiar commodity; studio-buildings, artist-receptions, auction sales of special productions, the influence of the press, constant exhibitions, and the popularity of certain foreign and native painters, to say nothing of the multiplication of copies, the brisk trade in "old masters," the increase of travel securing a vast interchange of artistic products—these and many other circumstances have greatly increased the mercantile and social importance of Art. Where there is absolute talent and consistent industry, the vocation is no longer precarious; and among the many contrasts which the enlightenment and prosperity of our country offer to reflective observation, there is none more striking than that between the early and isolated struggles, and the actual appreciation and success, of the genuine artist in America.

It is remarkable how many American artists were originally apt in, or dependent upon, mechanical skill. Peale and Powers, Durand and Palmer, Chapman and Kensett, were disciplined for pictorial or plastic work by the finer process of workmanship in machinery, watchmaking, carving, or engraving. Another characteristic is their versatility of talent. Allston, Leslie, Greenough, Cole, Akers, Story, and many other American artists, are endeared or admired as writers. We find also, in their respective traits, something kindred, however inferior, to the special excellences of "old masters," or modern transatlantic artists: Allston was called the American Titian at Rome; and Page and Gray assimilate to that peerless master of color; there is a Moreland vein in Mount's happiest conceptions: somewhat of Hogarth and Wilkie in Darley: Inman at his best has been compared to Lawrence, and Boughton, Hunt, and Staigg to Frere. It was admitted a few years since at Rome, that the best modern copy of the Beatrice came from the pencil of Cephas G. Thompson, and the best reproduction of a Claude sunset from that of George L. Brown. We thus often recognize in the crude efforts of American limners a true vein of traditional art, and feel that, under favorable circumstances, it might have developed into completeness and character, instead of flitting across the dream of youth, and awaking the sigh of patriotic contemplation at its casual aspect and evanescent life.

Another obvious characteristic of our artists, as a body, and viewed in comparison with those of Europe, is the inequality of their productions. Abroad we are accustomed to recognize a different manner, as it is termed, in the works of painters, according to the epoch, from Raphael to Wilkie. Two classes of pictures, two kinds or degrees of style, identify different

periods of the artistic career; but in America the variations of ability or merit in the results of individual art are unparalleled. We can sometimes hardly realize that the same hand is responsible for the various works attributed thereto, so wide is the interval between crudity and finish, expression and indifference, between the best and worst pictures: so many are experimental in their work, so few regularly progressive. The imperfect training, the pressure of necessity, the hurry and bustle of life, the absence of a just and firm critical influence, and a carelessness which scorns painstaking as a habit, and is only temporarily corrected by the intervention of some happy moment of inspiration and high encouragement—are among the manifest causes of this remarkable inequality. Incomplete endowment, and "devotion to the immediate," explain these incongruities of artist-life and practice in America. A "knack at catching a likeness" has often been the whole capital of a popular limner, whose portraits, in many instances, are the sole memorials of endeared progenitors in family homes, and, as such, cherished despite the violations of drawing, and absurdities of color, apparent to the least practised eye. In other cases there is a sense of color without knowledge of any other artistic requisite for a painter; and by virtue of this one faculty or facility, the so-called artist will execute dazzling historical or allegorical works, sometimes on a large scale, and find their exhibition in the rural districts amply remunerative. It not seldom happens, also, that a really skilled draughtsman and colorist, whose best portraits are deservedly considered triumphs of skill or taste, will, for a certain time, and in certain places, and for special ends, turn his art into a trade, dash off likenesses cheap and fast, fill his purse, and compromise his fame; so that those only acquainted with his carefully executed works, upon encountering these impromptu results of reckless thrift, will gaze incredulously, and perchance indignantly thereon.

What Lord Bacon says of the pursuit of learning is often applicable here to that of art—temporary motives and unworthy compromise often degrading the ideal and dwarfing the result: "Men have entered into a desire of learning and knowledge, sometimes upon a natural curiosity and inquisitive appetite; sometimes to entertain their minds with variety and delight; sometimes, for ornament and reputation; and sometimes to enable them to a victory of wit and contradiction, and most times for lucre and profession; and seldom sincerely to give a true account of their gift of reason, to the benefit and use of men; as if there were sought, in knowledge, a couch, whereupon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort of commanding ground, for strife and contention; or a shop, for profit and sale; and not a rich storehouse, for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate."

It is evident that Art in America, as a social and æsthetic element, has formidable obstacles wherewith to contend; the spirit of trade often degrades its legitimate claims; its thrifty, but ungifted votaries thereby

achieve a temporary and factitious success, while its conscientious and aspiring devotees often pine in neglect. The lottery system, under different forms, and the "tricks of trade," still further materialize what should be an artistic standard; criticism, so called, ranging from indiscriminate abuse to fulsome partiality, rarely yields instructive lessons; fashion, ignorance, the necessity of subsistence, the absence of settled principles of judgment in the public, and of intelligent method, scope, and aim in the artist, tend still further to lower and confuse the pursuit. But on the other hand, charity and patriotism, perseverance and progress, self-respect and earnestness, continually vindicate the character and claims of American artists. Among them are some noble men and refined associates, whose influence and example are singularly benign; the war for the Union had no more disinterested volunteers, and the *Pro Patria* inscribed on the pictures they contributed to the Sanitary Fair was the watchword of their conduct in that perilous time. Very true to their intuitions and special faculty, also, are many of our artists, working on in modest self-reliance, undeterred by vulgar abuse, cold indifference, or the temptation to compromise honest conviction and the higher claims of an intellectual profession.

Critical observers have a good opportunity to judge of the respective merits of the different foreign schools of painting, as far as initiatory discipline is concerned, in comparing the American *élèves* of the Paris *atelier*, the Düsseldorf professor, and the Italian academies; while the works of our native painters, especially in landscape, who have never been abroad, offer another illustration of what may be called the educational system of Art. Accuracy and facility in drawing are generally conceded to the pupils of French artists, a rare knowledge of elementary principles of painting to those who faithfully improve the advantages of the best German schools; and a certain bold adherence to nature, and fresh and firm grasp of her realities, have been recognized as characteristic of the best untravelled native limners.

It is a trite maxim, that Art, to be at all valuable or significant, must be true; but there are many kinds and degrees of truth: the literal truth of the Dutch, the suggestive truth of the English, the truth of sentiment of the Italian, the technical truth of the French school. In Egypt, the monumental solemnity of Art, however enigmatical, is characteristic of a bygone civilization, and, therefore, of deep historical interest. In China, the very ugliness and mosaic imitation in Art is negatively eloquent of a stationary civilization. Greece, in her immortal types of beauty; Etruria, with her graceful, massive, but limited forms and phases of Art; the Nineveh marbles, the mediæval tapestry and carvings, the religious Art of Spain and Italy, the domestic scenes, which, from Gainsborough and Hogarth to Leslie and Wilkie, identify British Art, each and all are true, either to an epoch, a faith, a national taste, or a sentiment of humanity; and yet how widely separated in merit, in interest, and in beauty! Here, in America, as we have seen, Art long struggled against the tide of thrift, political excitement, and social ambition. The tranquillity, the individuality, the

pure and patient self-reliance and unworldliness, which is its native atmosphere, have been and are alien to the tone and temper of our national life. But, on this very account, is the ministry of Art more needful and precious; and with all the critical depreciation which strict justice may demand, we find, in the record and the observation of artist-life in America, its association and its influence, a singular balm and blessing. Consider it, for instance, as manifest in our great commercial centre and metropolis.

Reader, did you ever spring into an omnibus at the head of Wall street, with a resolution to seek a more humanizing element of life than the hard struggle for pecuniary triumphs? Did you ever come out of a Fifth avenue palace, your eyes wearied by a glare of bright and varied colors, your mind oppressed with a nightmare of upholstery, and your conscience reproachful on account of an hour's idle gossip? Did you ever walk up Broadway, soon after meridian, and look into the stony, haggard, or frivolous countenances of the throng, listen to the shouts of omnibus-drivers, mark the gaudy silks of bankrupts' wives, and lose yourself the while in a retrospective dream of country-life, or a sojourn in an old deserted city of Europe? A reaction such as this is certain, at times, to occur in the mood of the dweller in the kaleidoscope of New York; and as it is usually induced by an interval of leisure, we deem it a kindly hint to suggest where an antidote may be found for the bane, and how the imagination may be lured, at once, into a new sphere, and the heart refreshed by a less artificial and turbid phase of this mundane existence. Go and see the artists. They are scattered all over the metropolis: sometimes to be found in a lofty attic, at others in a hotel; here over a shop, there in a back-parlor; now in the old Dispensary, and again in the new University; in Studio Building or Academy, isolated or in small groups, they live in their own fashion, not a few practising rigid and ingenious economies; others nightly in *élite* circles or at sumptuous dinners; some genially cradled in a domestic nest, and others philosophically forlorn in bacheloric solitude. But wherever found, there is a certain atmosphere of content, of independence, and of originality in their domiciles. I confess that the ease, the frankness, the sense of humor and of beauty I often discover in these artistic nooks, puts me quite out of conceit of prescriptive formalities. Our systematic and prosaic life ignores, indeed, scenes like these; but the true artist is essentially the same everywhere—a child of nature, to whom "a thing of beauty is a joy forever;" and, therefore, a visit to the New York studios cannot fail to be suggestive and pleasing, if we only go thither, not in a critical, but in a sympathetic mood.

Even where we find no new and remarkable work, there are sketches and figures that excite the most congenial reminiscences. To the traveler, who cherishes Italian memories, there is somewhat of the poetry of life in a "Beggar-Child," who looks as if he had just stepped out from an angle of the Piazza d'Espagna or the shadow of Trajan's Column, so much of the physiognomy and the magnetism of the clime are incarnated in form, complexion, attitude, eye, and expression. Equally suggestive are the *Pifferini*,

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sure to be found in some studio, two of those picturesque figures that swarm in Rome at Christmas-time, and are indissolubly associated with her fêtes, ruins, and shrines; the elder leans against a church-wall, on which the half-obliterated ecclesiastical placard looks marvellously familiar; his peaked and broad-brimmed hat set on his head in a way inimitable for its effect of shadow and grace, his luxuriant beard, velvet jacket, effective attitude, and meditative gaze, are precisely true to fact; at his side nestles a boy, whose long tresses and large, pensive eyes, whose olive cheek and angelic smile remain indelibly stamped on the memory of all recent visitors to the Eternal City. We recognize in this beautiful urchin one of the "things of beauty," which the English poet, who died in Rome, has told us so truly, "is a joy forever;" the pilgrim's instrument is at his feet. How come back to the heart, as we gaze, the dreaminess, the calm, the sunny lapse in life's struggle in which it was our privilege to revel, and is now our delight to remember, as the most peaceful and brilliant episode of our days of foreign travel! These two figures, caught from the passive life of old Rome, typify it completely to the imagination, and touch the key-note of an ended song.

Not the successful and renowned alone reward our visit; those who love and study art, but fail to achieve greatness therein, have a charm and a lesson for the catholic observer. From the busy limner, whose fresh array of pictures indicates that every passing hour brings its task, turn to a dreamer who lives in the past, because he is too ideal to clutch at the present. Yet if ever a man had the true artist-feeling, the genuine sense of beauty and poetic conscience, it is he. I know this from many a colloquy with him while strolling along the sunny bank of the Arno, and through his acute and sympathetic comments in the Florence galleries. He used to make beautiful impromptu studies from Shakspeare. He has a keen perception of the humor and the sentiment of the poet, and could translate them daintily with pen or crayon. He is one of those artists who should live in Italy: the executive is subordinate in him to the imaginative. I found him copying a portrait; it was that of a genuine Italian woman:

> "Heart on her lips and soul within her eyes,
> Soft as her clime and sunny as her skies."

He was doing it for the love of the thing, wishing to preserve a memorial so characteristic. I remembered an old man's head, a Tuscan painter's beard, and other gleanings from that Southern land; and there were books I knew at a glance came from a stall in the Piazza del Duomo, in Florence. There he sat, intent on the fine outline of the handsome Italian, contentedly touching her great orbs of jet with light, and tinting her softly-rounded olive cheeks to a Fornarina richness: the same reserved, quiet, and genial dreamer as years ago in Italy; never satisfied with his achievements, full of sensibility to the claims and the triumphs of art, and apparently content to breathe the air made vital by its enchantments.

It is *character*, as distinguished from vague imitation and inexpressive details, which is the conservative element in pictorial art, and connects it with life, history, the affinities of individuals, and the sympathies of the race. Well says an English reviewer: "What we want is what Hogarth gave us—a representation of ourselves." So intimate, however unconscious, is the relation of the artist's character to his work, that one discriminating in moral indications, reads, at a glance, the honest patience of the Fleming in his elaborate fruit-pieces and interiors, the gentleman in Vandyke's portraits, the lover of aristocracy in Lawrence, the shadow of the Inquisition in Spagnoletto, and the saintliness of a holy mind in Fra Angelico. Applying this test to our American Art, we must feel that its grand deficiency is want of character; glimpses, prophecies, imperfect developments thereof we discover; but as a general rule, not enough to suggest high independence or refined individuality. In truth, our art, like our life, is too subject to vicissitude and cosmopolitan influences, too dependent on the market; most of our artists paint to live, hoping, perhaps, the time may come when they may live to paint. Meantime, let us recognize whatever of truth and feeling redeems current Art.

Art is a language: followed to its legitimate significance, this definition affords at once a test and a suggestion of its character and possibilities; for language is but the medium of ideas, the expression of sentiment—it may be purely imitative, or pregnant with individual meaning—it may breathe confusion or clearness, emotion or formality, the commonplace or the poetic. The first requisite for its use is to *have something to say*, and the next, to say it well. Now, unfortunately, few artists escape the tyranny of conventionalism or the lures of eclecticism; they drudge too blindly in the grooves of precedent, or they combine too many foreign to assimilate native elements—hence the monotony, mechanical, uninteresting, in Art. When a painter really expresses what is in him, and not what the public *fiat* approves, or famous limners have made manifest for ages, he is sure to be attended to if there is a spark of artistic genius or feeling in his nature. Ruskin, in his sweeping way, disapproved of the modern French school, finding only conventional merit and technical skill therein; modest, pains-taking, ingenuous little Frere sends a picture to the London Exhibition—it is only that of a girl hanging up a chaplet; but it told a story to every heart; it was full of nature, truth, expression, and, therefore, more ostentatious pictures were neglected, and every one lingered, and gazed, and admired, and sympathized over that simple conception, by virtue of that "one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." Our people do not lack insight, observation, perseverance; many of our young artists have a vein of perception or feeling which they long to express, and at the outset, they do express it—crudely, perhaps, but sincerely; it is probably unrecognized; they hear skilful execution praised, they find mechanical adepts glorified, and so they turn aside from their own inspiration to follow the multitude; they conform, and seek money, and forget

the dreams of youth; what was and is *naïve* and original in them is overlaid and baffled.

And yet our atmosphere of Freedom, of material activity, of freshness and prosperity, should animate the manly artist. He has a vantage-ground here unknown in the Old World, and should work confidently therein for the reason given by Agassiz in regard to science—*the absence of routine.* Academic trammels, prescriptive patronage, the deference excited by great exemplars, do not here subdue the artist's aspirations, or make him despair of himself, or bewilder his ideal of excellence. However little our people know about Art, they are eminently *teachable.* Point out what is admirable or expressive in a picture, and they will perceive, remember, and draw wisdom from it. Let the American artist rise above the national drawbacks, the love of gain and the conformity to public opinion—let him use wisely the resources around him, and *be true to himself*, and he can achieve miracles. But so long as he mistakes notoriety for fame, and thinks more of dollars than his artistic conscience, his course must be stationary or retrograde. "To a true man," well says a recent writer, "fame is valuable precisely as he can solemnly append to it his own signature."

Another disadvantage under which the American artist labors is the absence of a recognized standard, test, and ordeal, such as a prosperous school, well-endowed academy, or even a cosmopolitan gallery of pictures and statues, provides. There may be danger of slavish imitation at Rome and Florence, of local conformity at Düsseldorf, or mere technical progress at Paris; but in each of these, and most of the other European cities, there are resources in the way of discipline and ideals of specific excellence, which continually guide aright, if they do not stimulate to high effort. These ample and accessible means, however liable to abuse, serve, at all events, as landmarks, examples, and precedents; complacency with mediocre success, glaring faults of execution, gross errors of taste, are thereby seasonably corrected where there is the slightest basis of good sense or the rudiments of genuine capacity.

In the New World, on the contrary, although admirable pictures and statues may be found in the large cities, and an adequate supply of the literature of Art, they are not as accessible, nor do they find interpreters as readily as in Europe—so that the novice, unless remarkable for moral energy and zeal, is liable to be confirmed in practical faults or incongruous ideas before observation and study have hinted their existence. Hence, it is not uncommon to find crudity in some element, the effect of early disadvantage, united to great excellence in other qualities; defective drawing, for instance, with superior color, exact imitation of form and texture with false perspective—skill in the gradation of tints, with bad management of light and shade; doubtless such anomalies are common to the votaries of art in all countries, and arise from incomplete endowments; but they are more frequent and glaring here, because the correctives which acknowledged masterpieces supply are not so patent and perpetual; the eye that daily scans a perfect contour in the statue of the wayside, or an exquisite

outline and tone in the altar-piece or family portrait always visible, is naturally quick to discern any great deviation from truth and nature in personal experiments with pencil and modelling-stick. In a word, the education of Art, partly unconscious and partly the result of earnest attention, derived from the constant presence of the best works, is, in a great measure, wanting to our young artists. There is a singular identity in their experience: first, the indication of an aptitude and facility in imitating natural or artificial objects, inexplicable on any but intuitive grounds, and exhibited, perhaps, under circumstances totally unsuggestive of Art; then the encouragement of friends, an over-estimate of the promise thus foreshadowed, an isolated practice, and, in some cases, marvellous stumbling onward, until some generous patron, lucky hit, or fashionable success, launches the flattered, confident, and not incapable, yet altogether uneducated disciple, into a career which, according to the strength or weakness of his character, will be a trade, a trick, a mechanical toil, an unmeaning facility, a patient advancement, or a triumph of genius. Sometimes the appreciation of a single great picture, the word of a true artist, the inspiration of an exalted sentiment, have rescued the would-be artist from years of commonplace industry and mercenary toil, and placed him on the track of noble achievement and conscientious self-devotion.

But we have only to mark the prevalent aims of American life, and analyze the spirit of our times and people, to feel how small the chances are that any such benign intervention will guide to fine issues, whatsoever of lofty and delicate power lives in the awakening soul prompt to dedicate itself to Art. There is, first of all, pressing upon his senses and beleaguering his mind, the ideas of material success, whereby not only fortune, but wit, is measured in this prosperous land; then, the fever and hurry bred by commerce, political strife, and social ambition, insensibly encroach upon artistic self-possession; again, the ease with which *notoriety* may be gained through the press and personal amenity, and the obtuseness with which it is so often mistaken among us for *glory;* and, finally, the absence of that intelligent and enthusiastic sympathy, prompt to detect the beautiful, emphatic in vindicating the true, which encompassed the old painters with a vital atmosphere of encouragement, and animates the best modern artists of Germany and England, by the honors of a munificent patronage and national distinction. Art springs from, and is modified, as before suggested, by individual character to an unappreciated degree; and this subtle, yet shaping element, is obviously more exposed to coarse and indurating processes here than in any other civilized land. In Europe we encounter at every step the artistic organization; here it is exceptional. Where trade and politics, material luxury and utilitarian habitudes, overlay finer instincts—where there is so much struggle, such devotion to the immediate, such faith in enterprise and assertion of selfhood—but small range is allowed for repose, observation, and sympathy; and thus the refined sense, the delicate feeling, the keen insight, which characterize the genuine artist, have little vantage for development. What industry, shrewdness, and per-

tinacity can do, many effect. There are painters of rapid execution and social tact that make money; but few who have the "vision and the faculty divine," few who are prompted by disinterested enthusiasm, whose tone of mind, force of character, natural affinities, draw them inevitably into the sphere of form and color as a native element for their activity and happiness; the will is more prominent in the exercise of art here than the imagination and the affections; the spirit in which most of our artists work is that of trade rather than of poetry or exalted perception; the conscientiousness which secures *accuracy*, the observation which finds *truth*, the chastened mind and sympathetic feeling whence results *harmony*, the *earnestness* that consecrates work to a deep significance, are rare qualities among us; but dexterity, confidence, a certain limited talent, a peculiar cleverness of manner or aptitude of execution, are the usual warrants for adopting a vocation once held to be justified only by high gifts or vast labor. Where do we behold that intense enjoyment in the use of color, which bred in the Venetian painters such brilliant triumphs? Who, in this land of railroads and elections, stands apart rapt in solemn visions such as absorbed of old a Durer or an Angelo? What vigils are kept here over casual effects of light and shade, whence Rembrandt caught the secret of *chiar'oscuro?* Who studies reverently a masterpiece—not to imitate its execution, but to catch the spirit in which it was conceived? How seldom do we find any cognizance of the more delicate phenomena of clouds, foliage, sunshine, and wind, in our walks and talks with those who profess to reflect nature on canvas!

To muse of a fact which transpires in the quiet workings of air and vegetation; to penetrate, with entranced vision, the true meaning of a human countenance; to foster a spiritual alliance with humanity and the outward world, so as to wrest their secrets and reproduce their intimate charms as only the inspiration of love and wisdom can—how incongruous do such mental tastes, such ideal tasks, appear in this our practical and busy land! And yet, it was by a study of character approaching to psychological insight, by a familiarity with nature, such as only patient love insures; a sympathy with human life, as genuine as the affection of kindred; a relation with beauty, as real as consanguinity itself—that enabled Vandyke and Murillo, Claude and Leonardo, to seize upon and express truth in Art; having acquired the vocabulary, they vitalized it with sentiment; and were, as men, possessed of the unity, energy, and susceptibility they embodied as painters.

Art, like everything else here, is in a transition state. A few years ago, upon entering the dwelling of a prosperous citizen, even in some isolated district or minor town, who boasted the refinements of an educated ancestry, we found a full-length portrait by Copley, stiff, gorgeous, handsome, but official in costume and aspect; or a vigorous old head by Stuart, full of character and magnificent in color; or one of those sweet, dignified little pastel profiles of Sharpless, wherein the moral dignity of our Revolutionary statesmen seems gently incarnated; now, in addition to these

quaint relics, a landscape by Doughty, Cole, Kensett, Church, Bierstadt, or Durand, a *genre* piece by Eastman Johnson, a bust by Crawford, Powers, or Palmer, or a group by Rogers, some specimen of the modern continental schools, with a good copy of Raphael, Domenichino, or Guido —indicate a larger sympathy and a more versatile taste. In the cities, this increase of works of art as household ornaments is remarkable; a European amateur lately purchased in the United States old pictures to the value of thirty thousand dollars, to re-transport across the Atlantic; while many gems are scattered through the sumptuous abodes of wealth and fashion throughout the land, and in each metropolis a rare picture or new piece of native statuary is constantly exhibited, discussed by the press, and admired by the people. European travel, the writings of Art-commentators, clubs, and academies, the charming or tragic biographies of artists, lectures, more discrimination in architecture, a love of collecting standard engravings, the reciprocal influence in society of artists and amateurs, and their friendly coöperation; these, and such as these, are among the striking means and evidences of progressive intelligence and sympathy among us in regard to Art – her trophies, principles, and votaries.

There are two methods of arriving at the philosophy of this subject: analyzing the endowments, the development of which gives birth to Art, and tracing its external history, or the conditions which have fostered and secured that development. It is evident that from the very origin to the culmination of Sculpture in Greece, and of Painting in Italy, while executive skill was gradually acquired through minute and patient observation and faithful practice, the vital expression which has conserved through ages, and hallowed to universal admiration the great exemplars in both these spheres of culture and creation, was born of sentiment—the love of Beauty and the consecration of Religion; these linked the product of Art to the popular apprehension and love,—gave it an absolute and profound significance, by virtue of which the artist was perpetually inspired. If Byzantine form and color initiated the Italian limner into the elements, Worship kindled those mechanical agents into life; the Church and the State, the Rulers and the People, Faith and Public Spirit, combined to give an impulse and an aim to the old masters, which elicited and defined their original proclivities, and lifted their scope far above mere selfish ambition and personal ends. Those primitive mosaics in the old churches of the Peninsula, which we gaze upon with curious wonder, rudely shaped upon dome and arch—the sacred figure of the Virgin, or the holy symbol of the Cross—though coarsely imitative, were then of vast import. Cimabue at first drew animals and faces at school, and found the shepherd Giotto's eyes busy with tracing, instead of vigilant of his flock—just as West sketched the slumbering child with a brush made of a cat's hair, and as Powers, in an isolated Western town, moulded wax effigies. Original instinct was the same; but, in the former, how soon the tendency or talent, thus spontaneously manifest, became an occasion of sympathy and encouragement to princes and citizens, a means of social welfare,

an interest allied to the most exalted aspirations of humanity! Soon, thus warmed and purified, the stiff outline beamed with divine meaning, the constrained style grew free, tenderness softened, and humility or love elevated, the countenance of Christ, Madonna, Angel, Saint, or Child, so that it is easy to trace from Cimabue to Perugino, and thence to Raphael, through the long intermediate succession of painters, the growing beauty, grace, and power, which the latter's pencil consummated for all time. How much less direct and more complex are the social influences which now environ the artist! What isolation, vagueness, caprice, and superficial motives, act upon him in comparison! The dominant ideas then were few, but concentrated; analysis had not broken up the freshness and diffused the power of Belief; Civilization had not complicated the interests and diversified the objects of human life; the soldier, the priest, the statesman, the poet, stood forth with unchallenged individuality; society had not invaded the mystic unity of nature; there was room and reason for reverence, enthusiasm, and ideality, in their integrity; and so it was, that to work in the domain of Art had a recognized grandeur, a permanent end, an immediate appeal to heart and eye, to mind and national pride, which have infinitely subsided with the triumphs of knowledge, trade, comfort, and even political freedom, by raising the average of material well-being, and denuding the arrangements and functions of government and religion of the sentiment and picturesqueness which made them splendid realities to sense and soul, if not to reason and will. Accordingly the artist of old strove for complete equipment; the great painters could model and design as well as draw and color. Giotto designed the exquisite "Campanile:" Michael Angelo left as memorable architectural as pictorial and sculptured trophies. What the news of a victory is to Paris, or the success of a party election to New York, was the advent of a new work of artistic genius to Florence and Rome. So vehement were the plaudits which attended the unveiling of Cimabue's "Madonna," that the place thenceforth was called *Borgo d'Allegri;* and the years of toil which Ghiberti devoted to the bronze gates of the Baptistery gained him forever the title of public benefactor; illustrious painters were named from their birthplace, so entwined was the triumph of their art with national pride. Fra Angelico prayed before he seized the brush, as one consecrated to a religious vocation; Fra Bartolomeo was the friend of Savonarola, to Lorenzo and Leo X. Art enterprise was among the most important interests of private feeling and public administration. The study of Plato, at the revival of learning, recalled the claims of "the antique" as a means of culture and standard of taste, so that, in Padua, classic knowledge, while it found a shrine in the University, guided the students of Art at the Academy; cities were as much identified by schools of painting as by the Courts that ruled, the Trades that enriched, or the Wars that signalized them. Rome, Venice, and Parma gloried in Raphael, Titian, and Correggio, as much as in the princes, warriors, and scholars, who ennobled their annals. How readily arrogant Pope Julius forgave

Michael Angelo! How tenderly Francis I. watched over the infirm Leonardo Da Vinci! The Emperor Charles venerated Titian, and Correggio was one of the few select witnesses to his sovereign's marriage; while Raphael was the intimate companion of the leaders in church, state, learning, and society, of the Capital of Christendom. These and innumerable other facts illustrate how, in the palmy days of Italian Art, her most gifted disciples were in the nearest relation to the most effective social agencies of their age—those of character, of position, and of popular feeling. In a high sense they were representative men—the expositors of the deepest sentiment of their time, of what was most patriotic and poetical, most holy and most influential; they gave "a local habitation" to the dreams of faith, a living resemblance to the objects of worship, a visible embodiment to the resignation, the hope, the martyrdom, the saintliness, the ecstasy, the remorse, the sacrifice, the beatitude, the miracle, the repentance, the divine love, which then and there warmed, raised, melted, revived, purified, and consecrated humanity—in its sorrows, aspirations, and "longings after immortality."

Being thus an element and not an accident—a flowering, and not a graft—of human life and economy, we perceive how and why a natural aptitude was cherished, quickened, expanded, raised, and, as it were, inspired,—the outward circumstances, the living atmosphere, coalescing with the inward purpose and ability, and thus lifting them to a plane of earnest strife towards perfection, concentrating the will by a heartfelt zeal, and fusing individual purpose with universal sympathy. How isolated is the artist of to-day in comparison! Even in Paris, political prejudices cast out the followers of David from the kindly recognition of the romantic innovators: and, later still, Ary Scheffer, and Delaroche, because they would not acknowledge an Imperial usurper, were unsustained by national encouragement. Even the successful English painters subsist on a casual, though noble patronage, in their works as in their lives illustrating the limited range even of a triumphant specialty in Art; while here in America, despite a few scattered fraternities, more convivial and benevolent than artistic, the painter and the sculptor, for the most part, work apart; follow, perhaps industriously, a branch of the most liberal of all pursuits in a spirit of meritorious patience, with precarious reward, spasmodic success, and incomplete results.

The effect of these adverse influences is, not to extinguish the love or to quell the talent for Art, but to limit the development of both among us. Indeed, a somewhat remarkable interest in the subject prevails; a piano is found in dwellings on the extreme line of civilization; the mechanical processes, which imitate and preserve features and scenes, are universally active; nowhere is the daguerreotype, photography, wood, steel, and mezzotint engraving more subservient to popular uses; singers and instrumental performers reap golden harvests; vast quantities of music are sold; pictorial exhibitions attract all classes; our journals abound with glowing tributes to native genius, which springs up unexpectedly in re-

mote quarters. Fashion annually extends her capricious hand, in our large cities, to some fortunate limner to whom "everybody sits;" hundreds of painters among us can execute a likeness which no one ever mistakes; to run the fingers over ivory keys with superficial dexterity, to sketch a little from nature, to own a tolerable landscape or engraving, to read Ruskin and Mrs. Jameson, and buy "old masters" at auction for a song, are among the most common of our social phenomena. The stereoscope is a familiar drawing-room pastime; Art-unions and picture-raffles, the *éclat* of a new or the purchase of an old painting, Art-criticism, Art-clubs, Art-journals, are no longer novelties. But while a superficial observer might infer from these "signs of the times" an auspicious future for Art in America, and while they undoubtedly evince a tendency in the right direction—when we consider that, justly regarded, this great means of culture and sphere of genius is positively degraded by mediocrity—that it is sacred to Beauty, Truth, and high significance, moral and intellectual, and, therefore, absolutely demands accuracy, harmony, power, grace, purity, expression, and individuality, as normal attributes; and remember how much more these are the exceptions than the rule—to what a complacent level, to what an exclusive mechanical facility and economical spirit, the feeling for, and practice of Art is often reduced among us—these indications of a superficial recognition of its claims must be taken with allowance. The instinctive aptitude, the normal love, exist in abundance; but only occasionally are they intensified into lofty achievement or elevated into a legitimate standard of taste. The caricatures in "Punch," the rude "counterfeit presentment" of a popular statesman, the wooden filigree of an anomalous villa, the coarsely "illustrated" paper, delineating an event or a personage about which the town is occupied; bank-bill vignettes, Ethiopian minstrels, and "the portrait of a gentleman," form the staple Art-language for the masses; and, in all this, there is little to kindle aspiration, to refine the judgment, or to hint the infinite possibilities of Art. We have abundance of assiduous painters, who exhaust a town in a month in delineations of its leading citizens, fill their purses, and inherit a crop of newspaper puffs; but give no "local inhabitation or name" to any idea, principle, sentiment, or even rule of Art; we have abundance of croaking artists, who dally with the pencil and moan over their poverty and neglected genius; there is no lack of prodigies of juvenile talent, who never realize the prophecies that hailed their first attempts; and in every city may be found stationary devotees of the palette, who, partly from indolence, partly from egotism, and not a little from discouragement, have settled down into a mannerism in which there is no vitality, and, therefore, no progress.

A single masterpiece of Art may be the product of individual genius self-sustained; indeed, we have many traditions and authentic histories of achievements wrought out under the most unpropitious circumstances and from the inspired energy born in isolated minds, like the miracles created in monastic solitude, captivity, and the lonely toil of enthusiasts. But

when a grand succession of immortal conceptions signalizes an era or a nation, we can always trace the phenomenon to the coincidence of genius with the discipline and the ardor fostered by a dominant public sentiment or accepted faith.

But it is not alone a lack of enlightened public sympathy and extensive accesable resources for self-culture, against which the artist contends in America. The history of Government patronage, thus far, shows a lamentable ignorance and presumption in dealing with Art as a national interest; only to a limited degree have men acquainted with the subject had a potential voice in assigning commissions or regulating decorative work; contracts have been secured in this, as in other departments, through local and personal influence, irrespective of capacity; in more than one instance the higgling spirit of bargain, instead of the generous recognition of just claims, artistic and native, has been disgracefully exhibited; men in power, wholly unversed in Art, have gratuitously pronounced the most superficial judgments, and acted upon them to the detriment of the highest interests of the people and of native talent; no single harmonized plan or principle has governed the adornment or extension of the Capitol, which, therefore, inevitably presents a most incongruous combination of good and bad effects, commonplace and superior ornaments—architectural, statuesque, and pictorial—brought together in a desultory, casual manner; and the achievements of as many different minds, schools, and degrees of capacity, as there are separate items in the record. Our representatives have manifested no perception of what is due either to Art or to her genuine votaries; the former has been treated without a particle of feeling for its unities, its intrinsic significance, and its national claims; and the latter, like so many pedlers, expected to compete with their wares and be favored according to their politics, diplomatic tact, local origin, or some other quality or circumstance apart from the only test and criterion applicable in the premises—ability to execute a noble, patriotic trust, and produce an indisputable artistic work.

There are, indeed, some exceptions to this programme; there have been men of taste on Art Committees in Congress, and men of genius have left their sign-manual upon national commissions; we do not forget what has been worthily accomplished; but that the direction of public works of Art, the appropriations of public money to this object, the distribution, selection, and general administration of this high economy, have been, for the most part, ill-considered, inadequate, arbitrary, and tasteless, are facts proved by the frequent and reasonable protests in the journals, by the correspondence of artists employed by the Government, by the visible results at Washington, and, finally, by the Convention held there before the War for the Union, expressly to obtain from Congress the appointment of a Board of Commissioners, to be formed of artists of recognized intelligence and impartiality, to administer this neglected and perverted interest. This movement, if wisely consummated, will be a propitious reform. If we turn from Government to private encouragement, we find that the latter inclines

chiefly to foreign products; portraits alone are in constant demand from native studios; men of wealth, observation, and travel, who aim at a collection of fine pictures, are usually devotees of the "old masters," or admirers of the modern schools of England, Germany, and France; and the most patriotic critic must admit that they often have ample reason for the preference, both as a matter of taste and as a judicious investment.

As ornaments to a drawing-room or subjects of habitual contemplation, a first-rate copy of Raphael, Claude, or Leonardo, one of Landseer's animal groups, a cattle-scene by Rosa Bonheur, a landscape by Auchenbach, a domestic, historical, or natural study by one of those pains-taking, fresh, faithful, and feeling limners of Germany, France, or Belgium, specimens of whose skill and genial cleverness attracted so many admirers in New York during successive seasons—being absolutely "things of beauty," and, therefore, "a joy forever," appeal to the purse and eye of the judicious infinitely more than the average crude efforts of native art. On the other hand, the points of excellence in our artists, the things they are capable of doing well and have so done, have not been adequately estimated by their wealthy and tasteful countrymen. The few collectors who, with independent and sympathetic taste, have seen and prized native ability in art, have been amply rewarded by securing many admirable landscapes, some few creditable *genre* or historical pictures, really good ideal heads, or effective portraits, and exquisite pieces of sculpture, which mark the progress and vindicate the power of art among us. Enough is thus displayed to show that whoever, in the spirit of the best English patrons, will recognize genius, encourage its efforts, watch, with a fostering eye, its emanations, and generously provide for its success, will, in many instances, find a double recompense in the possession of works patiently and earnestly produced, and in the consciousness of doing what the ignorant, the careless, and the prejudiced fail to do for the sensitive and aspiring, but often discouraged, and perhaps indignent artist, otherwise doomed to work only for bread, and feed the hope of excellence upon delusive dreams and baffled endeavor. The same causes which limit the patronage of art among us send its worthiest disciples to Rome, Paris, and Düsseldorf, where ample facilities, abundant sympathy, and the "honor" which never attends "a prophet in his own country," await the earnest student. Crawford and Leutze, Powers and Leslie, owe the best part of their acquired skill and their wide renown to means and influences, opportunities and encouragements, secured by expatriation to an atmosphere more congenial to Art than that of our externally prosperous, but socially material republic. Reputations are too easily made; fashion, and the kind of arrangements which bespeak the mart and the stock company—the same machinery, in a word, that works such miracles in political and mercantile enterprise—are resorted to for the promotion of what, in its very nature, demands calm attention, gradual methods, a process and an impulse essentially thoughtful, earnest, and individual. These methods distribute and multiply pictures, but they lower the standard and vulgarize the taste; they induce

mediocrity, haste, and profit, rather than high and permanent rewards. That "Art is long" is scarcely proverbial among us; literature and the liberal professions struggle with a like subservience of ends to means, a popular adaptation destructive of satisfactory progress; such is the tendency of that devotion to the immediate which a French philosopher deems a law of republican life. The consequence of this is, that enthusiasm is baffled, the ideal sacrificed, and only an evanescent advantage sought. Hence genuine artists, like Allston, prefer solitude and loyalty to their convictions, to fellowship and public organizations; they become eclectic, study a good picture wherever they can find it, cultivate the most gifted and high-toned men and women they can meet, observe nature assiduously, work out the most difficult problems of their art unsustained by sympathy, and keep themselves from contact with associations which fail to elevate, cheer, or inspire a career thus forced into singularity

As we wander through the Vatican, the Louvre, Hampton Court, or the Pitti Palace, it is not merely the trophies of a few great artists' skill we behold—but the direction and triumph thereof as bred from the evolutions of history, the promptings of sympathy, the sentiment of religion, the representative ideas of government and society. Art in the concrete is national and historical—the offspring of many influences, allied vitally to the convictions, the enterprise, the polity, the literature of its nativity. The grave poetry of the Teutonic mind breathes from Handel's oratorios; the mystic supernaturalism of German philosophy in Beethoven's symphonies; Gallic valor is reflected from Vernet's canvas; in the foundries of Munich, the Academy of Rome, the mosaics and bronzes of Pompeii, the dim frescoes of the Pisan Campo Santo, the delicate tracery of the Alhambra, the shapes of Etruscan and the designs on Wedgwood ware, the cartoons of Raphael, the massive and muscular figures of Michael Angelo, the relievos of Cellini—in shaft, architrave, overture, outline—whether classic, Roman, Moorish, Byzantine—in every form, tone, and hue of art sufficiently expressive or beautiful to have survived in human admiration—from a Sphinx half buried in Egyptian sands, to the contour of an infant's head in a Holy Family—there is a significant attestation, not only to what one artist executed, but to what many men and women believed, desired, regretted, remembered, hoped, or felt. Accordingly the relation of Art to a country, a period, and a community, is no fanciful but an absolute element of its history. And when we contrast the popular tendencies, the national traits, the spirit of our life, institutions, and society, with those wherein the memorable fruits of chisel and pencil elsewhere have arisen, we find a diffusive material, a speculative and practical tone, which is infinitely more auspicious to the economy than to the ideality of art, which ignores the profound interest, the universal appreciation, the national pride, the religious interest, and the munificent patronage, whereby art has so triumphed and prevailed. So many other voices appeal, so many other interests divide, so much nearer to modern life is the pursuit of well-being under a political, commercial, and mechanical *régime*,

that this once-hallowed avenue, through which the soul of the ages uttered itself and found universal response, has become narrower, sequestered, dear to few, reverenced only by select intelligences, and its vast and beautiful possibilities rather a dream, like Tennyson's Palace of Art, than an actual conservation of faculty and love.

There are two essential capabilities which seem to us alone to warrant that life-devotion to art, as a vocation, into which so many clever but undisciplined minds so confidently rush; these are a deep sense of the beautiful, and mechanical skill—the first being the inspiration and the second the alphabet or language of Art. It is for want of one of these attributes that we have so many *mediocre* artists, than which there is no position more melancholy to the eye of good sense and intellectual rectitude. The love of beauty is often mistaken for the ability to reproduce it; and a certain manual aptitude for color and modelling is thought by the inexperienced to justify the profession of painting and sculpture. In this country especially, where there are so few standards of judgment or prescribed ordeals in Art, a certain facility in drawing, a faculty of imitation rare enough to excite wonder, is hailed as prophetic of future triumph—and in many cases results in disappointment. On the other hand, a natural love of Art exhibits itself under circumstances quite unfavorable; and the hasty inference is that a child of genius is born; yet the feeling may bear no proportion to the power, and taste has been perhaps recognized as talent.

The habit of exaggerated praise and newspaper puffs—the conceit invariably attendant upon the exercise of a faculty regarded by the ignorant as next to miraculous—the want of means to form a correct self-estimate—all tend to foster and confirm these practical errors. We deem it, therefore, the first duty of a lover of Art, in this country, to exercise discrimination; no man with the soul of a true artist is gratified with unmerited applause, or shrinks from a just analysis of his powers, or criticism of his works. We need especially more definite eulogiums, more measured commendation—the why and the wherefore of excellence and defect to be stated; not the fulsome exaggeration of the one, nor the malicious elaboration of the other. Let us approach a genuine work of art with love, but with a love that gives insight, which does not blindly idolize, but intelligently appreciates.

For much as Art, in a broad view, is indebted to propitious external influences; where these are unfavorable, a stern fidelity to one's sphere and intuitions, a brave though lonely crusade for truth, a patient, vigilant study and unwearied discipline and experiment, constitute the most secure and honorable means of success. Thus, indeed, have all great artists toiled; half of Raphael's short life was initiatory, and bred the knowledge and skill which subsequently embodied so perfectly the sentiment his pictures conserve. How little Wilkie owed to teachers; how persevering the search of Turner for original effects of color; how must Claude have drunk in the serene light of sunset ere his pencil gave it expression;

not a master line of Leonardo but grew slowly out of mathematical practice ; not even an effect of Rembrandt but resulted from a force and feeling merged in expression through intent observation and endeavor. There are no artists whose circumstances and environment demand more of this individuality of aim and concentration of labor than our own. And it is because these redeeming qualities are so often wanting that after an advent of *éclat*, so many cease to advance, and for years exhibit a stationary style and a poverty of ideas, never going beyond a certain respectable grade of execution or rising above a stereotyped tone and manner. The vague encomiums of a friendly journal, the praise of a clique, the ready money their pictures bring, the indifference of the public to new refinements, and their own unaspiring disposition, thus make Art to them a prison rather than a world, a sphere wherein the limits rather than the progress of their minds are made apparent. Perhaps some of these discouraging facts as to the actual condition of art among us, may be ascribed to the prevalent subjects delineated. Few of these appeal to the national mind or average sympathies ; let a bold genius scan our history, note our civilization, examine our life, and he will discover innumerable themes characteristic enough to excite the interest of the people. Our colonial, pioneer, and Revolutionary eras, the customs and local peculiarities of the land, are prolific subjects for pictorial art ; let them be seized with a native zest and true insight, and new life will be imparted to the limner and his achievements. It requires no argument to attract the eye and heart to the authentic portraits of our heroes and statesmen, or the effective illustration of our history, or delineation of our memorable scenery. Not a hundredth part of the subjects at annual exhibitions here are national ; and yet we have some native peculiarities in the events of our civic life, the phases of nature, and the forms of social development—which abound in picturesque effects, or that romance of sentiment that hallows an art-memorial to a people's love. The modern English school of painters have won no small degree of their renown by illustrating the domestic and literary charms of their country—her waters and her animals, her harvests and her homes—the phases of life and character familiar and endeared to her children ; and the love of glory—military glory in particular, which is the popular instinct in France—is reflected by the master-pieces of her painters. It is impossible to estimate how far the selection of subjects related to the experience, or precious to the hearts of a nation, has made Art loved at last for her own sake, and to what extent the reaction of this popular interest upon the artist's will and imagination, has nerved him to fresh triumphs. What we especially need is, to bring Art within the scope of popular associations on the one hand, and, on the other, to have it consecrated by the highest individuality of purpose, truth to nature, human sentiment, and patient self-devotion.

AMERICAN ARTIST LIFE.

EARLY PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

Watson.—Smybert.—Pine, and others.—Bembridge.—Feke.—Pratt.—Wright.—Charles Wilson Peale.—Dunlap.—Fulton.—Sargent.—Jarvis.—Frazer.—Frothingham.—Rembrandt Peale.—Harding.—Newton.—Neagle.—Waldo.—Alexander, and others.—Fisher.—Ames.—Jouet.—Ingham.

THE earliest professional impulse given to pictorial Art in America was derived from two Scotchmen—one of whom is now only remembered by name, his works being traditional; the other is enrolled in Walpole's anecdotes, and endeared by several authentic portraits belonging to old American families. Of the former, John Watson, we chiefly know that he established himself as a portrait-painter at Perth Amboy, N. J., in 1715, and acquired a handsome competence by his labors. The latter, John Smybert, after an apprenticeship to a coach-painter, and a studious visit of three years to Italy, where he became an accomplished copyist of the old masters, won the regard of the benign and ingenious Berkeley, who selected him as a companion in his humane mission to America.

According to Horace Walpole, John Smybert was born in Edinburgh, about 1684, and served his time as a common house-painter, went to London and Italy, and, after the failure of Berkeley's beneficent scheme and his return to England, "settled in Boston, in New England, where he succeeded to his wish, and married a woman of considerable fortune, whom he left a widow, with two children, in 1751." "Smybert," says the same authority, "was a silent and modest man, who abhorred *finesse* in his profession, and was enchanted with a plan which he thought promised tranquillity and an honest subsistence in a healthy and elysian climate; and, in spite of remonstrances, engaged with the Dean, whose zeal had ranged the favor of the court on his side. The king's death dispelled the vision; but one may conceive how a man devoted to his Art must have been animated when the Dean's enthusiasm and eloquence painted to his imagination a new theatre of prospects, rich, warm, and glowing with scenery

which no pencil had yet made common." * To this brief outline of Smybert's career may be added the statement of Mr. Verplanck, that, although "he was not an artist of the first rank, the Arts being then at a very low ebb, yet the best portraits we have of the eminent divines of New England and New York, who lived between 1725 and 1751, are from his pencil." Several are in the collections of New England colleges; at Harvard University, a fine copy of Vandyke's Cardinal Bentivoglio, and a portrait of John Lovell. Two of his portraits, which are in excellent preservation and fair examples of his style, are the likenesses of John Channing and his wife, the grandparents of Dr. W. E. Channing, and in the possession of his family. Another of Smybert's reputed portraits is in the possession of Hon. R. C. Winthrop, and represents one of the Bowdoin family. At Worcester, Mass., a portrait of Mrs. Martha, wife of Norton Gurney, is attributed to Smybert; and those of Cornelius Waldo and his wife, Faith, dated 1750, and of Daniel Waldo and his wife, Rebecca, are certainly from his pencil. A portrait of Bishop Berkeley, said to have been painted during the latter's voyage to America, one of Rev. Joshua Gee and his wife, and a copy of an original likeness of Governor John Endicott from Smybert's pencil, are in the collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society. A portrait of Daniel Oliver, and one of his wife, and another of Madam Oliver, *née* Belcher, with a group of the three sons of the former, dated 1730; also portraits of the Hon. Benjamin Lynde, chief justice of Massachusetts, of Mrs. Lynde, *née* Brown, and of Hon. B. Lynde, Jr., likewise a chief justice of the Colony, and of his wife, all fine illustrations of Smybert's pencil, are in the possession of Fitch E. Oliver, Esq., of Boston; who has, besides, four other ancestral portraits of anterior date, probably executed in England. There are numerous portraits in various parts of the country attributed to Smybert, but which it is impossible certainly to identify as his, although often the date of their execution and the style justify the conjecture.

He seems to have sympathized with the good Dean in his love of knowledge; an interesting visit they made to the Narragansett Indians is, perhaps, the first ethnological anecdote in our history. But the most pleasing and precious memorial of their sojourn, as well as the best specimen of the artist's talent, is the picture of Dean Berkeley and his family, the artist himself being introduced, now in the Gallery at New Haven. It was painted for a gentleman of Boston, of whom it was purchased in 1808, by Isaac Lothrop, Esq., and presented to Yale College. "It is nine feet long and six wide, and represents Bishop Berkeley as standing at one end of a table, which is surrounded by his family. He appears to be in deep thought, his eyes slightly raised, one hand resting on a folio volume—his favorite author, Plato—and is dictating to his amanuensis part of the 'Minute Philosopher,' which is said to have been

* Anecdotes of Painting: He is said to have lived on terms of friendship with Allan Ramsay, the author of the "Gentle Shepherd," with whom he corresponded after his settlement in America. His name is written *Swibert*, *Smibert*, and *Smybert*—the last is the way he wrote it.

commenced during his residence at Newport. The figure of the amanuensis, which is an uncommonly fine one, represents James Dalton; Miss Handcock, and Mrs. Berkeley, with an infant in her arms, are seated on one side of the table, while Mr. James, and a gentleman of Newport named John Moffatt, stand behind the ladies. The painter has placed himself in the rear, standing by a pillar, with a scroll in his hand."

A letter preserved in the Gentleman's Magazine indicates the continued friendship of the painter and the prelate after the latter returned to Great Britain to become Bishop of Cloyne, wherein he urges his old companion to rejoin him in Ireland; but Smybert preferred to follow his vocation in America, and we find him prosperously established in Boston in the year 1728. The earliest and best portraits executed in America before the Revolution, of which that of Jonathan Edwards is one of the most valuable, were those of Smybert. They were the exemplars of our pioneer limners. Copley, Trumbull, and Allston, caught their first ideas of color and drawing from Smybert's copy of Vandyke; and although Allston remarks, "When I saw the original I had to change my notions of perfection,"—he adds, "I am grateful to Smybert for the instruction he, or rather his work, gave me." There are several interesting portraits by unknown artists executed at a very early date; among them one of Dr. John Clark, dated 1765, and one of Peter Faneuil, and several old New England divines,—in the collection of the Massachusetts Historical Society, of conjectural origin. Others may be seen at Harvard University, at Newport, R. I., at the South, and in the Middle States; likenesses by unknown artists of Governor Endicott, the four Mathers, Higginson the younger, and others, are in the Antiquarian Hall at Worcester, Mass. Not a few portraits by celebrated English and continental painters (the best of these and the rarest are by Holbein, Kneller, Lely, Reynolds, Opie, Raeburn, Rembrandt, and Gainsborough) were brought to this country by the colonial families, for whom they had an ancestral value and interest, and are still possessed and prized by their descendants. In the Winthrop family, for instance, there is a likeness of a distant progenitor, by Holbein; Mrs. Erving, widow of the late Col. John Erving, and a resident of New York, has a fine Kneller, Copley, etc.; the portrait of Lord Dartmouth, in the college that bears his name, is an endeared specimen of early English Art; and Leverett Saltonstall, of Newton, Mass., has a portrait by Rembrandt of Mr. Richard Saltonstall, who came to New England in the Lady Arabella, in 1630, but leaving his sons, returned with his daughters to England, and then went to Amsterdam, where this picture was painted in 1644.

Col. Byrd, of Westover, Va., was a most accomplished man, and his learning and talents, as well as his wealth, procured him a place in the highest society, and the intimacy of some of the most distinguished men of his time. Several interesting portraits graced his hospitable mansion, and are now in the possession of his descendants and others.

There is a likeness of Sir Wilfred Lawson, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. One of a progenitor of the Byrd family, by Van Dyke; it represents a

lovely boy of twelve years. He had been stolen by gipsies, and is in the costume he wore when his parents discovered him: an old cloak thrown over the shoulders, with the inimitable grace for which Van Dyke was remarkable; the beautiful face sad and tearful; the child followed by a dog. It all makes a lovely picture. There is a portrait of Gen. Monk, Duke of Albemarle. There are also portraits of the Duke of Argyle (Jeannie Deans' friend); Lord Orrery, son of the Duke of Ormond; Sir Charles Wager, an English admiral; Miss Blount, celebrated by Pope; Mary, Duchess of Montague, daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, and wife of John, fourth Duke of Montague (it is said the duplicate of this portrait is at Windsor Castle); Governor Daniel Parke, with a miniature of Queen Anne, set round with diamonds, given him by the Queen when he brought her the news of the battle of Blenheim; he was aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough. There are many family portraits: Mrs. Lucy Parke Byrd and her beautiful daughter, Evelyn Byrd; the second Col. Byrd and his wife, etc., etc. An amusing anecdote is handed down of an old gentleman who left a splendid diamond ring to Col. Byrd, provided his own picture, with his hat on, might hang by the side of dukes and earls. This picture is at Lower Brandon, and the ring is in possession of a lady of the family.*

Portrait-painting received an impulse in the colonies, immediately subsequent to the Revolution, from the visits and pictures of foreign adepts in the profession. Some of the latter are occasionally encountered in old family mansions or public institutions, and must have served as valuable precedents in the limited Art-sphere of those early times. Wollaston executed several portraits in Philadelphia in 1758, and in Maryland the following year; his portrait of Mrs. Washington was engraved for Sparks' Biography, and is an elaborate and clever work; and there was an excellent portrait by him of John Randolph's grandmother, at Petersburg, Va. Judge Hopkinson eulogized this artist in verse.† In 1760 we find the name of Taylor, and in 1763 Hesselius, an English painter, was established at Annapolis, Md. He was of the school of Kneller, Peale's earliest teacher; and most of the portraits in the older dwellings of Maryland are from his pencil. There are many portraits of Philadelphians by this artist, several of them of ancestral interest. Two in the Walton family are dated 1752. Hesselius was an industrious and faithful painter, but respectable rather than superior in Art. Cosmo Alexander passed a year in America; he arrived in 1770 and was Stuart's first instructor; a portrait of Hon. John Ross by the artist, bearing date more than a century ago, is a favorable specimen of his style. Mr. Ross was the rival, at the Philadelphia bar, of Andrew Hamilton, who defended Zenger in the famous trial in New York, and brother-in-law of George Read, one of the signers of the Declaration. He is represented as sitting in his library with a table near him. This portrait belongs to J. Meredith Read, Esq., of Albany,

* From a letter of Miss Lucy Harrison, great granddaughter of the late Col. Byrd, of Westover.
† American Magazine, September, 1758.

the accomplished author of the Life of Hudson, who also has two other portraits by Cosmo Alexander and several by Wollaston.

Ramage was one of the first miniature painters; he was an Irish gentleman, and executed many small likenesses in Boston in 1771. James Peale appears to have been the earliest native artist in this sphere; Durand made many showy, but not elegant portraits in Virginia, in 1772; and a mediocre painter named Matthew Brown was full of business from 1775 to 1785. Duché, Field, and Trenchard are other artistic names on the primitive roll. Thomas Coram was an active limner in Charleston, S. C., in 1780. Wistanley, chiefly remembered for the salient anecdote respecting his copy of Stuart's Washington, was at work in the colonies in 1769. Of native painters of that period, Henry Bembridge, of Philadelphia, is represented by many portraits of a singularly formal aspect; he had studied under Mengs and Battoni, was liberally educated, and highly esteemed as a gentleman. There were many of his portraits in Charleston, S. C. Blackburn was Smybert's immediate successor, or cotemporary, and, during a brief visit, executed several notable portraits in Boston, Portsmouth, N. H., and other New England towns. There is one in the possession of Mrs. Erving, of New York. Good specimens of Blackburn's style are afforded by the portraits in the possession of Judge Cutts, of Brattleboro', Vt.,—likenesses of his wife's grandparents. There is something very piquant and charming in the lady's head, and her hands are beautiful; while her husband's fine, ruddy countenance, lapelled coat, wig, and ruffles, are characteristic of his times. There are also two fine portraits by Blackburn in the possession of Dr. Nicol Dering, of Utica, N. Y., one of Miss Mary Sylvester, afterwards Mrs. Thomas Dering, of Boston, Mass., painted in 1754 at Newport, R. I.; and one of Miss Margaret Sylvester, afterwards Mrs. David Cheesbrough, of Newport, R. I., of the same date. These portraits are large, three-quarter size, and are much admired for their artistic merit. They were exhibited several years since at the National Academy, N. Y., at the request of Colonel Trumbull. Mrs. Nichols, a granddaughter of Dr. Holyoke, of Salem, has a portrait of Jonathan Simpson, a merchant of Boston, by Blackburn, and Hon. R. C. Winthrop one of a lady belonging to the Temple family.

Another Englishman, named Williams, was busy about the same time and in the same way in Philadelphia. West is said to have derived considerable benefit from the books and conversation of this painter. Edward Savage was engaged on portraits in New York in 1789: one of Washington from his pencil is at Harvard University. Green and Theus were also somewhat known about this period and earlier, and occasionally specimens of their works are still to be seen. A portrait-painter called by the indefinite name of Smith is remembered as probably the first American who enjoyed the advantage of studying in Italy, and is also remarkable for his longevity. More than one portrait of Washington and a few of his cotemporaries bear the name of Polke, who passed a year or two in America. One of the former was found at Leesburg on the estate of Ar-

thur Lee, and sent to Washington city during the war, but returned by the government at its close. Some of the portraits have characteristic merits.

"A few octogenarians in the city of Brotherly Love used to speak, not many years since, of a diminutive family, the head of which manifested the sensitive temperament, if not the highest capabilities, of artistic genius. This was Robert Edge Pine. He brought to America the earliest cast of the Venus de' Medici, which was privately exhibited to the select few—the manners and morals of the Quaker City forbidding its exposure to the common eye. He was considered a superior colorist, and was favorably introduced into society in Philadelphia by his acknowledged sympathy for the American cause, and by a grand project such as was afterwards partially realized by Trumbull—that of a series of historical paintings illustrative of the American Revolution, to embrace original portraits of the leaders, both civil and military, in that achievement, including the statesmen who were chiefly instrumental in framing the Constitution and organizing the Government. He brought a letter of introduction to the father of the late Judge Hopkinson, whose portrait he executed, and its vivid tints and correct resemblance still attest the ability of the painter. He left behind him, in London, creditable portraits of George II., Garrick, and the Duke of Northumberland. In the intervals of his business as a teacher of drawing and a votary of portraiture in general, he collected, from time to time, a large number of 'distinguished heads,' although, as in the case of Ceracchi, the epoch and the country were unfavorable to his ambitious project; of these portraits the heads of General Gates, Charles Carroll, Baron Steuben, and Washington are the best known and most highly prized. Pine remained three weeks at Mount Vernon, and his portrait bequeaths some features with great accuracy; artists find in it certain merits not discoverable in those of a later date; it has the permanent interest of a representation from life by a painter of established reputation; yet its tone is cold and its effect unimpressive beside the more bold and glowing pencil of Stuart. It has repose and dignity."* It is in the possession of the Hopkinson family at Philadelphia, and a *fac simile* of Washington's letter; it was painted in 1785. A large copy, or more probably the original, was purchased in Montreal, in 1817, by the late Henry Brevoort, and is now in the possession of his son, Carson Brevoort, of Bedford, L. I.

Sharpless, Wertmüller, St. Memim, Martin, Güllagher, Robertson, Belzoni, Roberts, Malcolm, Earle, and other artists visited America immediately after her Independence was established; and several of them are chiefly memorable for their delineations of Washington and our early statesmen and soldiers.† They exerted a progressive influence upon native Art, just then dawning upon us with the freedom and peace of the new-born Republic; previous to which era artists were inevitably but a casual and isolated class. "Under the pressure of cares, and struggles,

* Character and Portraits of Washington.

† See the author's "Character and Portraits of Washington."

and urgent anxieties," says Dr. Bethune, "there would be neither time nor desire for the cultivation of these elegant pursuits, which are the luxury of leisure, the decoration of wealth, and the charms of refinement. The Puritans and the Presbyterians together, the most influential, were not favorable to the fine arts, and the Quakers abjured them. Men living in log cabins, and busied all day in field, workshop, or warehouse, and liable to attacks by savage enemies at any moment, were indisposed to seek after or encourage what was not immediately useful. Their hard-earned and precarious gains would not justify the indulgence. There were few, or rather no specimens of artistic skill among them to awaken taste or imitation. It is, therefore, little to be wondered at if they did not show an appreciation of Art proportionate to their advance in other moral respects, or that they waited until they had secured a substantial prosperity before they ventured to gratify themselves with the beautiful. The brilliant examples of West and Copley, with some others of inferior note, showed the presence of genius; but those artists found abroad the encouragement and instruction not attainable at home, thus depriving their country of all share in their fame, except the credit of having given them birth." *

The earliest native colonial painter who had any proper training in Art, appears to have been Robert Feke. His descendants have the artist's portraits of himself and wife; also that of a little girl painted on panel. Dunlap speaks of a likeness of a Mrs. Welling bearing his signature and dated 1746. During that year he painted several portraits in Philadelphia, considered the best colonial family portraits except West's. A gentleman of that city, of highly cultivated taste, whose maternal grandparents were painted by Feke, says of them, that the "drawing and expression are good, and the coloring still fresh and natural; they are of life size and the full dress of the time."† A portrait of Rev. John Callender, which belonged to Colonel Bull, of Newport, R. I., and was attributed to Smybert—a copy of which, by Miss Stuart, is in the Redwood Library—is believed to be from the pencil of Feke. How, in those primitive days, this painter learned to draw and color so well is a matter of conjecture. He was a descendant of Henry Feake, who emigrated to Lynn, Mass., in 1630, and a branch of whose family settled at Oyster Bay, L. I., whence, it is said, the future artist came to Rhode Island. The religious controversies of the day seem to have invaded the peace of the household; the Feakes, as the name was originally written, were Quakers, and one of the younger—tradition says the artist—went over to the Baptists, and was followed to the water's edge, on the occasion of his immersion, by his outraged sire with threats of disinheritance. This anecdote accords with the spirit of those times, whether it really belongs to the painter or to one of his kindred; but another tradition explains his equipment for his vocation, which could scarcely have been attained at that period in the colonies. Robert Feke, whether from disgust at the persecution he suffered for differing

* Home Book of the Picturesque. † J. Francis Fisher, Esq.

from his family in religious belief, or to indulge the adventurous temper so native to artistic organizations, left home and was absent several years; according to a writer in the Historical Magazine, he was taken prisoner and carried into Spain, managed to obtain pencils and colors, and beguiled his captivity by making rude paintings, which he sold upon his release, and, with the proceeds and the fruits of practice and observations abroad, returned home and began his career as a portrait painter, married, and settled at Newport, where, among others, he painted the beautiful wife of Governor Wanton, now in the Redwood Library. He made professional visits to New York, Philadelphia, and other cities, went to Barbadoes for his health, and died there at the age of forty-four. *

There was a publican's sign in Spruce-street, Philadelphia, a few years since, which used to attract the notice of amateur pedestrians on account of its manifest superiority to such insignia in general. It consisted of a cock in a barnyard, and was executed with rare truth and spirit. Those curious enough to inquire of the local antiquarians, learned that it was the work of Matthew Pratt, who acquired of Claypole, a miscellaneous and now forgotten painter, the rudiments of his Art, which he long exercised in his native city in any manner that proved lucrative—ranging from decorative to sign-painting; but at last concentrating his skill and time upon portraiture, wherein he acquired a notable success; the memorable evidence whereof are the likenesses he made of the prominent members of the Convention which assembled in Philadelphia in 1788—a composition which originally figured as a sign at the corner of Chestnut and Fourth streets, and for weeks was the nucleus of a gratified crowd who readily identified the portraits. The long-affianced bride of Benjamin West was a relative of Matthew Pratt's father, and the young painter was her escort to England. Soon after their arrival in London he "gave her away" at the wedding, which took place at St. Martin's Church in the Strand. Pratt passed four years in England, studied with West, executed portraits of the Duke of Portland, the Duchess of Manchester, and Governor Hamilton, and exhibited a Scripture piece and "The London School of Artists." Born in 1734, he returned to his native city in 1768, and died there in 1805. His portraits, though of no high artistic merit, are considered as exhibiting talent and truth, and, like those of Trumbull and Copley, are often the only representations extant of early American leaders in civil and social life. A critic, who seems well acquainted with his pictures, describes them as "broad in effect and loaded with color." He executed between fifty and sixty portraits in New York; among them a full length of Governor Colden, now in the possession of the New York Historical Society, and several members of the Walton family. The vessel in which Pratt embarked for Jamaica, in 1757, was commanded by the father of the late Bishop Hobart, of New York; she was captured by a French privateer.

Upon resuming his practice of Art in Philadelphia, Pratt was intro-

* Historical Magazine, 1859-60.

duced by Thomas Barton to the best local society. He had been a schoolmate of Peale, and assisted him in establishing and arranging his museum. It is rather a curious distinction for an artist who aimed at the higher branches of his profession, to be remembered as excelling in one scarcely included in the range of the fine arts, however calculated to educate the masses. Pratt's signs enjoyed a great reputation, and still have a traditional renown; two especially, a group of drovers and a hunting scene, are often praised by his cotemporaries. "They were," says Neagle, "by far the best signs I ever saw."

There resided, in colonial days, at Bordentown, New Jersey, Patience Wright, who used to model in wax miniature heads, usually in *relievo*, a rare accomplishment at the time, and one in which she was thought to excel; some specimens extant indicate considerable imitative tact. It is natural that with such a taste and talent she should encourage artistic aptitudes in her children. She taught her son Joseph what she knew, his brother-in-law added his instruction, and West also gave him the benefit of his advice. Wright was born in Bordentown in 1756, and in 1772 the family went to England, where the young artist executed a portrait of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. He was sent to Paris and placed under the care of Dr. Franklin to pursue his studies. Returning to America he narrowly escaped with his life from shipwreck. Having embarked at Nantes, the vessel was cast away on the coast of Spain, and Wright reached Boston at last penniless. In the autumn of 1783 he painted at headquarters, Princeton, New Jersey, a three-quarter length portrait of Washington, having previously subjected him to a coat of plaster by way of obtaining the dimensions and proportions of his head. His portrait is remarkable for fidelity to details of feature, form, and costume; and, although inelegant and unflattering, is probably authentic to a remarkable degree, and may be considered a fair specimen of the unideal but conscientious skill of this early American artist. It is now in the possession of Samuel Powell, Esq., of Philadelphia.*

Employed professionally, before the peace of 1783, in New York and Philadelphia, Wright was appointed by Washington, when the United States Mint was established, draughtsman and die-sinker thereat, and there is every reason to believe that the first coins and medals executed in this country were his handiwork. Besides the portrait he painted of Washington soon after his return, for Mrs. Willing, now in the possession of the Powell family, he executed another for the Count de Solms, and not satisfied with either, or rather desirous of possessing one for himself, he solicited another sitting of the first President, who was too much occupied with public duties and too weary of the irksome process to consent; the artist, however, was not to be baffled—he attended St. Paul's Church in New York and sketched a miniature profile from life, as his unconscious subject sat in his pew. The terrible pestilence which ravaged Philadel-

* For the details respecting this portrait, see the author's "Character and Portraits of Washington." Wright's portrait of John Jay is in the collection of the New York Historical Society.

phia in 1793, of whose devastations Brockden Brown left so graphic a picture, numbered among its eminent victims this upright and ingenious artist.

The American portrait painter of this era best known at the time and best remembered now, was Charles Wilson Peale, who was born in Chesterton, Maryland, in 1741. As the first painter of Washington, his name is identified with the early career of our peerless chief. The museum he established in Philadelphia, until recently, kept before the minds of his countrymen the genial enterprise and the national sympathies for which he was remarkable; while the talent and worth of his son Rembrandt, who died within a short period at an advanced age, tended to prolong the artistic and social consideration so honorably associated with the name. The life of this pioneer in the virgin field of Art in America, was marked with characteristic vicissitudes and experiments. Endowed with remarkable mechanical skill, which he adapted readily to the exigencies of a new country, we find him a clever workman successively in leather, wood, and metals; he could make a harness, a clock, or a silver moulding; he knew how to stuff birds for the ornithologist, to extract and repair teeth, and to deliver a popular lecture; nor, at the outset of his career, did he fail to exercise with credit and assiduity each and all of these widely different vocations. But the proclivities of Wilson Peale were undoubtedly for Art, and eventually painting became his chief and his favorite occupation. The idea became a practical intuition with him when quite young. He saw the works of Fraser at Norfolk; on his return home he succeeded in making a portrait which astonished his neighbors and decided him to adopt the artistic profession. He sought instruction in Philadelphia, and derived much benefit from the teachings of a German pupil of Sir Godfrey Kneller, and subsequently from those of Copley at Boston. In 1770 he went to London to study with West, who continued to befriend him long after his funds were exhausted. After a residence of four years in England, Peale returned home and settled, first at Annapolis, Maryland, and subsequently at Philadelphia. He commanded a corps of volunteers during the Revolutionary War, and took part in two battles—those of Trenton and Germantown. He did not forget the artist in the soldier, but sedulously improved his leisure in camp by sketching from nature, and his rare opportunities to study "the human face divine" by transferring to his portfolio many heads which afterwards he elaborated for his gallery of national portraits. His portrait of Washington as a Virginia Colonel is well known through multiplied copies and engravings, and is highly valued as the first authentic likeness.

"The earliest portraits of Washington are more interesting, perhaps, as memorials than as works of Art; and we can easily imagine that associations endeared them to his old comrades. The dress—blue coat, scarlet facings, and underclothes—of the first portrait by Peale, and the youthful face, make it suggestive of the early experience of the future commander, when, exchanging the surveyor's implements for the colonel's commis-

sion, he bivouacked in the wilderness of Ohio, the leader of a motley band of hunters, provincials, and savages, to confront wily Frenchmen, cut forest roads, and encounter all the perils of Indian ambush, inclement skies, undisciplined followers, famine, and woodland skirmish. It recalls his calm authority and providential escape amid the dismay of Braddock's defeat, and his pleasant sensation at the first whistling of bullets in the weary march to Fort Necessity. To Charles Wilson Peale we owe this precious relic of the chieftain's youth. This portrait was executed in 1772, and was, for many years before the war for the Union, at Arlington House. The resolution of Congress by which the subsequent portrait by this artist was ordered was passed before the occupation of Philadelphia. Its progress marks the vicissitudes of the Revolutionary struggle; commenced in the gloomy winter and half-famished encampment at Valley Forge, in 1778, the battles of Trenton, Princeton, and Monmouth intervened before its completion. At the last place, Washington suggested that the view from the window of the farm-house opposite to which he was sitting would form a desirable background. Peale adopted the idea, and represented Monmouth Court-House and a party of Hessians under guard marching out of it.* The picture was finished at Princeton, and Nassau Hall is a prominent object in the background; but Congress adjourned without making an appropriation, and it remained in the artist's hands. Lafayette desired a copy for the King of France, and Peale executed one in 1779 which was sent to Paris; but the misfortunes of the royal family occasioned its sale, and it became the property of Count de Menou, who brought it again to this country and presented it to the National Institute, where it is now preserved. Chapman made two copies at a thousand dollars each; and Dr. Craik, one of the earliest and warmest personal friends of Washington, their commissions as officers in the French War having been signed on the same day (1754), declared it a most faithful likeness of him as he appeared in the prime of life.†

There is a tradition in the Peale family, honorably represented through several generations, by public spirit and artistic gifts, that intelligence of one of the most important triumphs of the American arms was received by Washington in a despatch he opened while sitting to Wilson Peale for a miniature intended for his wife, who was also present. The scene occurred one fine summer afternoon; and there is something attractive to the fancy in the association of this group quietly occupied in one of the most beautiful of the arts of peace, and in a commemorative act destined to

* MS. Letter of Titian R. Peale to George Livermore, Esq.

† PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 4.—His Excellency General Washington set off from this city to join the army in New Jersey. During the course of his short stay, the only relief he has enjoyed from service since he first entered it, he has been honored with every mark of esteem. The Council of this State, being desirous of having his picture in full length, requested his sitting for that purpose, which he politely complied with, and a striking likeness was taken by Mr. Peale, of this city. The portrait is to be placed in the council chamber. Don Juan Marrailes, the Minister of France, has ordered five copies, four of which, we hear, are to be sent abroad. *Penn. Packet*, Feb. 11, 1779. He painted one in 1776 for John Hancock, and besides that for New Jersey, others for Pennsylvania and Maryland.

gratify conjugal love and a nation's pride, with the progress of a war and the announcement of a victory fraught with that nation's liberty and that leader's eternal renown.

The characteristic traits of Peale's portraits of Washington long at the National Institute and Arlington House, and the era of our history and of Washington's life they embalm, make them doubly valuable in a series of pictorial illustrations, each of which, independent of the degree of professional skill exhibited, is essential to our Washingtonian gallery. Before Trumbull and Stuart had caught from the living man his aspect in maturity and age—the form knit to athletic proportions by self-denial and activity, and clad in the garb of rank and war, and the countenance open with truth and grave with thought, yet rounded with the contour and ruddy with the glow of early manhood—was thus genially delineated by the hand of a comrade, and in the infancy of native art. Of the fourteen portraits by Peale, that exhibiting Washington as a Virginia colonel in the colonial force of Great Britain, is the only entire portrait before the Revolution extant.† One was painted for the college of New Jersey, at Princeton, in 1780, to occupy a frame in which a portrait of George the Third had been destroyed by a cannon ball during the battle at that place on the 3d of January, 1777. It still remains in the possession of the College, and was saved fortunately from the fire which a few years ago consumed Nassau Hall. Peale's last portrait of Washington, executed in 1783, he retained until his death, and two years since, it was sold with the rest of the collection known as the "Peale Gallery," at Philadelphia. There is a pencil sketch also by this artist, framed with the wood of the tree in front of the famous Chew house, around which centred the battle of Germantown.†

Peale was a man of liberal sympathies and public spirit; he not only was an efficient military officer, but served his State worthily in the legislature. He had the prescience rightly to estimate the historical value of native portraiture in the crisis of his country's destiny, and carefully gathered the materials which have since proved so valuable in illustrating the incidents and characters of our brief annals. Although widely dispersed, the best portraits of Peale are cherished memorials, and some of them are unique. The sight of some mammoth bones suggested to Peale the idea of combining scientific with artistic attractions, and for years his thoughts and time were occupied in forming the collection which so admirably served its purpose in the early days of the Republic, and gave that impulse to natural history and the fine arts which has since developed in Philadelphia into such noble and prosperous institutions.

For a considerable time antecedent and subsequent to the Revolutionary War, Peale was almost the only portrait painter in America known to fame; Smybert and Copley had disappeared, and Trumbull and Stuart had

* A miniature, said to have been painted in 1757, at the age of 25, has been engraved for Irving's Washington.

† Character and Portraits of Washington.

not yet become familiar names; here and there an isolated or itinerant portrait painter found work; but the one universally recognized artist was Peale. He was accordingly sought by sitters from afar; frequently they came from Canada and the West Indies. There was more versatility and aptitude than positive genius in Peale; he was intuitively mechanical; he modelled as well as painted, and was equally at home with crayon and palette, in elaborate oil and delicate miniature portraits. It is a curious illustration of the man and the times, that, according to one of his biographers, "he sawed his own ivory for his miniatures, moulded the glasses, and made the shagreen cases." His conscientious and intelligent labors in the cause of Art merit the grateful remembrance he enjoys. "His likenesses," says his son Rembrandt, who has written his life, "were strong, but never flattered; his execution spirited and natural. The last years of his life he luxuriated in the enjoyment of a country life, near Germantown, with hanging gardens, grotto and fountain, and a hospitable table for all his friends. His last painting was a full length portrait of himself, painted at the age of eighty-three. He died in his eighty-fifth year, in 1826."

The most interesting and valuable trophies of his career are now gathered in Independence Hall, Philadelphia; and, however deficient in the more brilliant qualities of artistic genius, have the charm of fidelity, and often are the sole authentic likenesses of the eminent men delineated. In this respect, they form a unique municipal collection—"within the sacred hall, where, in committee of the whole, the Declaration of Independence was passed and signed, and, from the yard, proclaimed to the world." Among these portraits, by Peale, are those of General and Mrs. Washington, John Hancock, Robert Morris, Generals Greene, Gates, Hamilton, Reed, Steuben, Lincoln, Rochambeau; Dr. Franklin, Peyton Randolph, Volney, Jefferson, Laurens, Bartram, Chastellux, Gallatin, Rush, Dickinson, Witherspoon, Pickering, DeKalb, Bishop White, Carroll, and Lord Sterling—one hundred and seventeen in all, including most of the celebrities, native and foreign, associated with American history and society, during the last of the preceding and the earlier part of the present century. Peale's portrait of George Clymer is in the Philadelphia Academy, his own portrait, by West, in the Bryan collection of the N. Y. Historical Society, which also includes Peale's family group of Major Ramsay, the historian, and the old dog Argus.

Portraits by C. W. Peale, of Governor McKean and his son, belong to D. Pratt McKean, Esq., Philadelphia, and of Washington, painted at Valley Forge. There is an interesting portrait of Franklin by him, painted a few days before his death, the result of a single sitting. "I accompanied my father," writes Rembrandt Peale, "to engage him for another. We found him sitting up in his bedroom, in much pain, with the sad conviction that he should never leave it. Yet the resigned expression of his venerable countenance, and his noble, patriarchal head, from which flowed ample locks of gray hair on his shoulders, impressed me with unspeak-

able reverence." At the sale of the Peale Museum, this portrait was bought by and is now in the collection of Joseph Harrison, Esq., of Philadelphia, who also owns Peale's last portrait of Washington, painted in 1783.

Rev. William Hazlitt came to America soon after the Revolutionary War, with a son, the future essayist, then seven or eight years old, a daughter, and an older son, John, who was a portrait painter; he executed likenesses in Hingham, Mass.; among them, those of Gen. Benjamin Lincoln, Rev. Ebenezer Gay, D.D., Col. Nathan Rice, Dr. Joshua Barker, and others. T. Earle painted portraits in Connecticut in 1775, and in Charleston, S. C., in 1792; his full length portraits of Dr. Dwight and his wife are in Copley's manner, with black shadows; this painter was among the Governor's militia guard, marched to Cambridge and Lexington, made drawings of the scenery in both places, and outlined, perhaps, the first historical compositions in America; they were engraved by his comrade in arms, Doolittle. Earle studied with West, and returned to America in 1786—painted many portraits in New York and more in Connecticut; according to Dunlap, he had "facility of handling," and caught likenesses well. He painted Mrs. Alexander Hamilton in 1787; Earle being in difficulty and imprisoned for debt, General Hamilton induced his wife and other ladies to sit to him in prison, and thereby secured his release. He was the father of Augustus Earle, known as "the wandering artist," who practised his vocation in New York in 1818; a fellow-student with Leslie and Morse, who used to relate many curious anecdotes of his roving disposition.

Two Americans, whose names are identified with the early history of Art in this country, were born twenty years after Peale; and both are now chiefly remembered by claims to public gratitude quite diverse from those of the vocation to which they were more or less devoted. I refer to Robert Fulton and William Dunlap. So exclusively associated is the former with the grand triumph of a vast mechanical experiment, that few are aware that he ever loved and labored in the sphere of the Fine Arts; while the latter's assiduity in collecting the facts of dramatic and artist life in America, antecedent to and cotemporaneous with his own, has merged his reputation as a painter with that as annalist.

William Dunlap was born at Perth Amboy, New Jersey, in 1766. He prepared an elaborate sketch of his life, which abounds in curious adventure and versatile enterprise. He was but seventeen years of age when he began to execute portraits; and relates, with much näiveté, his experience when Washington gave him a sitting at the house of Van Horne, of New Jersey, in the summer of '83. The result was what might be expected from a novice; but the incident was memorable. Dunlap went to London and studied with West; his success as an artist was not remarkable; he returned to New York and joined his father in business, and consoled himself abroad and at home by wanderings and social experiences of which the record is amusing. Having failed in trade, he alternated through a long life between the studio, the stage, and the library, as

a resource: in other words, he painted, managed a theatre, and wrote books: for quite a period, however, Dunlap steadily pursued Art; he executed a series of pictures on subjects indicated by West, which were exhibited; he took an active part in establishing the New York Academy of Fine Arts, and his portraits are numerous. He wrote several plays: a Life of Brockden Brown, one of Cooke; a History of New Netherlands, and one of the American Theatre. In old age and reduced circumstances, encouraged by his kind physician, Dr. Francis, he compiled the History of the Arts of Design in the United States, wherein are crudely put together many facts of curious interest and biographical value—often from the pens of artists then living—facts which otherwise must have been soon forgotten; and the faithful collection of which was a genial service rendered by a venerable artist and annalist to the cause and the country he loved.

He died in New York, September 28, 1839. Dunlap's personal interest in and association with the Fine Arts, rather than his achievements therein, identify him with their origin and growth among us. He was a worthy and industrious man, with strong prejudices, and a tenacious memory. During his latter years, when suffering from straitened circumstances and illness, he was warmly befriended by some of our leading citizens. One who knew him well, speaks of him as "the acrimonious Dunlap," yet credits him with "patient research,"* and traces his influence and efficiency in the social promotion of local history and artistic enterprise and biography—at a period when but few bestowed any thought or sympathy on such objects.

Robert Fulton left Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, where he was born in 1765, to practise as a draughtsman in Philadelphia, having been initiated therein by a schoolfellow. Of Irish descent and in narrow circumstances, his temperament and his position urged him to exertion; and whatever his artist-skill might have been in the estimation of critical taste, it sufficed in a few years to win him a sum adequate to the purchase of a farm, whereon he comfortably established his widowed mother. Removing to New York, he was known and encouraged there in 1785 as a miniature painter; but soon became absorbed in mechanical inventions, and went abroad to study and submit his economical theories to savans and governments. His patience and genius in these enterprises is a familiar story—alike honorable to his character and his country; and the successful application of steam to navigation was the crowning achievement to a life of rare vicissitude, experiment, and energy. He never, however, forgot the love of his youth; his leisure was appropriated abroad and at home to the promotion and practice of Art. He sketched picturesque figures by the way-side in his travels on the Continent, and occasionally executed the portrait of a friend; his intervals of waiting for recognition as a mechanician—whether in regard to submarine ordnance

* Old New York.

or improvements in canal navigation, submitted to government agents in Paris, were devoted to executing the first panorama exhibited in that city—a branch of art then original, and which has since proved of wide utility and interest. He wrote from London urging the citizens of Philadelphia to secure West's pictures as the nucleus of a national gallery; and when unsuccessful, bought the Ophelia and Lear at the Royal Academy sale, and bequeathed them to the New York association of artists; he spent five thousand dollars upon engravings of West's illustrations of Barlow's heavy epic, and gave the interest thus obtained in the copyright to the author's widow—the original studies being among the curious and cherished trophies of his long and amiable relations with the venerable pioneer artist of America. In these and various ways Fulton proved an early and efficient friend to, as well as votary of, Art. Of his own pictures few exist; a print from one of them representing Louis XIV. in prison with his family, indicates no inconsiderable skill and grace of composition and execution. His portraits are very rare; there is one in Philadelphia, of Mr. Plumstead's sister, in the possession of the family, which is probably a fair specimen. "Fulton," says Dr. Francis, "was emphatically a man of the people, ambitious, indeed, but above all sordid designs; he pursued ideas more than money. Science was more captivating to him than pecuniary gains; and the promotion of the arts, useful and refined, more absorbing than the accumulation of the miser's treasures. I shall never forget the night of February 24, 1815, on which he died. I had been with him at his residence a short time before, to arrange some papers relative to Chancellor Livingston and the floating dock erected at Brooklyn. Business despatched, he entered upon the character of West, and the pictures of Lear and Ophelia, which he had deposited in the American Academy."

There are three portraits in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society, by Colonel Henry Sargent—of Rev. John Clark, General B. Lincoln, and Jeremy Belknap, D.D.; and they recall an instance of dalliance with, rather than devotion to, Art, characteristic of her early development among us. Although Colonel Sargent never lost his fondness for painting or entirely relinquished its practice, other tastes and occupations, and, for many years, uncertain health, rendered the pursuit with him, occasional; while his best efforts indicate a culture and talent which, under more favorable circumstances, would have gained him a high and wide reputation.

He was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1770; his father, an eminent merchant, resided at Newburyport, and the son was educated at Dummer Academy, until the departure of the British troops from Boston enabled his father to remove to that city, in whose excellent schools the future artist's early studies were completed. He was intended for a merchant, and entered first the counting-house of Thomas Perkins and subsequently that of his father. No indication of an aptitude for or love of Art had, as is usual, appeared; and his first interest in the subject was inspired by some chalk sketches by his brother's, on the walls of their chamber; he imitated and ex-

celled them; and when a painter was at work on one of his father's ships, took advantage of the man's absence, to try his hand at a sea nymph with the paint-pot and pound brush. Thenceforth he was constantly drawing, and his father supplied him with more eligible means of gratifying his taste. He copied Copley's Shark picture, and Trumbull, when in Boston in 1790, praised the work. He went to London in 1793, and profited by the kindly counsels of West and Copley; on returning to Boston and finding little encouragement in his chosen pursuit, he accepted a commission in the army raised in 1799, and was placed under the immediate direction of General Hamilton. The taste for military life then acquired, divided his attention with love of Art; he was commissioned by successive governors of his native State. "I well remember," says Dunlap, "the finest body of light infantry I ever saw, going through their evolutions in the mall and on the Common, under the command of Captain Sargent." He was also distinguished in political and social life. His most elaborate picture is the "Landing of the Pilgrims;" it cost many years' labor, was exhibited and almost ruined by careless rolling on fresh, unseasoned pine; the sap rotted the picture and it fell to pieces in unrolling. His next large picture was "Christ entering Jerûsalem," and it was quite popular; another called "The Dinner Party" was remarkable for its light and shade. "Christ Crucified" is in the possession of the original Roman Catholic Society in Boston. His "Dinner and Tea Party"—beautiful and finished pictures, originally belonged to Mr. D. L. Brown, of that city; his full length of Peter Faneuil hangs in the famous hall of that name; the "Tailor's News" and "Starved Apothecary" are from the same pencil.

The portraits of Jarvis are widely scattered and singularly unequal in merit. They may be found in old Southern manor-houses and Eastern municipal halls. Inman, who was several years his pupil, gives us a good idea of the rapid and careless manner in which Jarvis despatched work when in pecuniary stress or a gainful humor—dashing off five or six heads a day, and leaving them for his *protégé* to finish up, and add draperies and accessories. Sometimes, however, he was more painstaking and elaborate. He painted many of our naval heroes of the War of 1812. Among his famous sitters were Bishop Moore, of New York, John Randolph, of Virginia, DeWitt Clinton, Halleck, and Commodore Perry. His portraits of Perry, Hull, McDonough, Bainbridge and Swift and General Brown, are in the City Hall, N. Y.; those of John Randolph, Rev. Dr. Stanford, Daniel Tompkins, Christopher Colles, Egbert Benson, and Robert Morris, are in the collection of the N. Y. Historical Society. A portrait of the Hon. Stephen Van Renssellaer, father of the present patroon, at the manor-house, is a good exemplar of his manner. James M. Falconer, Esq., of New York, the accomplished treasurer of the Artists' Fund Society, has a water-colored portrait by Jarvis—one of those mentioned by Dunlap, as painted in Broadway, near the old City Hall—also a portrait of much merit, by Bass Otis, of Jarvis;—they having for a time worked together in a kind of partnership. Some qualities in this work are very fine, and met the ap-

proval of the artist's friends; it is on panel, cut down rather closely to the life-size head. His delineations of morbid anatomy, illustrative of the cholera, were highly praised by the Faculty. Many of his heads are painted with a characteristic vigor and individuality which, under more favorable circumstances, would have given him a higher and more permanent rank.

A native of South Shields on the Tyne, and a nephew of the celebrated Wesley, John Wesley Jarvis took the lead in portraiture for several years on this side of the water—when the art of painting was in a transition and comparatively ignoble state among us. Born in 1780, at the age of five years he was sent to his father, who had emigrated to America, and was then in Philadelphia. The boy was soon left to himself, his parent being a mariner by profession; but the lad's disposition and talent were such as make friends. Dr. Rush took an interest in him; Stuart did not consider his promise remarkable, and therefore discouraged his artistic ambition; but Edwin, an employé of that gifted painter, taught the young novice to draw; Martin, in New York, was more kindly than capable as a teacher; and Gallagher, another artist, gave him hints and help. One of his earliest attempts was a likeness of Hogg, a well-known comedian of the day; and, ere long, the youth was deemed more clever than Buddington. Malbone's success and friendliness inspired Jarvis to practise miniature painting; and he invented a machine for drawing profiles on glass; he also executed them in black and gold-leaf; and, associated with Joseph Wood, in Park row, at one time earned, upon an average, a hundred dollars daily—charging five for each gilded silhouette. Profiting by the instructions of Malbone, Wood became a successful artist in this department; his likeness of Paulding has been lately engraved and prefixed to that pioneer author's life, by his son.

Those artistic comrades and partners were gay fellows; Wood played the violin and flute, and Jarvis was an inimitable *raconteur*, and fond of practical jokes; but they were of the Bohemian order—not aspiring in their social relations, unwise but witty, often industrious, but always erratic; both, says Dunlap, "made mysterious marriages." We next find Jarvis established in Broadway, and rapidly painting profiles on Bristol board at five dollars each, "very like and pretty," according to the prevalent standard of taste; he also had frequent and more profitable orders for works in oil and on ivory. He turned his attention with much zeal to anatomical studies; and borrowed from Dr. Francis the then novel treatises of Gall and Spurzheim, which, said the painter, "make our art a science;" he was struck with the want of individuality of most engraved heads, and recognized a character in the contour and minute diversities thereof in nature, which he now felt had been neglected in portraiture. To obtain a precise knowledge in this regard, Jarvis began to model carefully from life. There is a curious specimen of these experiments in the collection of the N. Y. Historical Society: a plaster cast from Jarvis' model of Tom Paine's cranium and features—the extraordinary proboscis

identifying it to everyone who has ever formed an idea from description of the author of "Common Sense."

Among the numerous eccentricities of Jarvis was a dogmatical pride; he relished an opinion antagonistic to the multitude; and to this habitude of mind we must attribute his perverse denial of great merit to Stuart, though it may have originated in that artist's want of recognition of his own youthful aspirations. One of his favorite books was the Life of Moreland, whom he deemed a character akin to his own. For many years, Jarvis annually made a professional tour to the South; his abilities were in constant requisition; vagabondage was intuitive; anecdote his *forte;* by turns extravagant and laborious, dramatic and domestic; almost destitute of what the phrenologists call the organ of order; social by instinct, convivial by temperament, capable of vigorous artistic effects, yet imprudent and reckless, with hosts of acquaintances, keen observation, inexpressible humor, violent prejudices, and genial fellowship—the traditional man, as known through still current anecdotes and the personal reminiscences of his intimates, is far more of a character than a painter; his words are more vital than his pictures, his personal qualities more salient than his professional; for the idea we form of Jarvis assimilates him to several memorable characters, familiar to all who affect the oddities of human nature; he reminds us sometimes of Abernethy and sometimes of Theodore Hook, now of Fuseli and again of Jerrold; his love of notoriety, his fantasy in costume, his remarkable conversational talents and imitative skill, his fund of amusing stories, his independent habits, costly dinners, and improvised suppers, and the variety of characters with which he came in contact, are still vividly remembered; and have, in a manner, caused the artist to disappear in the boon-companion. His way of life favored this predominance of social over professional interest. In summer, his studio in New York was the favorite haunt of the wits; and, in winter, he was the welcome guest on isolated plantations or in the cities of the South; and was ever meeting with curious adventures, and adding to his stock of facetious or dramatic narratives. His rooms are described as chaotic in the juxtaposition of artistic implements and domestic utensils—palettes in all conditions, decanters, dresses, a cradle, an easel, musical glasses, books, lay figures—inextricable confusion, sometimes picturesque, but rarely comfortable; yet, amid these paraphernalia of art and economy, the richest "feast of reason and flow of soul" would often be realized—canvas-backs eaten with a one-pronged fork, and rare wines drunk without the aid of a cork-screw, and from glasses of all shapes. Out of doors, the painter was recognized at one time by his "long coat, trimmed with fur"; at another, by the companionship of two enormous dogs; now by the dandyism, and now by the slovenliness of his attire. It was said, with some truth, that story-telling had been fatal to Jarvis; doubtless, his extravagance was stimulated by his social habits. Matthews dramatized many of his *impromptu* descriptions. The *finale* of such a life is easily anticipated; neglect, excitement, improvidence, never can produce the results of method,

self-control, and foresight; but, withal, Jarvis, as his friendly biographer boasts, was no hypocrite or sycophant; his comic powers and "tales of a traveller," with his labors as an artist, are among the curious social phenomena of a period when conviviality was more sanctioned by fashion; and the deeper insight and more generalized experience of a scientific era had not yet quite dissipated the popular fallacy that genius is inevitably allied to recklessness, and, in pursuit of art and literature, a valid excuse for despising the wholesome discipline of social conformity.

Of the stage improvisations caught from Jarvis, by Dunlap, Hackett, and Matthews, two are remembered by veteran *habitués* of the theatre,—"Monsieur Mallet" and a "Trip to Niagara,"—both indebted to the painter for the incident and characters. His biographer describes his "last visit" to Jarvis in a manner which would have afforded pathetic and picturesque hints to Hogarth or Dickens. He that was wont "to set the table in a roar" was a mere wreck of his former self, his tongue paralyzed, his memory weakened, his strong constitution broken down; separated from his wife, who kept the children, and therefore alone; surrounded by unfinished portraits, bottles, and brushes, and vitality only prolonged by stimulants. The habits and tone, not less than the professional career of Jarvis, illustrate a class and a period in our Art history; facility of execution and social talents may be called the capital of such painters; occasionally, in a happy mood, and, in an hour of high resolve, doing justice to their talent and ideal as limners—but unable to sustain "the height of that great argument;" and therefore, never, in life or art, attaining the consistent dignity and gracious progress of an Allston or a Malbone. One significant difference in the two orders of men is, that the latter sought and wooed the best female society, thereby refining and elevating their sentiments; while the former found social position almost exclusively with their own sex, and hence had no restraint on those convivial tendencies which so often mar their fortunes and their fame. Anecdotes of his professional evasion of Bishop Moore's religious appeals to him, while sitting for his portrait, and of his *ruse* to excite Perry's anger, in order to give spirit to the likeness, with many similar illustrations of his humorous tact, Jarvis used to relate with singular relish and effect. He was a ludicrous imitator of lisping and stuttering readers. "Dr. Syntax," says Dr. Francis, "never sought after the picturesque with more avidity than did Jarvis after the scenes of many-colored life; his stories, particularly those connected with his Southern tours, abounded in motley scenes. His humor won admiration; but he deserves to be remembered also for his corporeal intrepidity and reckless indifference to consequences: he became familiar with the terrific scenes of yellow fever and cholera. He seemed to have had a singular desire to become personally acquainted with their details; and a death-bed scene, with all its appalling circumstances, in a disorder of a formidable character, was sought after by him with the solicitude of the inquirer after fresh news." The manner in which his own decease is recorded in the annals of the National Academy is a suggestive commentary

on his career: "He was not a member of the Academy; he was, however, one of the best portrait-painters of the day,—eccentric, witty, convivial; and his society much sought by the social. He died in extreme poverty, under the roof of his sister, Mrs. Childs."

At the South, Charleston, South Carolina, has been prominent in encouragement to art; as in Virginia, many ancestral portraits, some of English origin, and others by Copley, adorn the older family mansions, Malbone's miniatures are among the cherished heir-looms. At the commencement of the present century, this accomplished artist, with Fraser and Allston, was professionally occupied and socially honored in the State which enjoys the high distinction of being the native place of the latter. Charles Fraser was also born at Charleston, May 20, 1782; and died there on the fifth of October, 1860. He began to delineate the scenery around his native city when a mere lad. Destined by his family for the legal profession, he commenced his studies therefor at the age of sixteen; after three years of exclusive devotion to law, he resumed practice with the pencil, but had no longer the same confidence in his abilities, and, therefore, again became a law-student; and, in 1807, was admitted to the bar. With a wise providence, rare in the artistic fraternity, he succeeded, by assiduous attention to his professional business, in acquiring sufficient to live with economy after eleven years of work; and, thereupon, felt at liberty to follow the pursuit so dear to his taste, wherein the example and friendship of Malbone had confirmed him. Like this accomplished and endeared artist-friend, Fraser gave his attention chiefly to miniature, and attained therein a rare degree of eminence. When Lafayette visited the United States in 1825, his portrait was painted by Fraser. Besides numerous works in this department, he executed pictures in historical, *genre*, and scenic art; and, to add to the versatility of his talents, he excelled in literature; many admirable public addresses, numerous graceful and high-toned poems, and contributions to periodicals attest his culture, reflection, and fancy. Throughout his native State the evidences of his artistic taste and assiduity are scattered; and it has been said that there is no distinguished native thereof, who has lived within the last fifty or sixty years, whose "counterfeit presentment" was not painted by Fraser. Indeed, the best proof of his industry and skill was afforded his fellow-citizens in 1857, when an exhibition of his collected works was opened at Charleston; among them were miniatures or oil portraits of the Rutledges, the Pinkneys, the Pettigrus, the Hugers, Haynes, Lowndses, Pringles, and other well-known Carolina families;—no less than three hundred and thirteen miniatures, and one hundred and thirty-nine landscapes and compositions.

James Frothingham was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1786, and followed his father's trade,—that of a builder of chaise-bodies,—in painting which he experimented with color, then in drawing, and finally attempted chalk likenesses with a success which encouraged him to try oil painting, which he did in a very crude and ingenious fashion, having to work out his ideas without any familiarity with established processes. His first

accidental encounter with a portrait-painter put him on the right track A son of General Whiting, who had studied with Stuart, instructed him how to prepare, modify, and apply colors, so that he commenced at the age of twenty a professional career, carried a specimen of his work to Stuart, who advised him to stick to coach-building, but subsequently praised his work, and at last declared, "there is no man in Boston, but myself, can paint so good a head." In Salem and New York, Frothingham was employed; he made admirable copies of Stuart's Washington, and some of his portraits in color and character are excellent; but so precarious were his gains that he often repeated his great instructor's advice, and in an economical point of view thought he had better have stuck to his first vocation; he continued, however, says Dunlap, "painting heads with great truth, freedom, and excellence, but not with that undeviating employment which popular painters of far inferior talent often find."

Rembrandt Peale was born on the 22d of February, 1787, in Buck's county, Pennsylvania, and died in Philadelphia, October 3, 1860. He could draw remarkably well for a child, at the age of eight; he executed many portraits, when a young man, at Charleston, South Carolina; became a pupil of West, in London, and was long occupied in Paris making likenesses of European celebrities for his father's museum. Two of his more elaborate works were exhibited many years ago, and attracted much attention, "The Roman Daughter," and the "Court of Death." The latter was a very large work, and very successful as an exhibition picture. It was suggested by a passage in the Poem on Death, by Bishop Porteus; it was twenty-four feet by thirteen, and contained twenty-three figures. During the remainder of his long life, Peale occupied himself with portrait-painting. His portraits of Denon and Houdon are in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts; that of Dr. Houghton, of Dublin, in the collection of A. M. Cozzens, of New York; those of Rammohun Roy, Joseph Dennie, Jefferson, and Priestly, in the possession of the New York Historical Society.

Rembrandt Peale, when quite young, became the companion of his father's artistic labors. In compliment to the latter, Washington sat for a likeness to the novice of eighteen, who says the honor agitated more than it inspired him, and he solicited his father's intercession and countenance on the memorable occasion. Of the precise value of his original sketch it is difficult to form an accurate opinion; but the mature result of his efforts to produce a portrait of Washington has attained a high and permanent fame. He availed himself of the best remembered traits, and always worked with Houdon's bust before him. This celebrated picture is the favorite portrait of a large number of amateurs. It is more dark and mellowed in tint, more elaborately worked up, and, in some respects, more effectively arranged, than any of its predecessors. Enclosed in an oval of well-imitated stone fretwork, vigorous in execution, rich in color, the brow, eyes, and mouth, full of character—altogether it is a striking and impressive delineation. That it was thus originally regarded we may

infer from the unanimous resolution of the United States Senate, in 1832, appropriating two thousand dollars for its purchase, and from the numerous copies of the original, in military costume, belonging to the artist, which were ordered. Rembrandt Peale was long the only living artist who ever saw Washington. In the pamphlet which he issued to authenticate the work, we find the cordial testimony to its fidelity and other merits of Lawrence Lewis, the eldest nephew of Washington; of the late venerable John Vaughan, of Bishop White, Rufus King, Charles Carroll, Edward Livingston, General Smith, Dr. James Thatcher, and Judge Cranch. Chief Justice Marshall says of it: "It is more Washington himself than any portrait I have ever seen;" and Judge Peters explains his approval by declaring, "I judge from its effect on my heart." *

On the first of April, 1866, a genuine representative of the Western artist died in Boston; and his career may be regarded as the connecting link between the early and the present generation of American portrait painters. Born in a little mountain village of Franklin county, Massachusetts, called Conway, in 1792, he knew all the privations and struggles of rustic indigence; but blest with an excellent mother, he learned self-reliance, and was a cheerful "hired boy" as soon as he was old enough to work. The family emigrated to Western New York when Chester Harding was fourteen; he became an itinerant vender and agent, and thus traversed the country in a wagon, enjoying new glimpses of life, until he fell in love with a rural beauty, turned chairmaker, and went to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, which place he reached on a raft, having arrived at the Alleghany river on foot. "All our valuables," he says, "consisted of one bed and a chest of clothing and some cooking utensils, so that we had little labor in getting settled down." Here he went to work as a sign-painter, and thus gained a livelihood for a twelvemonth, when the advent of an artist completely changed his destiny. Fascinated by the vocation, he watched the progress of his own and his wife's portraits, and then tried to imitate the process. Upon partially succeeding, in a very crude manner, he threw himself with enthusiasm into the pursuit; painted a hundred likenesses in six months, at twenty-five dollars each; went to Philadelphia, and profited by the observation and criticism there afforded; and finally became prosperously established in his new and improvised vocation, at St. Louis. In 1823, Harding was the fashion in Boston; even Stuart was neglected, and used to ask sarcastically, "How goes the Harding fever?" He went to London and began to study; was kindly treated by Leslie and Lawrence, made good likenesses of the Dukes of Sussex, Hamilton, and Norfolk, and of Alison the historian, and Rogers the poet. On his return, he continued, with more or less assiduity and success, the career begun under such discouragements. His portraits of Daniel Webster and other celebrities are much esteemed; his last work was an excellent likeness of General Sherman, which he painted in St. Louis, the scene of his earliest good fortune;

* Character and Portraits of Washington.

and, in the spring, passing through Boston, on his annual sporting excursion to Cape Cod, he was taken ill, and died, at the age of seventy-three, in the city where his original reputation first dawned. "I feel," he says, "that I owe more to it than to any other place; more of my professional life has been spent in this city than anywhere else; and it is around it that my most grateful recollections cluster." Harding was very tall, broad-shouldered and athletic; in build and aspect a fine, manly specimen of his race; he was an ardent disciple of Isaac Walton, and a favorite companion of genial sportsmen; unaffected, kindly, simple, frank, and social, his personal qualities greatly promoted his artistic success. His numerous portraits, widely scattered over the country, are, in many instances, highly valued, because they adequately suggest the expression and appearance of the departed to loving survivors; yet incorrectness in drawing often renders them valueless as works of Art, and no one was more keenly aware of their deficiencies than the artist himself; independent and unpretending, it was the true native flavor of the man and cleverness of the painter, rather than adequate discipline, that won him both affection and success.

From several tributes to his memory which were elicited by his death, we cull the following: "It was impossible to see him without both admiring and liking him; he had, in his heart as well as in his manners, that quality which wins affection at the same time it inspires respect; and his constant regard for the rights and feelings of others was his shield against any invasion of his own. A duke who met him in a drawing-room, a country lad who was his companion in a fishing-excursion, would find that his manhood was broad enough for both. He visited England twice, and there was hardly a place in the United States where he was not known. His conversation was rich in recollections of eminent men of all kinds in both hemispheres, while it was absolutely untainted by self-assertion and self-conceit. At one time we heard of him as painting Daniel Webster at Washington, and soon after that he had started off to the wilds of the West to paint Daniel Boone. The massiveness and vigor of his body, his noble presence, and the mingled rusticity and courtliness of his manners, gave intimations of the stern and rough nursing of his earlier years, and kept the remembrance of the scenes and hardships through which he had made his way to the intimacy with the most distinguished men in his middle and later life.

"His children had often urged him to put upon record, at least for their use, some memorial of his early experiences. He gratified their wishes, so far as to write, under the apt title of 'My Egotistography,' a too brief, but most lively, humorous, and thoroughly frank sketch of what he regarded as most likely to interest them in his fortunes and doings. His manuscript, with a few modest additions by one of his daughters, has been put into print. It is not published; we wish it were, for it has a most relishing flavor for appreciative readers, and carries with it an admirable moral. We have had the privilege of reading a borrowed copy, and have vastly enjoyed the perusal. The straits and buffetings of boyhood, met and

turned to account by real Yankee pluck; the shifts and schemes for getting a living; the wanderings and struggles of a premature manhood, and, as it would seem, the almost blundering upon the destined career for his genius, are related with a quaint directness and candor. His journals and letters during his two visits abroad, showing the Yankee backwoods-boy as the diner-out with nobles, the inmate of the castles of the great, and the painter of the Dukes of Sussex and Hamilton, are models of that kind of writing, and incidentally afford illustrations of his own noble and engaging character."

Gilbert Stuart Newton painted many American portraits in London. His parents left Boston for Halifax, N. S., when that city was evacuated by the British; and he was born in the latter place, September 2, 1795; but brought back to Boston after his father's death, in 1803, and resided in Charlestown until his uncle, Gilbert Stuart, was established in Boston, when his nephew became his pupil; later in life they seem to have been alienated. Newton paid a brief visit to Italy, and then joined Leslie in Paris; they went together to London in 1817. He began as an artist with great promise, had a good eye for color, doubtless, in part, owing to his early familiarity with Stuart's style; he also had genius, humor, and pathos; his "Dull Lecture," formerly belonging to Philip Hone, is a good illustration of the former quality,—"The Vicar of Wakefield restoring Olivia," of the latter. Leslie's companionship was a great advantage to him; he inclined to and excelled in scenes from Gil Blas and Molière. He was not a devoted student; and the labor required for effective *genre* pictures was distasteful to him, although he will be remembered by a few choice efforts of this kind. He therefore took to portraiture; one of his best cabinet likenesses is that of Washington Irving, who said to him, on seeing him at work on the picture of "The Poet reading his Verses to the impatient Gallant," "Now you are on the right road!" For several years, a mental disorder blighted and isolated the life of Newton, the best idea of whose character, tastes, and career, can be gathered from his friend Leslie's autobiography. There is a portrait of John Adams, by him, in the Massachusetts Historical Society. Stuart Newton was more of a man of society than any of our artists; his social intercourse with leading people in England, with the fastidiousness of his artistic habits, and the state of his health, limited his work.

Contemporary with Harding were several portrait painters who attained a local and sometimes an extensive popularity, and some of their works are valuable exemplars of this department of Art. John Neagle, the son-in-law of Sully, was born in Boston, while his parents, who were Philadelphians, were on a visit to that city, November 4, 1799. His father was of Irish descent, and his mother a native of New Jersey. His first impulse toward, or, at least, practice of, Art, seems to have been awakened by his schoolfellow, Petticolas, subsequently a miniature painter at Richmond, Va., and whose original small likeness of Washington is in the collection of J. Taylor Johnston, of New York. He had a quarter's instruction in

drawing from Pietro Amora; and probably from his enjoyment of vivid colors, like several embryo painters mentioned in this work, when obliged to become a tradesman's apprentice, selected coach-painting as an employment. His master studied with a limner, with a view to the ornamental part of his business, and young Neagle was frequently employed to carry palette, colors, and brushes, from factory to atelier; in this way, he soon grew familiar with the processes and materials of Art, and encouraged by Wilson, Peale and Sully, in 1818, began practice in Philadelphia. Thence he went to Lexington, Ky., and experienced much privation and discouragement, until the fortunate accidental sitter appeared; and his fame, after a successful sojourn at New Orleans, grew rapidly, until we find him married, and busy in his old home, in 1820. Six years after, the full-length, stalwart and vigorous figure of Patrick Lyon, the blacksmith, at his forge, gained him wide reputation. Dunlap gives an animated description of the circumstances attending this production and the original character it represents. This picture is in the possession of the Boston Athenæum. His portrait of Mrs. Wood as Amina, in Bellini's opera of La Sonnambula, is in the Philadelphia Academy, as is that of Matthew Carey; his portrait of Henry Clay belongs to the Union League Club of that city. His portrait of Washington hangs in Independence Hall, over the doorway. The frame which encloses this picture was made in the great procession which passed along the streets of Philadelphia on the centennial celebration of Washington's birthday, February, 22, 1832. Neagle was a great admirer of Stuart, and some of his portraits have a strength and vividness akin to that master. Among his subjects are Dr. Chapman, Commodore Barron, and Rev. Mr. Palmer. Some years before his death he became paralyzed, and left an unfinished portrait of Judge Stroud, undertaken after his attack. In his prime he was a remarkably genial companion, and devoted to active life. For eight years he was president of the Artists' Fund Society of Philadelphia.

Samuel Waldo was a native of Windham, in Connecticut; he died after fifty-three years' devotion to his profession, in New York, February 16, 1861, at the age of 78. He studied portrait painting with an indifferent artist at Hartford; with fifteen dollars received from a British commodore for his portrait, he commenced business, and the hospitable encouragement of a gentleman at Litchfield started him on a prosperous career in his native State; befriended at Charleston, S. C., by Mr. Rutledge, he had ample occupation there, and was enabled to embark for London in 1806, where he was kindly received by West, Copley, and Fulton, and painted many likenesses at five guineas each. On his return to America, he landed in New York in January, 1809, with two guineas in his pocket, but soon made friends by his integrity and courteous manners, and was adequately employed. Among his portraits are those of Mayors Willet, Radcliffe, and Allen, and Gen. McComb, in the City Hall, N. Y., and of Peter Remsen, in the possession of the N. Y. Historical Society. Many of Waldo's portraits, that re-

mained in his studio, were sold within two years, at auction; and some of them are now encountered at bookstalls and curiosity-shops. S. P. Avery bought, at the sale, a charming female head, superior in color; and among the portraits thus disposed of, were those of Jefferson Davis and ex-Mayor Harper. He is remembered now as the partner of William Jewett, who was born in East Haddam, Ct., February 14, 1795, and worked on a farm until he was apprenticed to a coachmaker in New London. Having an "eye for colors," he managed to evade his indentures, and made his way to New York in a coasting vessel. Having been employed by Waldo to grind paints, that gentleman now received him into his family; and when he had studied three years, he assisted his benefactor, and eventually became the sharer of his work and profits; so that the portraits of Waldo and Jewett were joint productions, it being a puzzle to the uninitiated to assign to either painter his share of a portrait. Some of the male heads from this double hand are very good; the likenesses were often successful, and for many years the artists were fully occupied in New York. Meantime, in Boston, Francis Alexander was a favorite portrait painter. Born in Windham county, Ct., in February, 1800, his first earnings were forty dollars for schoolkeeping, at the age of eighteen; when off duty, on account of a slight indisposition, he was struck with the beautiful colors of some fish he had caught, and attempted to reproduce them in water-color. This "study from nature" revealed his artistic proclivities; and, encouraged by his mother, he continued to experiment with pencil and brush until, as he naïvely said, his fame "spread half a mile." Not without much opposition and despite scanty means, he went to New York, and studied with Alexander Robertson, a Scotch artist. Colonel Trumbull lent him the heads to copy; he received a commission to paint a family at Providence, R. I., and going thence to Boston, soon became a favorite portrait painter. In 1833, in conjunction with Harding, Fisher, and Doughty, he exhibited many of his pictures in Boston, having two years before visited Italy, where he has resided for many years past. With less strength but more refinement than Harding, Alvan Fisher had a pleasant career in Boston and its vicinity. He was a native of Needham, Norfolk county, Ct., and studied with Penniman, an ornamental painter; the mechanical aptitude there acquired was long a hindrance to the future artist; as such he commenced practice in 1824, at first as a landscape and afterwards as a portrait painter, visiting Europe in 1825, and studying chiefly in Paris. He produced many satisfactory and graceful likenesses; that of the lamented Spurzheim, taken partly from recollection, immediately after his death in Boston, was highly valued. He died at his residence, at Dedham, Mass., February 14, 1863.

In the early chapters of Leslie's delightful *Recollections*, lately published, frequent mention is made of a brother artist and countryman, Charles B. King, who, with Moore and Allston, lived in London under the same roof with the young painter. This estimable man was a native of Newport,

and passed his summers there and his winters in Washington. Few living American artists, looked back upon the dawn of Art in America, and recalled so many of her earliest votaries. Mr. King showed his love for his native town by the donation of a sum to the public school fund, the interest of which is devoted to musical instruction, and by the gift of numerous paintings and several thousand dollars to the Redwood Library. During a period of forty years his studio at the Capital was filled with the portraits of the political and other celebrities of the day,—not remarkable for artistic superiority, but often curious and valuable as likenesses, especially the Indian portraits. His industry and simple habits enabled him to acquire a handsome competence, and his amiable and exemplary character won him many friends. He died at Washington, District of Columbia, March 18, 1862, at the age of seventy-six.

Ezra Ames, a coach-painter of Albany, turned his attention to portraiture, and gained distinction in 1812 by exhibiting his likeness of Governor George Clinton at the Pennsylvania Academy; during several years he executed portraits of the western members of the legislature, and these, with other specimens of his imitative skill, are widely scattered in New York State, many being in Albany, where his son has long followed the vocation of a miniature painter. In the Capitol are his portraits of Governor Clinton and Herman Bleecker, and his copy of Washington is in the State Library. William Wilson, an Englishman, painted portraits about 1840–5 with a felicitous coloring; his heads of Porter, the editor, and of Richards, the proprietor, of the *Spirit of the Times*, and others, were much esteemed. John T. Peale executed some portraits of decided merit. C. E. Weir, brother of the professor, painted many truthful cabinet heads, and a careful and minute composition portrait by him was noted at one of the early Art-Union exhibitions. De Veaux, of South Carolina, made creditable portraits.

Matthew Jouet, a humorous, tasteful man, was the best portrait painter, for many years, "west of the mountains"; he was a native of Fayette county, Kentucky, and educated for the bar; he was a favorite pupil of Stuart's, in Boston, in 1817; and practised his art successfully in his native State, at New Orleans, Natchez, and other places in the southwest; and died at the age of forty-three, at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1826. Edward Petticolas was a pupil of Sully, and his father taught the latter's wife music, by way of equivalent. The family settled in Richmond in 1805. Petticolas visited Europe three times, and was considered an accomplished portrait painter when at last established in Richmond. "His style was chaste, his coloring clear, but his manner somewhat timid." An original miniature of Washington by him is in the gallery of S. Taylor Johnston, of New York.

Many American and several foreign artists of this period, and before and subsequently, have executed portraits more or less creditable, in oil portraiture, miniature, crayon, composition and copying; of the for-

mer, some having enjoyed at certain times and places quite a successful career, and others are still more or less professionally occupied; but there are so few salient points or such limited interest in their works, that an extended notice would afford but a repetition of the average artistic experience and achievement; although in several instances their pictures have a distinctive value and merit.*

With the increase of wealth, population, and taste for Art, portrait-painting has so enlarged its bounds and multiplied its proficients that it would be a hopeless task even to enumerate those who have pursued it in the United States, with success, during the last twenty years; several foreign artists have reaped a harvest in this field, and scattered their "counterfeit presentments" broadcast over the republic. Nor have our own portrait-painters failed to win European commissions and fame. One of the last of the old generation of portrait-painters was C. C. Ingham, whose pictures are remarkable for a high degree of finish, and an exquisite refinement, not always compatible with strength and nature, but often illustrative of the most tasteful patience. His "Flower Girl," "Day Dream," and "Portrait of a Child" in the collection of Jonathan Sturgis, Esq., are good exemplars of his style and manner. The following account of this artist appeared soon after his death in a leading journal of New York, and gives a just view of his career and character:

"He was born in Dublin in 1796, and came to this country with his father's family at the age of twenty-one, after having studied his profession four years in his native city, and produced works which won a premium from the Dublin Academy, and gave him a popular reputation and employment. He exhibited his 'Death of Cleopatra,' a work which had created a sensation in Europe, in the Gallery of the old Academy of Fine Arts, in Barclay street, at their first exhibition. It attracted great attention, and at once led to extensive employment. From that day to his last illness, he continued with wonderful industry to work at his easel, rarely losing a day, or even an hour of sunlight. He was one of the founders of the present National Academy of Design, having, at the time of the revolution in the old Academy, arrayed himself in the ranks of the malcontents. Of the original members of the National Academy he was the last survivor but three—Cummings, Durand, and Morse. He was for many years the vice-president, and until recently an active and useful member.

"His *forte* was female portraiture; and although he worked slowly and tired his sitters with numerous sittings, a vast number of his pictures of the reigning beauties of other days adorn the walls of New York mansions. His style of painting was peculiar, and from the excessive patience and industry necessary to its success, was seldom imitated. He elaborated his flesh to the verge of hardness, touching and retouching his larger portraits, until the picture presented all the delicacy and finish of the finest miniature on ivory.

* For some interesting facts, regarding the painters of Boston before the Revolution, *vide* a pamphlet by W. H. Whitmore, Esq., of that city.

"This elaboration was probably done more in a feeling for mechanical finish, than to realize any quality which he saw in his sitters. But his pictures have satisfied public appreciation, and he has fully shared the popularity of the distinguished American portrait painters who lived in his day. He bore an unimpeachable character, and was much beloved, and will be long regretted by his friends and fellow-artists."

COPLEY.

PORTRAITS appeal to the love of order as well as of beauty. They are useful and attractive not only as connected with the affections, or as meritorious works of art, but as symbols of departed races and ages. All admit the moral charm which invests an ancient estate; and the inactivity of the sentiment of veneration among us, has been not irrationally ascribed to the comparative absence of those revered objects which, from earliest childhood, habituate the mind to dwell upon its relations with what has gone before, and its consequent responsibility to the future. That wholesome conservatism by which the feelings are rendered consistent and strong, from the influence of attachment to principles, is justly regarded as the most desirable safeguard against reckless fanaticism, both in politics and religion. Human beings are so much the creatures of sympathy, and the memory depends so greatly upon the imagination, that conservative influences are intimately allied with material objects. Even the seared conscience of Lady Macbeth was touched by the resemblance of the sleeping Duncan to her father; and when Jeannie Deans visited the Duke of Argyle, she wore her country's plaid, knowing "his honor would warm to the tartan." In this respect the fine arts enact an important part. One of Hazlitt's most suggestive essays is that on "A Portrait by Vandyke;" and we have but to remember the psychological and historical as well as artistic interest which Titian, Velasquez, and Reynolds gave to this branch of art, to realize its possible significance. The architecture of castles and palaces, the statues of local divinities, the designs of escutcheons and sepulchral monuments, address the feelings both of love and pride which bind generations of men together. Still nearer to the heart are family portraits. It is not the invention of romantic fiction which so often describes its heroes as musing in their youth, in some quiet gallery, over the lineaments of a noble ancestry. "Look on this picture, and on this," is an admonition more widely suggestive than it was to Hamlet's mother. "A portrait," says Hervey, "is a mournful thing, the shadow of a joy;" but it may be impressive, affecting, and invaluable, when brightened by a feeling of personal devotion or hallowed by retrospective sentiment.

Copley's portraits are among the few significant Art-memorials of the past

encountered in this country; and, as they are characteristic to a high degree, possess the interest which is ever attached to such relics. It has been said that the possession of one of these ancestral portraits is an American's best title of nobility. He was the only native painter of real skill which the New World could boast prior to the Revolution; and seems to have followed his art with signal pride and assiduity. The heads of leading families, especially those of New England, sat to him; and the prices he commanded, and the fame he achieved, were quite remarkable for the period. At many an old family dwelling in Massachusetts, in the commercial cities of most of the Eastern States, and occasionally at the South, are encountered portraits by Copley; and not unfrequently our living painters are called upon to copy them: encrusted as they often are with the dust of a century, when cleaned and varnished, the features and dress come out with a vividness and strength indicative of a master's hand. Among the good specimens of his skill and style are the portraits of the Rev. John Ogilvie, in Trinity Church Vestry, New York; Ralph and Mrs. Izard playing chess, now in Charleston, S. C.,—painted in Italy; that of General Brattle, at Boston, in the uniform of a British officer; Dr. Miles Cooper, as President of Columbia College, N. Y.; Rev. James Cooper, D.D., and Rev. James Allen, the poet, belonging to the Massachusetts Historical Society; Judge Jared Ingersoll, in the possession of Charles Ingersoll, Philadelphia; Rev. Mr. Fayerweather, of Narragansett, in his Oxford robes; a portrait belonging to William Thomas, Esq., of Baltimore; Mrs. Hooper, in the collection of James Lenox, of New York; a fine likeness of a gentleman, in the possession of Mrs. A. Woodruff, of Perth Amboy, N. J.; one of a lady as St. Cecilia playing on the harp, belonging to Mrs. N. Appleton, Boston; of Dr. Joseph Green, the property of Dr. Joshua Green, of Groton, Mass.; one of John Adams, belonging to the City of Boston, and another in Harvard Hall, Cambridge; of Governor and Mrs. Shirley, in the possession of Mrs. E. S. Erving, of New York; of Judge and Mrs. Langdon, in the possession of Madame Eustis, of Roxbury; two portraits of the Misses Plumpstead, of Philadelphia; of Sylvester Gardiner, belonging to W. H. Gardener, of Boston; and several of the Hancock family, in the possession of their descendants; admirable full-lengths sitting, of Thomas and Nicholas Boylston, Thomas Hubbard, Thomas Hollis, and Edward Holyoke, an early President of the College, with those of Mr. and Mrs. Appleton, in the possession of Harvard University. The most elaborate work of Copley's in Boston, in the way of family portraiture, is a full length of General Vassal in uniform, standing beside his horse and taking leave of his two daughters, Mrs. Fitch and Miss Vassall, before mounting. This picture, while in execution it is an excellent illustration of the artist's style, is curious for the example it preserves of the costumes and manners of the day. It originally belonged to the Lloyd, and is now owned by the Borland family. Hon. G. C. Verplanck, of Fishkill, N. Y., has a portrait of his father, when a child, playing with a squirrel; Mrs. Burnap, of Baltimore, Md., two pastel portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Turner;

and a remarkable portrait of a lady, her hair flying loose, belongs to the Rogers family, of Boston, Mass.; and excellent specimens to the Tracy family, of Newburyport, Mass. At a family mansion at Haverhill, Mass., there is a fine portrait by this artist, of Judge Saltonstall, who was born in 1703, and died in 1756, having always resided at this old homestead, on the Merrimack, just below the town. In the possession of the Dixwell family, of Boston, and of the Derby family, of Salem, there are several good exemplars of Copley's portraiture, the latter being likenesses of Mr. and Mrs. Fitch, of Boston; another belongs to Dudley Hall, of Medford. Thomas W. Ludlow, of New York, has excellent portraits of his grandparents, from the same assiduous pencil; and those of Benjamin and Mary Pickman, dated 1762, are in the possession of their great-grandson, Dr. Loring, of Salem. Four miniatures on copper,—likenesses of Hon. Andrew Oliver, and his daughter and sons,—by Copley, belong to Fitch Ed. Oliver, Esq., of Boston. Two full-length portraits of the Cranston family are in the possession of Dr. S. L. Miller, of Providence, R. I, and a three-quarter length belongs to the Bowler family, of the same city.

An engraving, dated 1753, made by Copley when he was fifteen, indicates that he practised with his stepfather, Pelham, who engraved two or three plates from Smybert's pictures. Of his miniatures two good exemplars are the likenesses of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cary, now in the possession of one of their descendants. Among the Hancock portraits are several pastels, life-size heads, quiet in color and in an obsolete style, but remarkably fresh and clear. A picture in Boston—a portrait of himself as a boy, and apparently from his own hand—represents a lad of about eighteen, with a broken straw hat on;—probably one of his earliest efforts. He painted the Greens, Hubbards, Broomfields, Inches, Pepperells, Sargents, Murrays, and others of his native city and its neighborhood; and these families possess memorable specimens of his art. There is a portrait of himself, undoubtedly from his own pencil, in the Bryan collection of the New York Historical Society.

The want of early advantages appears chiefly in Copley's coloring. It is probable that an earlier acquaintance with Titian would have felicitously influenced his habits in this regard. Lord Lyndhurst, the son of the artist, declared that his father never saw a good picture until he was thirty years of age. It cannot be doubted that his knowledge was acquired under considerable discouragement, and that the excellence of his drawing was the result of persevering study. It is said that the first picture which he sent to England, juvenile effort as it was, exceeded all subsequent attempts in point of transparency and richness of hue. The dryness of tone and formality of manner in his pictures is, in a great degree, attributable to the unpropitious influences under which he acquired the rudiments of his art.

It is an interesting coincidence that West and Copley, unknown to each other, were studying the rudiments of their art, the one in Pennsylvania, and the other in Massachusetts, under many disadvantages; yet both des-

tined to achieve success, in an eminent degree, both in England and America. At the age of thirty Copley was favorably known on each side of the Atlantic, and in 1778 had set up his easel in George St., Hanover Square, London, and wrote West he had more orders than he could execute. Nor was he unremembered at home. "I trust," writes John Scollay, from Boston, in 1782, "that you do not forget your dear native country, and the cause she is engaged in." And the venerable Mather Byles assures him: "I delight in being ranked among your earliest friends;" while Washington, in acknowledging the artist's gift of an engraving of his "Death of Chatham," adds: "This work, highly valuable as it is in itself, is rendered more estimable in my eyes, when I remember that America gave birth to the celebrated artist who produced it."

John Singleton Copley was seventeen years old when he fairly embarked in the profession of a painter. Few artists more intuitively seize their vocation, and at once manifest so decided an ability therefor, without adventitious aid; for, unassisted by teachers, he gave evidence of remarkable practical aptitude. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on the 3d of July, 1737, and died in London on the 25th of September, 1815. His native city, within a few years, added to its artistic trophies one of his most characteristic pictures,—that which represents Charles the First demanding the five impeached members of the House of Commons.* The original is of cabinet size, and the figures admirably delineated, true as to individual portraits, and authentic in all the details of costume and surroundings; the drawing is correct, the coloring brilliant, and the composition masterly. In 1774 Copley visited Italy, and studied his art there for two years, giving special attention to the works of Titian and Correggio, with the most obvious advantage as to skill in and feeling for color. In 1776 he went to London, soon joined by his wife and children from Boston; obliged to remain by the impediments to transatlantic voyagers occasioned by the American Revolution, he achieved a vigorous and prosperous career, received a large income as a portrait painter, and was soon elected a member of the Royal Academy. His large picture of the Siege and Relief of Gibraltar, so prominent an ornament of the Guildhall, was executed in 1790. Many of his works have been engraved; one of the most celebrated, the Death of Chatham, by Bartalozzi, copies of which he sent to Washington and John Adams; and his best obtainable works were collected by his son Lord Lyndhurst. An anecdote significant of the historical associations of Copley's times and position, is recorded by an American who sat to him for a portrait in 1782; the picture was completed with the exception of the background; the sitter dined with the painter on the 5th of December, when the news reached them of the acknowledgment of American Independence: Copley immediately introduced a ship in the distance, "and," writes his grateful guest, "with a bold hand, a master's touch, and I believe, an American heart, attached to the ship the Stars and Stripes; this was, I imagine, the first American flag hoisted in old England."†

* In the City Library.

† *Watson's Men and Times of the Revolution.*

Copley married, in 1769, Miss Clarke, daughter of a Boston merchant. When his wife and children joined him in London, they left Massachusetts from Marblehead harbor on the 27th of May, 1775, in the Minerva, Captain Callahan, arriving at Dover on the 24th of the subsequent June, the vessel being the last that left New England bearing the British flag. Copley, a few months before his marriage in 1769, purchased the estate in Beacon street, lying west of Walnut street. Here it is presumed Lord Lyndhurst and his sisters were born.

Copley's mother married, for her second husband, Mr. Pelham, a schoolmaster; she was long a favorite tobacconist in Boston. The following notice of her death appears in the Gazette of that city of May 4, 1789: "Died, on Wednesday last, Mrs. Mary Pelham, widow of Mr. Peter Pelham, late of this town, and mother of Mr. Copley. Her funeral will be attended this afternoon, at four o'clock, from her dwelling house, at New Boston, when and where her, Mr. Copley's, and the family's friends and acquaintances are requested to grace the procession."

From the hint Trumbull gives us of his style of living, as well as from the characteristics of his paintings, his taste inclined to magnificence. For his "Death of Chatham" he refused fifteen hundred pounds; and even in America, where he began his career as early as 1760, his annual income, according to his own statement, was three hundred guineas,* which, he remarks in one of his letters, is equal to nine hundred in London. Methodical and industrious to the last, what remains to us of his labors evidences that his talent was essentially for portraiture, the more ambitious efforts being only a collection of likenesses.

He had the good sense to postpone visiting England until the commencement of hostilities, and reaped a liberal harvest from his industry at home. The fruits of his early toil are now to be found on the walls of several public institutions, in venerable country houses, and the more aristocratic dwellings of our cities. Associated as they chiefly are with the Colonial or Revolutionary period of our history, there lingers around them the charm of a bygone era, which endears even their palpable defects. The want of ease and nature in these time-hallowed portraits, is, indeed, as authentic as their costume. They are generally dignified, elaborate, and more or less ostentatious and somewhat mechanical, but we recognize in these very traits the best evidence of their correctness. They illustrate the

* One of his bills, which came to light a few years ago, is of historical interest:

The Hon'ble John Hancock, Esqr.

Boston, 1765. To Jno. S. Copley, Dr.

To painting one portrait of himself, at 8 guineas	11*l.* 4
To one portrait in miniature, 5 guineas	7 0
1767. To cleaning and varnishing seven pictures, at 8	2 10
1766. To a portrait of Mr. Henchman, ½ cloth	9 16
1770. To one portrait of himself	9 16
To do. of Doctr. Sewall, at 4 guineas	5 12
Boston, Sept. 18, 1771. Recd. the contents in full, for Mr. Copley	46*l.* 4

pr. HENRY PELHAM.

men and women of a day when pride, decorum, and an elegance, sometimes ungraceful but always impressive, marked the dress and air of the higher classes. The faces are rarely insipid, and the hands almost invariably fair and delicately moulded. It appears to have been a favorite mode either with the artist or his sitters, to introduce writing materials, and to select attitudes denoting a kind of meditative leisure. The *otium cum dignitate* is the usual phase. A rich brocade dressing-gown and velvet skullcap—a high-backed and daintily carved chair, or showy curtain in the background, are frequently introduced. "Sir and Madam" are the epithets which instinctively rise to our lips in apostrophizing these "counterfeit presentments." There is that about them which precludes the very idea of taking a liberty. They look like incarnations of self-respect—people born to command—men whose families were regulated with the reserve of state policy, and women who were models of virtue and propriety. In reading of John Hancock, or Mrs. Boylston, we think of them as painted by Copley. Large ruffles, heavy silks, silver buckles, gold-embroidered vests, and powdered wigs, are blent in our imaginations with the memory of patriotic zeal and matronly influence. The hardness of the outlines, and the semi-official aspect of the figures, correspond exactly with the spirit of those times. Like all genuine portrait painters, Copley unconsciously embodied the peculiarities of his age. Pride of birth had not then been superseded by pride of wealth. The distinction of gentle blood was cherished. Equality had only begun to assert itself as a political axiom; as a social principle it had not dawned upon the most ultra reformers. The patrician element still carried honorable sway in the New World, and ere its external signs were lost in republican sameness of bearing and costume, the pencil of Copley snatched them from oblivion, by a faithful transfer to canvas.

The sympathies of the painter were modified by the circumstances of his life. Of good lineage, and on intimate terms with the wealthy merchants of Boston and the learned professors of Cambridge, isolated in his vocation, aristocratic in his manners, and almost constantly occupied, he shared not the vagrant habits and undisciplined enthusiasm of artists of a later day. He was eminently respectable; and his character was based upon English pride and intelligence. There was no overflowing geniality in his style. He seems never to have come into any vivid relation with nature; but painted with studious regard to established rules and conventional propriety. While quite a youth, he sent a picture entitled "The Boy and Squirrel" to the Royal Academy. Its merit was at once acknowledged; and there being no name annexed, its American origin was inferred from the quality of the wood of which the frame was made, as well as from the species of squirrel delineated. He regularly exhibited for several years afterwards, so that, on arriving in England, his reputation for portraiture was already established.

Within a comparatively recent period, an early repetition of this picture found its way back to the artist's native city, one of whose journals thus

comments upon the work:—"After an absence of more than ninety years, Copley's picture of 'The Boy and the Tame Squirrel' is again here. It is beautiful as a portrait, life-like and yet local, of young Pelham, half-brother of the painter. The boy is contemplating, with intent gaze, the squirrel, fastened to a chain, on the table before him. The handsome, graceful form, in the dress of the last century, so much more picturesque than that of the present day, and the various accessories, are treated with a happy blending of the familiar and the imaginative which belong to the highest order of portraiture. The most careless observer cannot refrain from musing upon what might have been the future of the boy, and wondering what direction, in after years, the fixed and earnest look, now riveted on the agile creature, would take. How gladly would he follow him down the stream of life, until it, rough or smooth, is lost in the ocean of eternity. Strange to say, save the name, all we know of those breathing features is told on the canvas before us; *that* is now the reality—the *life* itself, but the shadow. Some pictures have a 'history stranger than fiction'—first in the scenes and character they portray, and again in the various vicissitudes of place and ownership they undergo; others are shrouded in a strange mystery—a haunting face, perchance, with naught to solve the riddle of its existence. But though we know so little of the *original* of this portrait, its excellence as a work of art established Mr. Copley's European reputation nearly a century ago, and confirmed it at the late International Exhibition in England in 1862. It was sent to Mr. West, from Boston, and as it was received without the name or the address of the painter, some difficulty was made about its admission at Somerset House. The beauty of the execution, however, overcame all opposition, and insured it a favorable position, and also excited great interest in the unknown artist. In fact, it moulded the whole future career of Mr. Copley, who was induced, by the representations of his admirers, to remove with his family to England, where he became, first, associate, and afterwards, by royal sanction, member of the Academy."

Cunningham says that Copley was so much obliged to Malone for historical subjects, that he made a public acknowledgment of it; and that no artist "was ever more ready to celebrate passing events." From an amusing description of a provoking and eccentric fellow-traveller in Italy, in one of his letters, we infer that he was not deficient in humor. It was one of his peculiar fancies to introduce squirrels into his pictures, and he is said to have been intimately acquainted with the natural history of this animal, and made pets of several of the species. He was an excellent kinsman. Considering his Irish descent and his artistic propensities, he was prudent and systematic to a remarkable degree; and the minute finish of the accessories and fabrics in his portraits suggests great patience and industry. He was an experimentalist in color, which accounts for the striking difference of merit in this respect his pictures exhibit. Cunningham thinks his earliest tints the best. He cultivated a love of literature, and was partial to History and Epic poetry, Milton being his favorite; he

was more of a pedestrian than a rider; in temper, contemporary evidence indicates an extreme of mood, from the peremptory to the amiable; and as an artist, like West, he was regarded as deficient in glow, and more inclined to the stately than the tender or impassioned.

Copley painted with great deliberation. He had sixteen sittings, of six hours each, when executing the likeness of a Boston lady, although only a head was delineated; and the attendants of the royal children at Windsor complained of the time required by the artist; but the result proved the wisdom of patience, the picture being admirable. West told Leslie that Copley was the most tedious of all painters, and that he was in the habit of matching, with his palette-knife, every tint of the face. The latter artist, who was a wise judge of the comparative merits of different schools and painters, said of Copley that he was "correct in drawing, with a fine manner of composition, and a true eye for light and shadow; but that he was deficient in coloring—with him it wants brilliancy and transparency." His reputation seems to have been established by his famous picture of the Death of Chatham, wherein the orator is depicted as "fainting in the House of Lords, after his speech in favor of America," and containing portraits of all the leading members. In 1790 Copley went to Hanover, at the invitation of the City of London, to paint four Hanoverian officers, for his picture of the Siege of Gibraltar, a work highly popular at the time, and still greatly admired, though it is defective in aerial perspective. "The Surrender of Admiral De Winter to Lord Duncan, on board the Venable, off Cape Town," is another of the subjects of national interest which he delighted to paint. Samuel and Eli, the King's Children Playing with a Dog, and the Boy Rescued from a Shark, are other most prominent works of Copley, all of them widely known through engravings. In regard to the latter, which is a familiar ornament of Christ's Hospital School, in London, a curious tradition exists. Such an adventure as is represented in this picture actually occurred to a boy when bathing at Havana. A shark seized his foot, when a seaman struck the creature on the head with a boat-hook, and rescued the youth. "Dry and bad in color," as this painting has been justly described, it is also not the less true that "the terror of the boy, the fury of the fish, and the resolution of the seaman, are well represented." But there is another story illustrated by this picture. Brooke Watson, "an adventurer from one of the New England provinces," was commissary in the British army, member of Parliament, and finally Lord Mayor of London. He took an active part in opposition to our independence, in the House of Commons; and before he joined himself to the enemies of America, he had, under the guise of an ally and friend, possessed himself of much valuable information for the benefit of the English government and our opponents. To this treachery he added the not less base reputation of a zealous advocate of the slave trade; his argument for which infamous traffic was, that its suppression "would injure the market for the refuse of the English fisheries,"—being purchased by the West India planters for their slaves. Dunlap is indig-

nant that Copley should have immortalized this devotee of the traffic in human flesh by the picture of "The Boy Rescued from a Shark;" but the latter evidently valued the trophy, since he bequeathed it to Christ's Hospital School. The same individual is the hero of one of the few facetious papers from the pen of Edward Everett, called "Curiosity Baffled,"* wherein a London Lord Mayor, formerly a resident in the American colonies, is described as worn out with the pertinacious queries of two Yankee guests, whom he had invited to dinner, and who were dying to know how he lost his leg; and when they begged leave to ask *one* question more, the request was granted, on condition it should be the *last.* The delicate inquiry was propounded, and the reply, "It was bitten off," only baffled the curiosity it failed wholly to gratify.

The career of Copley was revived to our memory within a few years, by the exhibition and sale of the collection of his pictures belonging to the estate of Lord Lyndhurst, who died October 10th, 1863. The sale took place in London on the 5th of March, 1864. Proof impressions of his engraved historical pictures, and the original studies for each, together with numerous portraits, evidenced the industry and progress of the artist, and illustrated all his traits. The portraits of Lord Howe, Admiral Barrington, Viscount Duncan, afterwards Lord Camperdown; sketches of the siege of Gibraltar, of the deaths of Chatham and Pierson, and of the picture of Charles I. demanding the arrest of the Five members; Abraham's Sacrifice, Hagar and Ishmael, the Princesses Mary, Sophia, and Amelia, children of George III., in the garden at Windsor, a highly finished sketch; Samuel and Eli, the well-known picture engraved by Valentine Green for a Bible illustration; a fine copy of St. Jerome, after Correggio; Saul Reproved by Samuel, The Boy and Squirrel, and The Boy Rescued from a Shark,—very early and slightly modified repetitions of the originals; the Battle of the Pyrenees, with portraits of the Duke of Wellington and Lord March, unfinished, combined to reveal the artist-life of Copley,—his studies in Italy, his careful delineation of heads from life, and his experiments in classic, Scriptural and historical subjects. There were the original likenesses of the Hessian officers; the head of the favorite negro, introduced in the shark picture; the "Red Cross Knight," an allegorical work, based on Spenser, and including portraits of Lord Lyndhurst, his father, and his two sisters, Miss Green and Miss Copley. This interesting work is now in the possession of his Boston kindred, who purchased several other of the most characteristic pictures at the sale. "Cupid caressing Venus;" the portrait of an unknown lady, signed Boston, 1772; George the Fourth, as Prince of Wales, at a review, with a distinguished group; the Offer of the Crown to Lady Jane Grey; and the celebrated *chef-d'œuvre*, the Death of Major Pierson, repurchased by Copley; with the well-known family picture, representing the artist, his wife with an infant in her arms, his father, his three other children, and Mr. Clarke, the father of Mrs. Copley,—made up a remarkable and characteristic collec-

* Boston Book, 1841.

tion; its chief objects familiar to many, through the Royal Academy exhibitions and a series of popular engravings. Of his portraits of Earl Spencer, Lord Sidmouth, Lord Colchester, and Richard Heber in boyhood—all but the last engraved,—Dr. Dibdin says the first—in the gallery at Althorp—"must have been a striking likeness, although too stiff and stately;" the latter has considerable merit: there is a play of light and shadow, and the figure, with a fine flowing head of hair, mingles well with its accessories. He is leaning on a cricket-bat, with a ball in one hand. The contemplation of this portrait has at times produced mixed emotions of admiration, regard and pity; for, as Dean Swift remarked, "if you should look at him in his boyhood through the magnifying end of the glass, and in his manhood through the diminishing end, it would be impossible to spy any difference." Thus nearly allied is the art of portraiture and the science of character.

Although Copley was, in a great measure, self-taught, he doubtless saw in his novitiate more or less of the pictures of Smibert, Blackburn, and West. He had many fine drawings and casts when he resided in Boston. In 1768, Charles Wilson Peale went thither, from Annapolis, to seek his instruction; and Trumbull, who visited him at the time of his marriage, as we have seen, conceived a fascinating idea of the career of a painter from Copley's elegant costumes of crimson velvet, and comfortable mode of life. He died suddenly, at the age of seventy-eight; and his latter years were somewhat embarrassed, owing to the dilatory conduct of Bartolozzi, who engraved his popular works. His last exhibited picture was far below the efforts of his prime. He suffered some "noble higgling," and knew the law's delay; he was devoted to his art; and his career, though uneventful, was, on the whole, prosperous, and he was emphatically "a good artist and a good man." There are many curious but unauthenticated anecdotes of Copley. One story attributed to him was long current. It is said that he engaged to paint a family group; and, before it was finished, the wife died and the husband married again. The first wife was therefore painted as an angel, and the second given her terrestrial place; but the latter died also before the picture was completed, and had to be "placed aloft," while her successor occupied the earthly centre of the family group. Eventually, we are told, the third wife insisted upon having her predecessors obliterated. The anecdote seems like a satirical invention to indicate Copley's slow method of painting.

West, Copley and Trumbull, in their military compositions, first successfully introduced modern costumes in historical painting. How far the actual should be sacrificed to the picturesque, the familiar to the ideal, has long been a question, and one which it is very difficult to settle. When, in 1798, Washington replied to Jefferson's inquiry as to his views regarding costume, for the proposed statue by Houdon, he says: "Not having sufficient knowledge of the art of sculpture to oppose my judgment to the taste of connoisseurs, I do not desire to dictate in the matter. I venture to suggest that a servile adherence to the garb of antiquity might

not be altogether so inexpedient as some little deviation in favor of modern costume." The good sense which suggested the innovation in plastic art, and the deference to more practiced judges, are alike characteristic, and show how great a novelty in pictorial art was West's experiment in his "Death of Wolfe," which initiated the style successfully adopted by Copley. There is something, however, essentially ineffective and ungraceful in dress-coats, stocks, chapeaus and top-boots. Copley found it a difficult problem to group a large number of inactive figures naturally. In statuary, no one can fail to perceive how much is gained by approaching the nude, or introducing the simple folds of classic drapery. In the "Declaration of Independence," the row of legs is positively uncouth; and in the military scenes of Trumbull and Copley, only the interest of the action reconciles us to the homeliness of the details. Red coats and muskets have no ideal associations; but these artists had the talent to give character to postures and faces; and, like good actors in an indifferent theatre, win attention from the accessories by the spirit of the main conception. Copley's "Death of Major Pierson" thus affectingly commemorates an instance of heroic self-sacrifice; and, had the requisite encouragement been given, he would have devoted himself exclusively to that department of historical painting which embodies important events, by distinguished groups and actual portraits—a branch for which his practiced skill in likenesses and his judgment in arrangement were finely adapted.

TRUMBULL.

ART, in its comprehensive sense, appears designed to vindicate nature. A genius for action, when thwarted by physical or moral inaptitude, is often happily exhibited through the imagination. Thus poetry has been defined as the expression of unattained desire; and it is no small consolation to enthusiasts, when denied a career, to represent adequately, in language or colors, the events in which they would have fain taken part. The love of glory is as evident in the subjects which artists choose to illustrate as in the patient toil they devote to renown, and it is not more difficult to infer the modesty or ambition of a painter than his taste. The dominant idea of Trumbull, in his artistic labors, was to celebrate great events. He was endowed to sympathize with these. By early association he was identified with that peculiar tone of character—blending a keen sense of honor with a spirit of enterprise, that marked our revolutionary epoch. He inherited a strong national feeling. To remarkable quickness of perception, habits of study, and a thirst for distinction, he united a decided talent for drawing, but, apparently, little of that intense love of the beautiful or deep enthusiasm for art which distinguish more gifted painters.

John Trumbull, son of the colonial Governor of Connecticut, Jonathan Trumbull, a steadfast patriot of the Revolution, was born in Lebanon, in that State, on the 6th of June, 1756, and died in New York, November, 1843. A graduate of Harvard University, his artistic taste was awakened by familiarity with the portraits of Copley and Smibert. The same copy of Vandyke—by the latter artist—which furnished to Allston his first study of color, also inspired the early attempts of Trumbull. He had scarcely, however, adopted his chosen pursuit as a vocation, when the war of the Revolution interrupted his work, and patriotism won him from painting. His skill as a draughtsman soon came into use in military life; and when, in 1775, at the age of nineteen, he joined the army as adjutant, Washington employed him to make a plan of the enemy's works, and rewarded the service by placing him on his staff, with the rank of brigade-major. He went with the army to New York; and, with a colonel's rank, accompanied Gates northward. Under this general, and subsequently

with Arnold, he continued to hold the office, until, with the sensitiveness which characterized him as a soldier, a gentleman, and an artist, he felt aggrieved at the date which Congress assigned to his commission, threw it up in disgust, and, quitting the army, resumed the pencil. In 1780, Colonel Trumbull visited France, and thence went to London, and studied auspiciously with West. The retaliatory spirit induced by the execution of Major Andrè, led to severe measures on the part of the British government, and among the first victims was Trumbull, who, while quietly pursuing his art, was arrested as a spy. At the earnest interposition of West, then in high favor with George the Third, the life of his brother-artist and pupil was spared; and, after eight months' imprisonment, Trumbull was released, on condition of leaving the kingdom, West and Copley being his sureties. With the former he resumed his studies when the close of the war enabled him once more to visit England, the intermediate period having been passed in his native country. In the autumn of 1789, Trumbull returned to America for the purpose of taking likenesses of the eminent living patriots of the new Republic and heroes of the Revolution, with a view to the execution of an historical work commemorative of the recent times, now become so illustrious, and destined to be of permanent historical interest. Until the year 1794, this enterprise engaged all the painter's time and talent. He had then collected an invaluable series of heads, and delineated to his heart's content the peerless chief whom he so loved and honored. He then went again to England, as secretary to Mr. Jay, and in 1796 was appointed fifth commissioner for the execution of the seventh article of that minister's treaty of '94. These duties occupied Trumbull during seven years. His pencil was not idle meanwhile; but few of his pictures of this date had much success. He returned to the United States in 1815; and, two years later, was commissioned by Congress to paint four elaborate historical works to fill the panels of the rotunda in the Capitol at Washington. Engravings have made these pictures familiar throughout the land; they have been the subjects of much indiscriminate criticism, and have afforded no little patriotic delight. "The Declaration of Independence," "The Surrender of Burgoyne," "The Surrender of Cornwallis," and "The Resignation of Washington at Annapolis," are themes which, for moral and national significance, have rarely been equalled in modern history. They furnish subjects for art endeared to the people by every association of honorable patriotism. The artist had mingled in the scenes he commemorated, partaken of the spirit he aimed to represent; a sterling patriot, and a devoted personal friend and admirer of Washington; a sufferer in the cause of American liberty; he brought to his task a degree of knowledge and sympathy which seldom inspires the heart and hand of an historical painter, to whom the event or character delineated is usually remote from personal association, and vaguely identified with the distant past. Faithfully, for years, gleaning the materials of the work, Trumbull's feelings and fame, fortune and pride, were too deeply involved in the experiment not to arouse in its behalf all the latent susceptibilities

of a mind at once high-toned and keenly alive to the claims of art and character. Many difficulties and numerous discouragements attended the enterprise. He had to deal with men in office unversed in the requisites of enlightened and liberal patronage. Political prejudice and indifference to the intrinsic claims of art, combined often to thwart and annoy him; and when Government, in his old age and straitened circumstances, declined to purchase the original sketches and portraits, fifty-seven in number, which had formed the basis of these pictures, he was glad to accept from Yale College a pension in exchange for the collection, which that institution formed into a permanent gallery—now constituting, at the painter's fond instance, his own best monument and memorial, which recalls that of Thorwaldsen at Copenhagen. The following inscription there designates his tomb and the traits and triumphs of his life:—"Colonel John Trumbull, patriot and artist, friend and aide of Washington, died in New York, Nov. 10, 1843, Æ. 88. He reposes in a sepulchre built by himself, beneath this monumental gallery, where, in September, 1834, he deposited the remains of Sarah, his wife, who died in New York, April 24, 1824, Æ. 51. To his country he gave his pencil and his sword."

When Horatio Greenough returned to this country, after many years' residence in Italy devoted to the study and practice of art, his mind was keenly alive to all the achievements and tendencies of his native land in regard to this, in his view, high and dear social interest: few places excited his sympathies so deeply as the unique memorial tomb of his revered artist-friend; and we cannot more appropriately indicate its claims both on the patriotic and the critical lover of art than by quoting the lamented sculptor's impressions there received, as expressed in one of his occasional contributions to the literature of art.

"In passing through New Haven, a few days since, I visited the Trumbull Gallery, and was sincerely gratified to find the works of my venerable friend collected, cared for, and in the keeping of a dignified and permanent corporation. I remarked with regret that the building, where these works of Col. Trumbull are kept, was in part of combustible material, and warmed in a manner which must always be injurious to pictures. I am not aware of the wants which placed the gallery on the second story, with a wooden floor and a wooden staircase so near the pictures. Whatever ends may have been gained by this arrangement, much has been sacrificed to them. Had this gallery been located on a ground floor, in a building of one story, lighted as at present, with a stone or painted brick floor resting upon ventilated cobble stones, I must believe that the expense would have been no greater, and the security perfect.

"I noted a most interesting object in this gallery—a sketch of Major Andrè, made by himself on the day of his execution. This sketch, which is made with a pen, is not of artistic value beyond what may be looked for in similar efforts of any educated engineer; but it has a historic and personal interest of a high order, and I would venture to hint that it is not

properly framed considering its value, nor safely kept, if any one consider its high interest elsewhere. It should form an inseparable part of some larger fixture. This suggestion would be both uncalled for and ungracious, but for the fact that much larger works have in Europe been abstracted from places of public resort, and that, too, in spite of a jealous supervision of the authorities interested in their preservation.

"It was truly interesting to observe in this collection the small studies of Col. Trumbull's pictures for the Rotunda; and since I have mentioned these, I cannot refrain from saying a few words in relation to the Declaration of Independence, which I regard as by far the ablest of these pictures,—a work selected by John Randolph as the butt of his unscrupulous sarcasm, stigmatized by him as the Shin Piece, and almost universally known, even now, and mentioned by that ludicrous cognomen.

"I believe I shall be speaking the sense of the artistical body, and of *cognoscenti* in the United States, when I say that the 'Declaration of Independence' has earned the respect of all, the warm interest of such as watch the development of American Art, and the admiration of those who have tried their own hand in wielding a weighty and difficult subject.

"I admire in this composition the skill with which Trumbull has collected so many portraits in formal session, without theatrical effort, in order to enliven it, and without falling into bald insipidity by adherence to trivial fact. These men are earnest, yet full of dignity; they are firm yet cheerful; they are gentlemen; and you see at a glance that they meant something very serious in pledging their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors.

"The left hand of the figure of Adams is awkwardly pushed forward. The left arm of Jefferson is singularly incorrect for so careful a draughtsman as Col. Trumbull. One could wish that the lower limbs of Hancock had been made more distinct; perhaps a slight enlargement and extension of the light upon his chair, uniting with the mass of light, would have effected this object. Would not the chair itself, in such case, be less a spot than it now is in the composition?

"Those who have seen only the sortie of Gibraltar and the battle of Bunker Hill, would scarcely believe that these larger works of the Capitol are of the same hand, from their inferiority in color and effect. They have a chalky distemper-like tone, which is very unpleasing.

"In calling this picture the *Shin Piece*, Mr. Randolph accused a defect of composition. If I understand the gibe, it meant that there was an undue prominence and exhibition of legs in the work. Now, in point of fact, this is the last charge which he should have made; nay, if Mr. Randolph had any special aversion for legs, he owed a tribute of praise to the artist for sparing him in that regard, since, of more than forty persons who are there assembled, ten only show their legs. The gibe, however, took with the house, because the house was, by its tedium, prepared for a laugh, and not prepared to do justice to the painter.

"The veteran artist, whose feelings were thus wounded, was but a few

feet distant from the shameless orator. He afterwards assured me, with tears in his eyes, that up to that moment he had always believed Randolph his personal friend. If those who echoed and still echo that paltry jest, will look carefully at the Declaration of Independence, they will see that the fact of those legs appearing in small-clothes, no longer familiar to the eye, calls attention to them in an undue manner, and they will rather pity the spirit and the intelligence which overlooked this difficulty, than blame the painter for an inevitable consequence of the change of fashion."

The paintings have been recently removed from the Trumbull Gallery to the new Art-Building of the College. Col. Trumbull's pictures do not now occupy a room by themselves, but are placed with some others in a large gallery. They have been very judiciously cleaned and renovated, so that they appear to much better advantage than before, and the additions already made to the collection have greatly increased its value and interest. Trumbull's celebrated painting of Washington occupies a conspicuous place on the eastern wall of the south hall, and under it is suspended, by way of comparison, a copy of Stuart's head of Washington. The one represents the soldier bronzed and worn through years of anxious campaigning, and the other the grave statesman, enjoying all the ease and elegance that wealth and position command; and the dissimilarities of the two may be readily explained by the circumstances under which they were painted.

It is stated, on authority, that the noticeable difference in the breadth of the lower part of the face is to be attributed to the fact that Washington wore ill-setting false teeth when Stuart painted him. Around the large painting of Washington are grouped, with very excellent effect, a number of Trumbull's miniatures of revolutionary notables, male and female, together with full-sized portraits of members of the painter's family, flanked by old Governor Jonathan Trumbull on the one side, and President Dwight on the other. Under them, and extending along the side walls, are the original paintings of Trumbull's battle-pictures of the Revolution, from which the large paintings in the Capitol at Washington were reproduced. As very many of the persons represented were painted from life, and as Col. Trumbull always exhibited a remarkable nicety in matters of costume, these paintings have a value in addition to whatever they may claim as works of art.

There is a significant feature in one of his historical *tableaux*. General Schuyler, to whose judicious management the victory over Burgoyne was chiefly owing, was deprived of the leadership just when his efforts were to be crowned with success. "Though sensible," he writes, "of the indignity of being ordered from the command of the army, at the time when an engagement must soon take place, I shall go on doing my duty and endeavoring to deserve your (Washington's) esteem;" and it has been well said that in "the picture by Trumbull of the surrender of Burgoyne, of interest as preserving the likenesses of those who were present at the scene, but one figure is represented in citizen's dress; it is that of General

Schuyler, to whom the sympathetic nature of the artist thus pays a passing tribute.

"No artist* enjoyed the opportunities of Col. Trumbull as the portrayer of Washington. As aide-de-camp he was familiar with his appearance in the prime of his life and its most exciting era. At the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle, this officer was among the most active, and essentially promoted the secure retreat of the American forces, under Gen. Sullivan, from Rhode Island: he, therefore, largely partook of the spirit of those days, came freely under the influence of Washington's character as it pervaded the camp, and had ample time and occasion to observe the Commander-in-chief in his military aspect, and in social intercourse, on horseback, in the field, and at the hospitable board, in the councils of war, when silently meditating his great work, when oppressed with anxiety, animated by hope, or under the influence of those quick and strong feelings he so early learned to subdue. After Trumbull's resignation, and when far away from the scene of Washington's glory, he painted his head from recollection, so distinctly was every feature and expression impressed upon his mind. The most spirited portrait of Washington that exists—the only reflection of him as a soldier of freedom in his mature years worthy of the name, drawn from life—is Trumbull's. The artist's own account of this work is given in his memoirs: 'In 1792 I was again in Philadelphia, and there painted the portrait of General Washington, now placed in the gallery at New Haven, the best, certainly, of those that I painted, and the best, in my estimation, that exists in his heroic and military character. The city of Charleston, S. C., instructed Mr. W. R. Smith, one of the representatives of South Carolina, to employ me to paint for them a portrait of the great man, and I undertook it *con amore*, as the commission was unlimited, meaning to give his military character at the most sublime moment of its exertion—the evening previous to the battle of Trenton, when, viewing the vast superiority of his approaching enemy, the impossibility of again crossing the Delaware or retreating down the river, he conceives the plan of returning by a night march into the country from which he had been driven, thus cutting off the enemy's communication and destroying the dépôt of stores at Brunswick.' There is a singular felicity in this choice of the moment to represent Washington, for it combines all the most desirable elements of expression characteristic of the man. It is a moment, not of brilliant achievement, but of intrepid conception, when the dignity of thought is united with the sternness of resolve, and the enthusiasm of a daring experiment kindles the habitual mood of self-control into an unwonted glow. As the artist unfolded his design to Washington, the memory of that eventful night thrilled him anew; he rehearsed the circumstances, described the scene, and his face was lighted up as the memorable crisis in his country's fate and his own career was renewed before him. He spoke of the desperate chance, the wild hope, and the hazardous but fixed determination of that hour; and, as the gratified painter declares, 'looked

* From the author's "Character and Portraits of Washington."

the scene.' 'The result,' he says, 'was, in my own opinion, eminently successful, and the General was satisfied.' Whether the observer of the present day accedes to the opinion, that he "happily transferred to the canvas the lofty expression of his animated countenance, the resolve to conquer or perish;' whether the picture comes up to his preconceived ideal of the heroic view of Washington or not, he must admit that it combines great apparent fidelity, with more spirit and the genius of action, than all other portraits.

"Although not so familiar as Stuart's, numerous good copies of Trumbull's Washington, some from his own, and others by later pencils, have rendered it almost as well known in this country. Contemporaries gave it a decided preference; it recalled the leader of the American armies, the man who was 'first in the hearts of his countrymen,' ere age relaxed the facial muscles and modified the decisive lines of the mouth; it was associated in their minds with the indignant rebuke at Monmouth, the brilliant surprise at Trenton, and the heroic patience at Valley Forge; it was the Washington of their youth, who led the armies of freedom—the modest, the brave, the vigilant and triumphant chief. Ask an elderly Knickerbocker what picture will give you a good idea of Washington, and he will confidently refer you, as the testimony his father has taught him, to Trumbull's portrait in the City Hall. When Lafayette first beheld a copy of this picture, in a gentleman's house in New Jersey, on his visit to this country, a few years before his death, he uttered an exclamation of delight at its resemblance. Of Trumbull's several portraits of Washington, during his life, the half-length from memory executed abroad, the life-sized head of '93, and the two whole lengths painted in Philadelphia in 1792, the artist preferred the first of the two latter; "the mere map of the face," he says, "was not all attempted;" it glows with lofty purpose. The air of the figure is manly and elegant, the look as dignified and commanding, and the brow as practical in its moulding, as in Stuart's representation of him at a more advanced period; but the face is less round, the profile more aquiline, the complexion has none of the fresh and ruddy hue, and the hair is not yet blanched. It is, altogether, a keener, more active, less thoughtful, but equally graceful and dignified man. In this military portrait, he stands in an easy attitude, in full uniform, with his hand on his horse's neck; and the most careless observer would recognize, at a glance, the image of a brave man, an intelligent officer, and an honorable gentleman. The excellent engraving of Durand has widely disseminated Trumbull's spirited head of Washington.

"Although the concurrent testimony of those best fitted to judge, gives the palm to Trumbull's portrait, as the most faithful likeness of Washington in his prime, this praise seems to refer rather to the general expression and air, than to the details of the face. Trumbull often failed in giving a satisfactory likeness; he never succeeded in rendering the complexion, as is obvious by comparing that of his picture in the New York City Hall with any or all of Stuart's heads; the former is yellow, and gives the idea of a

bilious temperament, while the latter, in every instance, have the florid, ruddy tint, which, we are assured, was characteristic of Washington, and indicative of his active habits, constant exposure to the elements, and Saxon blood. The best efforts of Trumbull were his first, careful sketches; he never could elaborate with equal effect; the collection of small, original heads, from which his historical pictures were drawn, have a genuine look and a spirited air, seldom discoverable in the enlarged copies.

"'Washington,' says Trumbull, in describing the picture, 'is represented standing on elevated ground, on the south side of the creek at Trenton, a little below the stone bridge and mill. He has a reconnoitring glass in his hand, with which he is supposed to have been examining the strength of the hostile army, pouring into and occupying Trenton, which he has just abandoned at their appearance; and, having ascertained their great superiority, as well in numbers as discipline, he is supposed to have been meditating how to avoid the apparently impending ruin, and to have just formed the plan which he executed during the night. This led to the splendid success at Princeton on the following morning; and, in the estimation of the great Frederic, placed his military character on a level with that of the greatest commanders of ancient or modern times. Behind, and near, an attendant holds his horse. Every minute article of dress, down to the buttons and spurs, and the buckles and straps of the horse furniture, were carefully painted from the different objects.'

The gentleman who was the medium of this commission to Trumbull, praised his work; but aware of the popular sentiment, declared it not calm and peaceful enough to satisfy those for whom it was intended. With reluctance, the painter asked Washington, overwhelmed as he was with official duty, to sit for another portrait, which represents him in his every-day aspect, and, therefore, better pleased the citizens of Charleston. 'Keep this picture,' said Washington to the artist, speaking of the first experiment, 'and finish it to your own taste.' When the Connecticut State Society of Cincinnati dissolved, a few of the members purchased it as a gift to Yale College.

"Trumbull's style was founded on that of West. His 'Death of Montgomery' has been justly ranked by intelligent critics as 'one of the most spirited battle-pieces ever painted.' That part of the scene is chosen where General Montgomery commanded in person; and that moment, when, by his unfortunate death, the plan of attack was entirely disconcerted, and the consequent retreat of his column decided at once the fate of the place, and of such of the assailants as had already entered at another point. The principal group represents the death of General Montgomery, who, together with his two aides-de-camp, Major McPherson and Captain Cheesman, fell by a discharge of grape-shot from the cannon of the place. The General is represented as expiring, supported by two of his officers, and surrounded by others, among whom is Colonel Campbell, on whom the command devolved, and by whose order a retreat was immediately begun.

"Grief and surprise mark the countenances of the various characters. The earth covered with snow—trees stripped of their foliage—the desolation of winter, and the gloom of night—heighten the melancholy character of the scene.

"His 'Sortie of the Garrison from Gibraltar' was exhibited with success in London, and is the subject of a popular engraving by Sharpe. An invaluable feature in his American historical pictures, as we have said, is the authenticity of the portraits.

"The 'Declaration of Independence,' for instance, contains only actual portraits of men in that Congress which declared the United States independent of Great Britain; the men whose wisdom, firmness and sagacity, Lord Chatham was the first Englishman to discover and to proclaim in the British Parliament, *more than a year before the declaration of Independence.* He then further told the House of Lords, 'we shall be *forced* ultimately to retract; let us retract while we can, not when we must. I say we *must* necessarily undo these violent, oppressive acts; *they must be repealed; you will repeal them; I pledge myself for it, that you will in the end repeal them; I stake my reputation on it:—I will consent to be taken for an idiot, if they are not finally repealed.*'

"Three years after, Parliament did repeal those oppressive acts (the Boston Port Bill, &c.), but it was then too late to conciliate America. Independence had in the meantime been declared, and nothing less would then satisfy the country.

"The painting represents the Speaker, John Hancock, in the chair. The committee of five have come to the table, and are presenting their draft of the Declaration of Independence. They were Doct. Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Robert R. Livingston, Roger Sherman, and John Adams. Charles Thompson, Secretary of Congress, is standing to receive the Report. By reference to the key, which hangs below the picture, the names of all the portraits can be ascertained. The room is copied from that in which Congress held their sessions at the time."

His pictures of the Battles of Bunker Hill, and Trenton, and Princeton, are correct transcripts of those memorable engagements, every detail being historical. The catalogue of the Wadsworth Gallery Exhibition at Hartford, where Trumbull's enlarged copies of these works now are, gives an elaborate description of each. Here also is a duplicate of the "Death of Montgomery;" a Holy Family by the same artist; his copy of the "Declaration of Independence;" a portrait of the first Governor Trumbull, and of Mrs. L. H. Sigourney; a copy of his portrait of Col. Wadsworth and his son, executed in London, and that of Col. Jeremiah Wadsworth by Bryant; his own first essay in painting—"Brutus;" a portrait of a Gentleman; and a View of the Falls of Niagara from the Upper Banks—making altogether a very characteristic series of Col. Trumbull's art-studies and mature works.

The painting of the Battle of Bunker Hill represents the moment when (the Americans having expended their ammunition) the British troops be-

came completely successful, and masters of the field. At this last moment of the action, General Warren was killed by a musket ball through the head. The principal group represents him expiring,—a soldier on his knees supports him, and with one hand wards off the bayonet of a British grenadier, who, in the heat and fury natural at such a moment, aims to revenge the death of a favorite officer, Col. Abercrombie, who had just fallen at his feet. Colonel Small had been intimately connected with General Warren,—saw him fall, and flew to save him. He is represented seizing the musket of the grenadier, to prevent the fatal blow, and speaking to his friend: it was too late; the General had barely life remaining to recognize the voice of friendship; he had lost the power of speech, and expired with a smile of mingled gratitude and triumph. Near him several Americans, whose ammunition is expended, although destitute of bayonets, are seen to persist in a resistance obstinate and desperate, but fruitless. Near this side of the painting is seen General Putnam, reluctantly ordering the retreat of these brave men; while beyond him a party of the American troops oppose their last fire to the victorious column of the enemy.

Behind Col. Small, is seen Col. Pitcairn, of the British marines, mortally wounded, and falling into the arms of his son, to whom he was speaking at the fatal moment. Under the feet of Col. Small lies the dead body of Col. Abercrombie.

Gen. Howe, who commanded the British troops, and Gen. Clinton, who, towards the close of the action, offered his servives as a volunteer, are seen behind the principal group. Behind are seen the British column ascending the hills; grenadiers headed by an officer bearing the British colors and mounting the feeble intrenchments; in the distance the Somerset ship of war; north end of Boston and smoke indicating the conflagration of Charlestown.

The last twenty-seven years of Trumbull's life were passed in the city of New York, where he long held the office of President of the Academy of Fine Arts. His friend and physician, Dr. Francis, in a reminiscent discourse before the New York Historical Society thus speaks of Colonel Trumbull's latter days and personal character.

"This accomplished scholar. enlightened and unswerving patriot, eminent artist and delineator of American history, closed his honorable career in New York, in 1843, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. He was conspicuous among the old-school gentlemen then among us. A few days before his death he accepted the presidency of the Washington Monument Association, recently organized in this city. He readily gave his countenance to the work. I attended him in his last illness, in consultation with his excellent physician, the late Dr. Washington, and it is curious to remark that the last word he distinctly uttered, on his dying bed, was 'Washington,' referring to the Father of his country, a name often on his lips.

"A genuine love of country, a noble devotion to her interest in times

of deep adversity, a patriotic ardor which led him, in season and out of season, amidst almost insuperable difficulties and perils, to rescue the fleeting and precious materials which might give additional interest to her annals, entitle him to the admiration of all future time. We already see that the lapse of each successive day gives increased value to his labors for the student of American history."

There are more satisfactory themes for the poet and artist than war affords; but the cause for which a battle is waged, and the results of a single contest, often give vast moral interest to its very name. The prominent events of our Revolutionary era have this character; and to have portrayed any of them with truthfulness and effect, is no ordinary distinction. Such is the feature of Colonel Trumbull's artist-life. Engravings have rendered his pictures so familiar, that it is unnecessary to enumerate or discuss them. They have but inconsiderable claims to lofty conception or original beauty, and merit attention chiefly as veritable glimpses of actual men and events, which have exercised a wonderful agency upon human welfare. In fact, Trumbull's life was one of various action, and his military title and diplomatic reputation mingle rather incongruously with the serene avocation to which his intervals of business were given. It is natural that he should have gratified his patriotism and adventurous instinct in employing his pencil upon the memorable themes of our history. We can with difficulty imagine a man whose time and thoughts were so constantly employed in affairs, turning readily to landscape or still life, while historical subjects at once would awaken a familiar interest. His reasoning far transcended his imaginative powers. Skill, rather than fancy, marks his pictures. His father was not wrong in supposing him fitted to shine in the legal profession. Even in painting we discern the practical turn of his mind; and he was more of an engineer than a poet. When his education was completed, it was long before he could reconcile himself to a merely studious course; and after having left the army, he acknowledges that the sound of a drum often called a tear to his eye. Burke advised him to study architecture, in order to minister to the exigencies of a new and growing country; and there is reason to believe he would have excelled in this branch. The suggestion did not, however, coincide with the idea of glory he was fond of attaching to art. To realize the vicissitudes of Trumbull's life, it is only necessary to recall some of the occupations in which he was at various periods engaged. From schoolmaster of a Connecticut village he became an adjutant; from secretary of legation, circumstances transformed him to a brandy merchant, and from a treaty commissioner abroad to a portrait painter at home. Meantime, he had sketched Indians and Rhine scenery, copied celebrated originals, journalized, and travelled—flown over a battle-field in the midst of the fight—suffered imprisonment—been threatened more than once with shipwreck, and enjoyed the society of the leading men of his own country and Europe.

As regards social advantages, indeed, Trumbull, through life, was great-

ly favored. His official relations, as well as his pursuit of art, brought him into intimate contact with the most distinguished of his time. In the flush of youth he was, for a brief period, aide-de-camp to Washington. Fox and his illustrious rival visited him when incarcerated in London. He disputed Jefferson's atheistical philosophy at his own table, and had long conversations with Madame de Stael, Talleyrand, Sheridan, and other celebrities. Sir Joshua criticised and complimented him; Governor Hancock visited his sick-bed; Lafayette confided to him the secrets of French politics, and David rescued him from the police of Paris. He was morbidly sensitive, and this, with a certain pride of character, involved him in many disputes, and led him abruptly to leave the army, in consequence of the injustice of Congress; while others equally meritorious, like General Schuyler, suffered worse treatment patiently, for the sake of the great cause in which they were engaged. He was gloomy in youth, and it was in no small degree through his ambition that art captivated his mind. While a schoolboy, reading of Zeuxis and Apelles, in an obscure country town, he conceived the desire to be a painter. This predilection was confirmed by the sight of Copley, whose portraits were the first specimens of the art he ever saw, in a splendid wedding-suit. As to his juvenile practice, it began with drawing figures on the sanded floor of his nursery.

He experienced the truth of his father's remark, while dissuading him from the pencil—that Connecticut was not Athens; yet no artist of the period, in this country, ever received such an amount of government patronage. The proceeds of his four pictures, thirty-two thousand dollars, were honorably appropriated to the liquidation of his debts; and by an arrangement with Yale College he secured an annuity adequate to his support during the remainder of his life. His perseverance and industry were remarkable. The former quality, however, induced the same error as with Copley—that of prolonging his labors after his ability to do himself justice had ceased. Even if a Gil Blas had been at hand, he would not probably have consulted him on the expediency of commencing a new series of pictures of Revolutionary subjects at the age of seventy-two. Before that period he had served, as we have seen, his generation enough to satisfy a just ambition. He had been engaged in the opening of the war of independence, rendered essential aid as a commissioner under Jay's treaty, and taken an active and honorable part in public affairs throughout his life. He had been made a prisoner of war as an offset to the lamented Andrè, and taken counsel with the most influential spirits of an exciting era, on subjects of vast moment.

The details of his experiences, especially in public life, are recorded in his autobiography;* and both the elevation and the faults of his character are therein betrayed. His brave spirit is manifest in his bearing and replies, when arraigned before the police authorities of London on the charge of treason. "I am," he said, "an American. My name is Trumbull; I am a son of him whom you call the rebel Governor of Connecticut;

* Autobiography, Reminiscences and Letters: 1756–1841. New York, 1841.

I have served in the rebel army; I have had the honor of being an aide-de-camp to him whom you call the rebel George Washington. I am entirely in your power; treat me as you please—always remembering that as I may be treated, so will your friends in America be treated by mine." Discouraged in his artistic enterprises, and vexed at what he deemed unjust criticism in later years, he thus expressed himself—in reference to some personal reflections in Congress—to the editor of one of the New York journals:—"After having devoted ten of the best years of my life, in very early youth and in middle age, to the service of my country, and having employed the intervals of military and political occupations in acquiring an elegant art, for the very purpose of preserving, through its means, the memory of the great events and illustrious men of the Revolution, I did hope to enjoy some repose during the fragment of life which can remain to a man who has passed its ordinary limits." Trumbull's old age was saddened also by isolation. His art was his great solace. "My best friend," he writes, in allusion to the death of his wife, "was removed from me, and I had no child. A sense of loneliness began to creep over my mind; yet my hand was steady and my sight good." He began a new series of historical pictures illustrative of the Revolution; but the expense of the enterprise drained his resources, and he was glad, at last, to bequeathe his pictures to Yale College, and receive a life-annuity of a thousand dollars—the receipts of the exhibition to be devoted to the education of indigent youth. "I thus have the happy reflection," he writes, "that when I shall have gone to my rest, these works will remain a source of good to many a poor, perhaps meritorious and excellent, young man."

He removed to New Haven in 1837, and in 1841 returned to New York, for the benefit of medical attendance, and there continued to reside until his death. His remains, as before stated, at his request, were interred in a tomb built by himself, beneath the monumental gallery at New Haven.

A catalogue of Trumbull's pictures was prepared by his own hand.* Besides the historical works at Washington and New Haven, many portraits from his pencil are to be found in private hands and public institutions. Among them we may designate as fair specimens of his style, portraits of Governors Clinton, Lewis, and Tompkins, in the New York City Hall; portraits of Alexander Hamilton—which resembles the well-known picture of Pitt—of a Revolutionary officer, and of John Pintard, in the collection of the New York Historical Society; and of Washington, Christopher Gore and John Adams, at Harvard University; a family group in the possession of George Bowdoin, Esq., of New York; an excellent oil miniature of Mrs. Wolcott, in the possession of Mrs. Laura Gibbs, of New York; a portrait of Mr. Rogers, belonging to Ward Hunt, of Utica, N. Y.; one of a lady, in the gallery of James Lennox, of New York; and one of the artist himself, belonging to Mr. D. Lanamar, of Brooklyn, L. I. One of the most characteristic and authentic likenesses of Colonel Trumbull, as he appeared in later years, is a full-length, cabinet-sized oil portrait by

* Dunlap's History of the Arts of Design, vol. I., p. 302.

George W. Twibill (painted in 1835), a pupil and brother-in-law of Inman, who died young, and was quite esteemed for his small portraits at that time. A miniature of Washington, by Trumbull, was bought at the sale of the Wolfe collection, for two hundred and fifty dollars, by J. T. Sanford.

Trumbull's initiation into life was stormy, and his early impressions indelible. He witnessed the ravages of pestilence at Crown Point, and studied the picturesque by the light of a burning forest, on his midnight watch. His first promising attempt in oil was a copy of a portrait in Harvard College library; and that which made him known as an efficient draughtsman was a sketch of the relative positions of the two armies on the eve of the battle of Bunker Hill. It is as exclusively the limner of occurrences like this that Trumbull became celebrated. He created no marvels of beauty; he left behind no wonderful reflections of nature; but he transferred to canvas the features of those extraordinary men whose wisdom and valor guided to a triumphant issue the struggles of an oppressed people. He delineated scenes the details of which are deeply interesting to the world; and snatched many a face endeared to patriotism from oblivion,—thus illustrating an art whose ideal heights it was not given him to reach.

The education and experience of Trumbull fostered his natural integrity and precision; and these qualities marked his habits and manners, and are evident in his pictures. His sense of honor and idea of correctness were extreme,—hence the accuracy of his portraits and grouping. In his latter days, before age had subdued his energy, he was a type of the revolutionary character,—proud, intelligent, and conscientious. Fertile in reminiscence, scrupulous in intercourse, and dignified in bearing, he was among the last representatives of the Hamilton school of politics, and his patriotic feelings and admiration of Washington were undying sentiments. The apathy with which his claims were recognized as an artist, pecuniary difficulties, and academic controversies, doubtless somewhat warped his views, and they were often insisted on with a pertinacity that seemed unreasonable. To a liberal mind, however, the circumstances that attended his long and varied career sufficiently account for the captious spirit into which he was occasionally betrayed; and it should never be forgotten that he left an honorable and patriotic record, as well as an invaluble bequest to his country, and that his artist-life is indissolubly associated with men and events which the progress of time only render more sacred.

WEST.

ART, if the anecdote be not invented by the romance of biography, was born on this continent beside the cradle of a sleeping infant; and the extraordinary career of the Quaker boy who left the woods of America to become the President of the Royal Academy in London, is one of the memorable lessons of childhood. The personal respect which the character of Benjamin West has universally inspired, the interesting details of his life, and the grateful recollection in which his name is held by succeeding painters, have tended in some degree to blend his claims as an artist with those to which he is entitled as a man. It is important to define, if possible, the limits of both. Discrimination is quite compatible with love. Indeed, the only affection that has a sure basis is one conceived and nurtured in the invigorating atmosphere of truth. Character and genius are quite distinct, and we may feel sincere homage for the one while we question the reality of the other. There can, indeed, be no acceptable tribute to a manly soul except that which justice sanctions and wisdom confirms; and we deem ourselves offering a genuine oblation to the integrity of the pioneer of American art, if, while cordially recognizing his moral attributes, we frankly discuss his artistic merits.

That "tide in the affairs of men" of which the great bard speaks is as often discernible in the achievement of fame as of fortune. A remarkable series of propitious circumstances attended the life of West. When he first began to indulge his imitative faculties, the accidental visit of a relative suggested the gift of a paint-box—at that time no small rarity in his isolated neighborhood. There is little in the habits or creed of the Quakers auspicious to the fine arts; yet if we are to believe one of his biographers, the spirit moved a member of the fraternity to reconcile, with no little eloquence, the alleged vanity of painting with the requirements of the Gospel,—a triumph over bigotry quite extraordinary, considering the condition of society where it occurred. While he was yet a youth, a famine in the south of Europe induced a Philadelphia merchant to dispatch a vessel to Leghorn with flour; and the opportunity was improved by one of his juvenile friends to see the world, to whom the painter became a companion. When they were boarded at Gibraltar by a British officer, this young man proved to be his kinsman, and they were not only unmolested, but treated with a distinction that gave *éclat* to the voyage up the Mediterranean—the effect of which was clearly perceptible on their arri-

val. At the period that West visited Rome, the mere fact was calculated to excite attention. He came from a land around which still hung the charm of tradition and romance. It was deemed by the imaginative Italians a circumstance of great interest, that a handsome youth should have made a pilgrimage from the distant forests of the western world to study art in Rome. The very day succeeding his arrival, a curious party followed his steps to observe the impression created by the marvels he encountered, and a friendly regard naturally sprang up in their minds for the inexperienced exile. It is now a thing of common occurrence for an American to arrive in the Eternal City, bent upon the same objects. Then it was a novelty, and one which operated most favorably upon the dawning career of West. The kindness of Robinson and Cardinal Albani was also opportune in the highest degree ; nor is it difficult to trace its after influence. The state of art in England, when our fortunate artist went thither, proved no less favorable. The throne of historical painting was vacant, and although, in portrait and landscape, a few stars yet glimmered, their light rather heralded than outshone the new aspirant for honor and emolument. His countrymen in London were already prepared to extend the hand of fellowship ; and Archbishop Drummond's kindly tact soon obtained for him the favor of the king, which his own prudence and amiability ere long ripened into actual friendship. We do not intend to ascribe all the success of the artist to circumstances, but in the lives of few of his profession have they combined to such a degree towards encouraging whatever of native power existed. The sunshine of prosperity is generally acknowledged to exert a fostering influence, and through a large part of West's career, it glowed with a brightness that seldom irradiates the precarious fortunes of artist-life. Some of the very circumstances adduced by the disciples of West, in upholding his title to the highest rank in art, confirm the view we have suggested. That he should compare the Apollo Belvedere, at the first glance, to a young Mohawk warrior, shows how much his mind was given to the conventionalities of art ; for upon an ideal spectator, it is the thrilling expression of the god that arrests both eye and heart, and not the litheness of his mould and the graceful animation of his figure. The painter's complaint of Michael Angelo, that he had not succeeded in giving any probability to his works, also shows a want of sympathy with the adventurous. The famous reply that, as a boy, the future President of the Royal Academy made to his comrade, who looked forward to being a tailor—"A painter is a companion for kings and emperors"—strikes us as indicative of worldly ambition far more than of any precocious idea of the dignity of art. One of his eulogists gravely declares that he "rarely failed to achieve what he proposed within the time allotted for its performance,"—a tribute to industrious and methodical habits, rather questionable when applied to efforts requiring felicitous and exalted moods. His powers of observation were evidently far greater than those of conception. He assiduously sought and improved occasions to widen their range. The manner in which he inferred the principle of the camera, from seeing the

effect of light that gleamed through a closed shutter upon the wall of his sick-room; his successful experiments to discover how a candle's rays were reflected in an old picture; his visit to Spithead to study the effect of smoke in a naval combat, preparatory to executing the battle of La Hague, evince, among other instances, how carefully he strove to apply the facts of nature to the purposes of art. This, as well as nearly all his desirable traits, arose from the practical good sense which he possessed—a quality we would by no means undervalue in affairs, but one of but limited efficacy in the creations of genius, to which its relation is by no means intimate. In proportion as the designs of West came within the sphere of the actual, and were removed from highly poetic or deeply religious associations, they are fitted to please. His classical scenes and battle-pieces we contemplate without impatience. His fame suffers from that common error—a mistaken position. He attempted to embody ideas and represent sentiments beyond the reach of his natural powers. With every endowment necessary for high respectability in art, he had no legitimate claim to be one of her chief priests. Yet, with no conscious irreverence did he approach the altar, when he should have lingered in the vestibule of the temple. It was the boldness of ignorance, the self-confidence of a mind to which the mysteries of life were but slightly revealed. It has been a theme of surprise that West should have so long kept the favor of his royal patron; but the wonder is at once dissipated if we study his character. He was from first to last an American Quaker,—a being to whom the dictates of prudence were a satisfactory law, and whose ideal of virtue consisted in maintaining a passionless and kindly spirit. He sent home for the bride whom he had so patiently loved, when his circumstances justified marriage. He consulted the king more frequently than any inward oracle; and when the monarch's patronage was withdrawn, he did not complain. When between sixty and seventy years of age, he commenced a series of great works, quite too extensive ever to be realized. This mechanical view of his profession, and the complacent readiness with which it was followed, accord with the opinions expressed in his discourses, where he declares that "the true use of painting resides in assisting the reason to arrive at a certain moral inferences by furnishing a probable view of the effects of motives and passions." The amount of native enthusiasm and divine aspiration that belonged to West, may be inferred from this humble and prosaic estimate of his own art.

Born in Springfield, Pennsylvania, on the 10th of October, 1738, his demise occurred in London on the 11th of March, 1820; and rarely is so long a life marked by so much serene prosperity; in the long retrospect he could trace the dawn of art in the New World by his familiar experience; for, during his residence in London, he was the resource and oracle of his countrymen engaged in the same pursuit; and his career was parallel with some of the most remarkable events in his country's history. For that country his attachment appears to have been strong, notwithstanding the court atmosphere in which he lived; and he asked Sully, when that

artist went to America, to visit his native town, and write him an account of its aspect and condition.

Tradition fixes the date of his first attempt in painting, at the age of seven years; and it is certain that when about nine years old he painted, what, sixty-seven years after, he pronounced superior in some of the touches to his mature works. The sight of some engravings was a revelation to the boy, and the gift of a paint-box an inspiration. His initiatory art-experience is thus recorded: "Even after going to sleep he awoke more than once during the night and anxiously put out his hand to the box, which he had placed by his bedside, half afraid that he might find his riches only a dream. Next morning he rose at break of day, and, carrying his colors and canvas to the garret, proceeded to work. Everything else was now unheeded; even his attendance at school was given up. As soon as he got out of the sight of his father and mother he stole to his garret, and here passed the hours in a world of his own. At last, after he had been absent from school some days, the master called at his father's house to inquire what had become of him. This led to the discovery of his secret occupation. His mother, proceeding to the garret, found the truant; but so much was she astonished and delighted by the creation of his pencil, which also met her view when she entered the apartment, that, instead of rebuking him, she could only take him in her arms, and kiss him with transports of affection. He made a new composition of his own out of two of the engravings, which he had colored from his own feeling of the proper tints; and so perfect did the performance already appear to his mother, that although half the canvas yet remained uncovered, she would not suffer him to add another touch to what he had done. Mr. Galt, West's biographer, saw the picture in the state in which it had thus been left sixty-seven years afterwards; and the artist himself used to acknowledge that in none of his subsequent efforts had he been able to excel some of the touches of invention in this his first essay."

While acquiring such elementary instruction as Philadelphia then afforded, he painted "The Death of Socrates" for a gunsmith—his first figure-piece; and at the age of sixteen, returned to Springfield, where and when the question of his future vocation was solemnly discussed by his family and the Society of Friends. In West's complacent estimate of his crude, childish experiment in art, and in the ambitious subject of his boyish achievement, we recognise those unawed and confident feelings which stamp him in the annals of art as more dexterous than inspired. If his choice of a profession and the sanction it received were anomalies of Quaker discipline, not less so was his volunteering as a recruit in the old French war; his services, however, consisted only of an attempt to join the remains of Braddock's army; his martial ardor was as short-lived as his artistic proclivities were normal; and we find him, when eighteen years of age, established in Philadelphia as a portrait painter, and receiving "five guineas a head."

It was through the liberality of several merchants of that city and of New York, that West was enabled to visit Italy; his portrait of Lord Grantham and his own story of the pursuit of art under difficulties, excited much interest, and that nobleman's introduction facilitated his auspicious visit to England, where he arrived in 1763. Encouraged by some connections in London to come, and by influential patrons to remain there, two years after, he received and married his lady-love, Elizabeth Shewell. In the meantime he had gained the esteem of many associates, and was honored with continental recognition, being elected an academician in Florence, Bologna, and Parma. His picture of "Agrippina Landing with the Ashes of Germanicus" gained him the favor of George the Third, and the commission to paint the "Departure of Regulus." His "Death of Wolfe" has been truly declared to have created an era in English art by the successful example it initiated of the abandonment of classic costume—a reform advocated by Reynolds, who gloried in this popular innovation. West sketched or painted during the last forty years of his life, at least four hundred pictures, many of them large, and he left two hundred elaborate drawings. To his remarkable facility, care, and taste, he united a singular intrepidity unchilled by age; one of his best works is the "Battle of the Hague," for its scope requires less positive elevation and originality of genius than the grand religious themes to which he so much inclined. In 1762 West succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy; and when he died, "academic correctness" was the ideal of pictorial art in England. Now public taste and artistic tests are more catholic; hence the original exaggeration of West's fame. However deficient, upon æsthetic analysis, his claims may be to the highest order of artistic genius, his reputation has a benign, conservative charm based upon rectitude and benevolence; exemplary in life, kindly in spirit, more than one generation of American artists had reason to bless his memory: and among those who gratefully associate their early studies and precarious beginnings of artist-life and work with the hospitable and wise encouragement and substantial kindness of Benjamin West, are Pratt, Trumbull, Peale, Malbone, Dunlap, Allston, Sully, Morse, and Leslie.

West commenced portrait-painting in 1753, and one of his earliest works is in the possession of the Read family, of Delaware, now owned by J. Meredith Read, of Albany, N. Y. He passed eleven months in New York, and was liberally employed by the merchants, among whose descendants are still to be seen examples of his early manner. Trinity Church owns his portrait of Bishop Prevost. Those of Gerardus Duykinck and his wife,—*née* Rapelye, a belle in her day,—full-lengths, are highly characteristic specimens of West's early portraiture. They belong to Mrs. Lewis, of Brooklyn, L. I. Other portraits of the same period, from his pencil, are in the Abeel family, of New York. One of Miss Elizabeth Anderson, afterwards Mrs. Samuel Breese, belongs to Thomas R. Walker, Esq., of Utica, N. Y. Judge Abbott, of Salem, has a number of

West's early portraits,—his mother being of the same family. There is a full-length of one of his most liberal American friends,—General James Hamilton, of Bush Hill, near Philadelphia. In the latter city are his portraits of Mrs. Hare, Professor Robert Hare, and Rev. Dr. Preston, in the public library; and at Middleton Place, South Carolina, before the War for the Union, the beautiful family group—painted in London—of Arthur Middleton, his wife, and son. Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati, Ohio, owns his Ophelia and Hamlet, and the Boston Athenæum his Lear. The picture of Christ Healing the Sick is still in the Pennsylvania Hospital, to which institution it was originally presented by the artist. In this painting, the face of the paralytic woman is said to be a portrait of West's mother. J. Harrison, of Philadelphia, has the picture of Christ Rejected, and the Death of Sir Philip Sydney at the Battle of Zutphen. The same gentleman is also the possessor of West's picture of Penn's Treaty with the Indians at Shackaniaxon, now Kensington,—the scene representing the founding of Pennsylvania, in 1682. It was purchased by the owner from the last representative of the Penn family, for whom it was painted—Granville Penn, Esq. "I have taken the liberty," wrote West to one of his family, in reference to an engraving of this work, "of introducing the likeness of our father and brother Thomas. That is the likeness of our brother that stands immediately behind Penn, leaning on his cane. I need not point out the picture of our father, as I believe you will find it in the print from memory." His portrait of Commodore Silas Talbot, U. S. N., is in the possession of that officer's descendants. Two of his pictures, illustrative of scenes in the Iliad, are in the collection of the New York Historical Society. His Cupid, also owned in Philadelphia, is one of his best pictures as to color. He made a sketch of Dr. Franklin, seated in the clouds, and surrounded by naked boys, which was never completed. His Death on the Pale Horse is in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. In the opinion of many critics, of all West's pictures in America, the Christ Rejected most effectively illustrates his skill in composition, drawing, expression, and dramatic effect.

Among West's paintings in England, the Pylades and Orestes, one of the best, was also one of the first in what was regarded as an innovating school of art. Although the servants gained over thirty pounds for showit, no purchaser appeared; indeed, such was the prejudice in favor of the "old masters," that a nobleman, who really admired this work, excused himself from buying it on the plea that it would not do to hang up a modern English picture in his house, unless it was a portrait. The Death of Wolfe, Regulus a Prisoner to the Carthaginians, the Battle of La Hague, the Death of Bayard, Hamilcar Swearing the Infant Hannibal at the Altar, the Departure of Regulus, and Agrippina Landing with the Ashes of Germanicus, from Tacitus,—suggested by Drummond, Archbishop of York,—are among the subjects which West treated in a characteristic manner, and were best received; and are still striking illustrations of his artistic method and style. It has been truly observed that "his natural

endowments impelled him to paint history long before he had acquired the knowledge and skill of a draughtsman;" but his industry and zeal soon gave him force and facility, in certain respects; so that his first picture in Rome—the portrait of Robinson, afterwards Lord Grantham—was taken for a Mengs. He assiduously sketched groups and figures from the old masters while in Italy. The change in British art, signalized by the advent of West, was slow. A certain pedantic conservatism opposed the substitution of English for Greek and Roman subjects. When the Death of Wolfe was exhibited at the Royal Academy, the multitude, we are told, "acknowledged its excellence at once; but the lovers of old art—called classical—complained of the barbarism of boots, buttons, and blunderbusses, and cried out for naked warriors, with bows, bucklers, and battering-rams." It required some courage in Lord Grosvenor to purchase the work declared so exceptional by traditional amateurs. Reynolds and the Archbishop of York called on West, to remonstrate against so bold an innovation. His reply was logical—viz.: that "the event to be commemorated happened in the year 1758, in a region of the world unknown to Greeks and Romans, and at a period when no warrior who wore classic costume existed. The same rule which gives law to the historian should rule the painter." The king regretted he had been anticipated in the purchase of the picture when, at last, Reynolds declared: "West has conquered. I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art."

His color has been objected to as too exclusively a "reddish brown;" and, while praised for freedom from exaggeration, he seldom won admiration for expressive power. His facility and extensive theoretical knowledge, his acquaintance with available expedients, and his regular industry, were the great means of his advancement as an artist; while his thorough benevolence, correct habits, and self-respect, as effectually promoted his social consideration. The bland atmosphere of his early associations and his matured fortunes seems to have continued to the last, for he died at the age of eighty-two, without any specific disease, unimpaired in mind and urbane in spirit.

West relied upon general effects; his ability lies in combination rather than detail. He excites respect, on account of the sound judgment displayed in his works. We recognize in them a mature knowledge. His aim seems to have been scenic, and therefore he depends almost wholly upon the spectator's first impression. Our feelings are not won by degrees into sympathy with a great idea or touching sentiment, but attention is caught by the grandeur of the entire design and the breadth of the scene. There is no intense individuality, no concentrated emotion, such as emanates from those masterpieces into which the artist has infused his very being. We think more of art in general than of the idiosyncrasies of the painter in contemplating his productions, and gratify our imaginations by the thought of what a more inspired limner would have done with such a command of materials. Intelligence is, indeed, stamped upon his composi-

tions ; and if this were the greatest human attribute, they would not challenge inquiry ; but we do not feel that electric spirit and mysterious principle which distinguish the offspring of genius from that of talent and industry. The point at issue between the advocates of such efforts and those who lament their inadequacy, is one that has been again and again discussed in reference to literature. Perhaps the most striking instance on record is the controversy as to the respective merits of Shakspeare and the French drama. Minds which the truthful and living creations of the English poet do not render unconscious of his violation of technical rules, we conceive to be by nature incapable of appreciating his excellencies. It is, after all, a question of feeling ; and if those who are content with the artificial proprieties of Racine, wonder at the lovers of Shakspeare for enduring his sins against taste or probability, not less great is the astonishment of the latter that one who has ever felt the glow of ambition, the thrill of love, or the anguish of remorse, could fail to recognize in Lear, Macbeth, and Hamlet, the greatest written types of humanity. It is no fanciful distinction which we desire to indicate. On the contrary, the principle at issue underlies not only literature and art, but manners and life. It forms the true difference between spontaneous and conventional virtue, between etiquette and heartfelt courtesy, acquirements and wisdom, the spirit and the letter of the law. Take an effusion of Dryden and one of Coleridge,—Alexander's feast and Genevieve, for instance. In the former we behold at once a command of language, a sense of rhythm, a hand practiced in versification, and apt in rhetoric ; in the latter, we pause not to consider these external facilities, because of the beautiful and absorbing sentiment of which they are exponents. One we remember as an elocutionary exercise, the other as a cherished echo of the sweetest experience of our hearts. And thus a Madonna of Raphael, or a Magdalen of Correggio, conveys a lively consciousness of the feelings they represent, as if it had been breathed through color and outline. In a word, we are magnetized by the holy spell of maternal love or penitent grief. Is it thus with the pictures of West? With the events they commemorate, do we realize the idea and emotion that render them sacred? In "Christ healing the Sick," what fixes the mind? Is it the benign inspiration of the prominent figure, or the awe-stricken gaze of reverence, and the earnest pleadings of human affection in those that surround it? Is it not rather the successful representation of physical suffering, the dexterous grouping, and the effective drapery? The sick man excites far higher and more deserved admiration than he by whose divine word he is healed. It may be argued that such a comparison is unfair, inasmuch as the difficulties to be overcome and the effect to be realized in the two cases are quite diverse. This is but admitting West's over-estimate of his own powers. The choice of a subject is often as indicative of genius, or its absence, as its development ; and the manner in which West treated the grand themes he selected, proves that between them and his mind there was little affinity. If the picture we are considering was intended to portray a hospital, to excite benevo-

lence by a vivid representation of "the ills the flesh is heir to," it would merit the highest encomiums; but the acknowledged purpose is far more lofty,—it professes to depict the most venerated character that ever lived on earth,—the exercise of the highest functions ever delegated to a being in the form of man,—the exhibition of a sympathy for human sorrow more tender, comprehensive, and profound, than was ever manifested in the world. "To the height of this great argument" something besides tact, dexterity, and skill in drawing and color; something besides a knowledge of light and shade, a practiced hand, and a confident mind, was needed. An inspiration such as filled the heart and imagination of the painter, and involved the absorption of self in the pathos and majesty of the scene,—a sympathetic, as well as an intelligent relation to the subject,—alone would justify and hallow such an undertaking. And it is this very simplicity—this apparent unconsciousness of conditions like these—which affords the best evidence of West's comparative incompetency. There is no trace of that solemnity of feeling which breaks from Milton in contemplating his great poem. It would appear as if he set about portraying miracles in a spirit the most commonplace and familiar. There was no pluming of the wings for a long flight,—no vibration of the harp-strings preparatory to an earnest strain,—no gathering up of the waters ere the glorious march. The cherubim were not invoked to impart their sacred fire, nor did the hesitancy of self-distrust cause the dilated heart to tremble. It was apparently in the mere spirit of honest industry and a good intention, that our excellent painter grappled with the most exalted subjects. And yet his self-complacency, as a representative of art, was amusing. "I was walking," he writes, "with Mr. Fox, in the Louvre, and I remarked how many people turned to look at *me*. This shows the respect of the French for the Fine Arts." If West had one poetic instinct, it was implied in a sensibility to the grand in point of scale and manner. He seems to have conceived of art under a kind of melodramatic phase. There was something noble in the scope of his conceptions. A magnificent whole, a bringing impressively together of forms and hues, was the ideal he cherished—for if we take a single figure into careful view, there is often a striking want of oneness of effect. The hands of the Saviour in the picture we have noticed, for example, do not seem to involve the same expression as the chest; but the figure itself, taken in connection with those around, is effective. West, accordingly, seems to have excelled in unity of design, without recognizing that higher law, unity of expression; and this, we think, arose from a lack of that soul of art whereby its creations are both harmonized and made vital.

West's ancestors were natives of Buckinghamshire, and one of them a companion in arms of John Hampden. As this family claim direct descent from the Black Prince, and Lord Delaware, when the artist was at work on his picture of the Institution of the Garter, the king was delighted when the Duke of Buckingham assured him that West had an ancestral right to a place among the warriors and knights of his own painting. His father

was one of the initiators of emancipation, and his mother's grandfather the confidential friend of William Penn. Thus signally favored in his antecedents, the circumstances of his early life were also exceptionally propitious, and have been recorded by John Galt,* from the artist's own statements. According to the superstitious feeling of the time and region, his premature birth, occasioned by the over-excitement at a religious revival, was the presage of a remarkable career; then his first experiments in art from pigments given him by the Indians, who taught the boy archery; his discovery of the principle of the *camera obscura;* the religious question and sanction induced by his exceptional choice of a vocation in the wilds of a new State, and in the seclusion of a rural Quaker community; the providential acquisition of a paint-box at the age of eight, and, later, of the art-writings of Fresnoy and Richardson; his prophecy of future renown; the kindly aid extended so seasonably in Philadelphia and New York, and the auspicious *début* of the young artist at Rome—form a series of fortunate circumstances which find their consummation in the "courtly sanction" he attained in England;—the long and steady patronage of the king, his baronetcy, ample means, domestic happiness, gracious fame, and serene old age. West died in his seventy-ninth year, soon after his wife, their union having benignly lasted half a century; and was buried in St. Paul's beside Reynolds, Opie, and Barry.

A portrait of West by Leslie, after Lawrence, and a beautiful one in his latest years, by Allston, belong to the Boston Athenæum. The full-length portrait of the artist, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, was obtained by a number of gentlemen of New York, for the Academy of that city; they subscribed two thousand dollars; it was considered a perfect likeness in the face, but somewhat too large and tall for the figure, though finely composed. It represents West in his character as President of the Royal Academy, delivering a lecture to the students. Under his right hand is seen, standing on an easel, a copy of Raphael's cartoon of the Death of Ananias. The subject of the lecture is Coloring, as is indicated by the rainbow-tints arranged on the left side of the picture,—which is now in the Wadsworth Gallery at Hartford, Ct.

Within a few months, at the auction sale, in New York, of a collector of old furniture, china, and pictures, a portrait of West from his own hand, taken apparently at about the age of forty, three-quarter-length, and in Quaker costume, was sold for three hundred dollars.

Leigh Hunt, whose mother was a relative of the artist, says, that "the appearance of West was so gentlemanly that the moment he changed his gown for a coat he seemed to be full dressed. The simplicity and self-possession of the young Quaker, not having time enough to grow stiff,—for he went early to Rome,—took up, I suppose, with more ease than most would have done, the urbanities of his new position. Yet this man, so well bred, and so indisputably clever in his art, whatever might be the amount

* The Life, Studies, and Works of Benjamin West. By John Galt. London: 1820.

of his genius, had received a homely or careless education, and pronounced some of his words with a puritanical barbarism; he would talk of his art all day; there were strong suspicions of his leaning to his native side in politics, and he could not restrain his enthusiasm for Bonaparte; how he managed these matters with the higher powers in England I cannot say."

As an artist, "indefatigable application" was his distinction, which resulted in numerous and noble compositions, of which the technical faults most frequently recognized are "dryness of manner" and "hardness of outline." A writer in Blackwood's Magazine estimates the number of West's pictures at three thousand; and Dunlap says that a gallery capable of holding them, would be four hundred feet in length, fifty in breadth, and forty in height, or a wall ten feet high and a quarter of a mile long. In regard to the sacred subjects of West, Cunningham declares that the list "makes one shudder at human presumption;" among them are "Moses receiving the Law on Mount Sinai;" "The Descent of the Holy Ghost on the Saviour in the Jordan;" The Opening of the Seventh Seal in the Revelations;" "Saint Michael and his Angels casting out the Great Dragon;" "The mighty Angel with one foot on the Sea, and the other on the Earth;" and "The Resurrection." It was with a different inspiration that the old masters dealt with such themes; a holy sense of beauty gives divine grace to Raphael, and sacred grandeur to Angelo. West lacked imagination and reverence, but not conscience or skill; hence the sentiment is so inadequate while the technical excellence is often great: given the appropriate subject, and our sense of the effective is fully gratified; but in the more exalted subjects we feel with Cunningham that "the coldness of his imagination nipped the blossoms of history."*

"The farm-house at Springfield, just beyond Darby," wrote Galt, fifty years ago, "in which he first saw the light, still stands, an object of veneration to those who are curious in such matters." When we connect, in fancy, West's humble birthplace with his cathedral tomb, and revive the details of his life, we recognize a singular exception to the fortunes of our early native artists, most of whom had so long a conflict with adverse circumstances. Indeed, the comfort he enjoyed may somewhat account for the absence of intensity and aspiration in his genius; spirituality is the offspring of deep experience; he suffered no trying ordeal—he was not disciplined and elevated by the battle of life: his success was too easily achieved; order, calmness, and regularity marked his experience not less than his character. It is an anomalous fact in American artist-life that our earliest painter was the most prosperous.

* Lives of British Sculptors, Painters, and Architects. By Allan Cunningham. 3 vols. New York: 1832–34.

STUART.

CHARLES GILBERT STUART was born in Narragansett, R. I., in 1756, and died at Boston in 1828. A recent visitor to his natal spot thus describes the locality: "At the head of Petaquamscott Pond, in Rhode Island, shut in on all sides but the south by hills, stands a high, old-fashioned, gambrel-roofed, low-portaled, and massive house, wearing the appearance of a good old age. Here was the birthplace and early home of Gilbert Stuart.

"We entered the house on the west by a door level with the top of the bank, which slopes so rapidly to the east as to allow of a basement on that side wholly out of ground, and now given up to the pigs and poultry raised on the place. There is little to attract attention on either floor. The ceilings are low, the fireplace wide and flaring, and the stairs are both steep and contracted. For the asking, one may see the room in which the painter first saw the light, and, having surveyed a spot so full of interest, we turned to the surroundings of the house. These have undergone but slight change since the time when the youthful Gilbert climbed the trees that bend to kiss the little stream in which his naked limbs were often laved. The bream and perch that rise to catch the crumbs we cast upon the water are no less tame, and quite as innocent of the angler's hook, and the sun plays hide-and-seek the same in the thick wood that makes a fitting background to the scene."

Shortly before his death Stuart visited Newport for the last time, and crossed the ferries to look at his old home; in the northeast bedroom he said to his companion: "In this room my mother always told me I was born."

The record of Stuart's baptism, in the handwriting of Rev. Mr. McSparran, Episcopal Missionary to the Narragansett Church, is preserved in the old register.* His father married a daughter of Captain John Anthony, a Welsh emigrant to Rhode Island, a prosperous farmer, who occupied and afterward sold to Dean Berkeley the farm near the Hanging Rocks of the second beach known as Whitehall. Stuart *père* was a tory,

* Updyke's History of the Narragansett Church.

and removed to Halifax, Nova Scotia, where his daughter married Henry Newton, Collector of his Majesty's Customs. They were the parents of Stewart Newton, the artist. Mrs. Stuart was a handsome woman; her son Gilbert was named Gilbert Charles Stuart in accordance with his father's Jacobite affinities; but he dropped the middle name, and also the manner of spelling Stewart which at one time prevailed. He was but thirteen years of age when he began to copy pictures; then he attempted likenesses in black-lead. In the year 1770, Cosmo Alexander, a Scotch artist, between fifty and sixty, visited America for political reasons; he was in ill-health, and apparently no enthusiast in his art; he gave Stuart his first lessons, and after a brief sojourn in Rhode Island, visited the South, and then returned to Scotland, taking the young artist with him. He died soon after, and left his pupil to the care of Sir George Chambers. Stuart returned home, after a trying ordeal among strangers, and spoke of this episode of his life as one of great hardship and little progress. He was educated at the grammar school of Newport, and passed much of his time at the farm of his grandfather. On his second visit to Great Britain, when his talent had become manifest, he was greatly disappointed to find his prospects in Ireland—whither he went expressly to paint the likeness of the Duke of Rutland, then Lord Lieutenant—overshadowed by the death of that nobleman; but he soon found both employment and appreciation from the resident nobility, and on his return to London, his portraits exhibited in the Royal Academy won him reputation and eligible orders, so that, after a hard struggle, his position in art was recognized and his prosperity assured. He married Charlotte Coates, of Reading, in the county of Berkshire. Among his earliest London portraits were those of Drs. Fothergill and Letsom. He came back to America in order to paint Washington, declining his brother-in-law's invitation to visit Halifax in a British ship of war to execute a portrait of the Duke of Kent.

Thus Stuart began the practice of his art at Newport, R. I.; at the age of eighteen was taken to Edinburgh; and in 1781 commenced a highly successful professional career in London, where he resided for a considerable period with Benjamin West, of whom he painted an excellent full-length portrait; among other likenesses of celebrated men of the day there achieved, were those of Sir Joshua Reynolds, John Kemble, Barré, and Alderman Boydell. Having passed some time in Dublin and Paris prosperously occupied, he executed, while in the latter city, a portrait of Louis XVI.

Stuart returned to America in 1793, and resided alternately in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Boston, in each of which cities may be found memorable exemplars of his skill, among the most highly valued family portraits in the country. After several years passed at the capital, he took up his abode in Boston in 1806, and remained there until his decease. Among his many admirable portraits of eminent Americans, those of Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, are

well known, and have been often engraved. The distinguished men of the revolution, and the leading merchants, divines, gentlemen, and *belles* of his day, still live in the vigorous outlines and unrivalled flesh-tints of his masterly hand. One of his latest works was a portrait of John Quincy Adams, which he did not live to complete, and the finishing touches were given by Sully.

A catalogue of Stuart's pictures is a desideratum; one was prepared some years ago, but is lost. We can but indicate some of his American portraits. In 1793 he painted admirable likenesses of the Pollock and Yates families; Hon. John Jay twice—one portrait is at Bedford, Westchester Co., in the possession of the grandson and namesake of the original, and the other in that of Henry E. Pierrepont, of Brooklyn, L. I.; General Clarkson and Colonel Giles live in his vivid portraiture; two of his earliest are the likenesses of John and Mrs. Bannister, in the Redwood Library at Newport, R. I., but they bear little trace of his mature style. His portrait of Gov. Oliver Wolcott is in the Wadsworth Gallery, Hartford, Ct.; that of General Gates is a fine specimen; so are those of William Wells, of Cambridge, Rev. Dr. Gardiner, of Boston, and James Otis, in New York; Mrs. Lee, in the possession of Mrs. Laqueer, of Brooklyn, L. I.; Bishop Cheverus; and of Geo. Gibbs, in possession of his widow, New York. His portraits of Lawrence and Mrs. Yates, painted in 1797, and of Andrew Dexter, of Boston (1806), belong to Ward Hunt, Esq., of Utica, N. Y.; Mrs. Erving, of New York, has his fine likeness of Sir Henry Baker; in the Baltimore Historical Society is Madame Bonaparte's portrait—three heads on one canvas—front, three-quarters, and profile; the Massachusetts Historical Society have a portrait of Jeremiah Allen, and an unfinished one of Edward Everett; Rev. John Parkman, of Boston, has good exemplars of Stuart in the portraits of his parents; there is a second one there, in his early style, of Mrs. Swan; James Lenox, of New York, owns five characteristic pictures from the same pencil; Sullivan Dorr, of Providence, R. I., has a striking portrait of his mother, by Stuart; there is one there, also, of Dr. Wayland; and Philadelphia is especially rich in admirable works of this master. His portrait of Mrs. Greenleaf, a belle of that city in the days of the Revolution, fascinated Thackeray; those of the beautiful Mrs. Bingham, of Rev. Wm. Smith, Gen. Mifflin, Mr. and Mrs. Pennington; of Lord and Lady Ashburton; of Horace Binney, Bishop White, Alexander Dallas; of the Spring, Clymer, Peters, Willing, Jackson, Plumstead, and McKean families, in the possession of their descendants, are among the best portraits for character, color, and vital truth. In New York, Stuart's portraits of Robert and Mrs. Morris, and of Judge Egbert Benson, are memorable and characteristic; the portrait of Captain Anthony, for vigor, vividness, and expression, is an artistic study; it belongs to Professor Wolcott Gibbs, of Cambridge, Mass. The Boston Athenæum owns his portrait of Commodore Hull; at Worcester, Mass., are three of his pictures, likenesses of the Salisbury family. Henry C. Carey, of Philadelphia, has his fine portrait of Mrs. Blodgett; Harvard Col-

lege owns a good one of Justice Story, presented by the artist,* and others of President Kirkland, Samuel Elliot, and Rev. J. S. Buckminster. Stuart left several unfinished heads much prized by art-students as indicative of his method of painting; among them is a head belonging to G. W. Riggs, of Washington; one in the N. Y. Academy of Design; one of Counsellor Dunn, of which the completed copy is in the Boston Athenæum; and one of Mrs. Perez Morton, of Massachusetts, belonging to Ernest Tuckerman. Stuart's portrait of Mrs. John Forrester, a sister of Judge Story, and owned by Mrs. Forrester, of Salem, Mass. is one of his best works; the flesh coloring and finish are superior; the artist was interested in this picture, because he was struck with the resemblance of the original to his old friend, Lady West, the wife of Sir Benjamin. While engaged on this portrait Stuart was seized with his last illness; and after his death his daughter Jane painted the drapery. There are other notable works of Stuart in Essex county; the portrait of Col. T. Pickering belongs to Miss Mary Pratt, of Boston; that of Mrs. Story, to her son William, the artist. There are five good Stuarts in the possession of the Robbins family, of Roxbury, Mass. At the Manchester exhibition the portrait of Dr. Priestley, from his pencil, was much admired; and those of Admiral Lord Rodney, Hon. Mr. Grant, Lord St. Vincent, and Lady Clive, are highly estimated in England. But the works of Stuart are too widely scattered on both sides of the ocean to be easily enumerated. They include some of the most satisfactory and inimitable pictures from life of modern times; but as a series or collection they are necessarily of unequal merit; like eloquence, as defined by Webster, this branch of art, in its highest phase, seems to exist "in the man, the subject, and the occasion;" the painter's mood, the sitter's character, and the circumstances influenced the limner's hand; his early style was delicate, pure, and very effective; some of his later works have the paint laid on thicker—they are full of power, but less interesting.

Stuart early established a peculiar fame, based upon his flesh-coloring, (which, by general consent, was esteemed the best of any modern school,) and upon his marvellous power of distinguishing "the individual from the conventional,"—in which respect Allston declared him peerless in his own branch of art. While thus superior and complete in the essentials of portraiture, Stuart bestowed little care upon accessories; and many of his works have an unfinished air, except in the heads. He once illustrated his views of high finish, as regards the texture of costume, by placing a shawl on the back of a chair, and asking a visitor, with whom he discussed the subject, whether, at the distance of a few feet, he received any but a general impression of the hue and form—arguing that minute imitation of drapery was unnatural. "Nature," he said, "does not color in streaks. Look at my hand; see how the colors are mottled and mingled, yet clear as silver." On the other hand, no artist has caught with more truth, or delineated with more power, the expression and character of the physiognomy and the temperament. Many a beautiful woman and venerable

* Life and Letters of Judge Story, Vol. ii., p. 555.

statesman of the Republic yet exist to the eyes of this generation—known, the one in all her blooming loveliness, and the other in all his characteristic features and form, upon Stuart's vivid canvas. A good idea of his method may be attained by examining the unfinished heads ; herein we recognize the freedom and force of his touch, and the original manner in which he combined and disposed of tints, to reproduce the very effects of nature. No portraits better preserve their hues and expression than those of Stuart. When the subject is favorable, and the picture cared for with the least attention, there is a living, fresh reality about them which captivates or impresses the spectator with an almost magnetic attraction and human individuality. We seem to know the person represented, and to feel an actual presence and character, as if somewhat of the will and experience, the sympathies and traits of the original, had been vitally communicated to pigment and outline. One of the most striking illustrations of this power of Stuart's pencil was related to me by a lady nearly connected with him. She had occasion to visit Trumbull's studio, during the latter years of that artist's life, and it so happened that, when she noiselessly entered the room, Trumbull was intently occupied with a portrait of himself, painted in his younger days by Stuart, who visited him for the purpose when a prisoner-of-war in London. He had just obtained possession of this long-lost and long-coveted trophy, had placed it upon his easel, and, seated before this "counterfeit presentment" of his former self, was so interested in the train of thought it excited, that he unconsciously soliloquized. Concealed by a screen before the door, and at first hesitating to enter, from an impression that the artist was conversing with a visitor, the lady's attention was caught by the name of Stuart, and she paused silently. Trumbull was carried back to the most eventful days of his early life and to his consciousness of old, by the sight of this picture of himself, painted by such a master and under such memorable circumstances. "Stuart," he exclaimed, as he gazed, "was indeed a great painter. I may not be a judge of this likeness,—they say no one is of his own,—but this I know, that face looks exactly as I felt then, when Stuart used to come and greet me through the prison-bars as Bridewell Jack."

Stuart was in Boston at the time of the battle of Lexington, and there painted his grandmother from memory, and his own portrait—the only one he ever took of himself. Dr. Waterhouse says: "It was painted in his freest manner, and with a Rubens hat. In his best days Stuart need not have been ashamed of it." John Neagle painted a very good likeness of Stuart, as he appeared in his later years; it is in the possession of the Boston Athenæum. James M. Falconer, Esq., of New York, has a pen-and-ink likeness of Stuart, by himself. It is on the back of a letter addressed to Mr. Bennett, then Curator of the Academy of Design. Little more than an outline, it is characteristic, with a striking device underneath. The best recognition has attended Stuart. His portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds was selected to be engraved for the first elegant edition of that artist's lectures ; he was requested to paint a head of himself for the

Florence Gallery. Sully, when he finished Stuart's last portrait, declined to touch the head, saying: "It would be little better than sacrilege." "He seemed," wrote Allston, "to dive into the thoughts of men, for they were made to live and speak on the surface." In his happier efforts, no one ever surpassed him in embodying, if we may so speak, the transient apparition of the soul. Allston has well emphasized his traits: "Gilbert Stuart was, in its widest sense, a philosopher in his art. He thoroughly understood its principles, as his works bear witness, whether as to harmony of colors, or of lines, or of light and shadow—showing that exquisite sense of *a whole* which only a man of genius can realize and embody. Of this, not the least admirable instance is his portrait of John Adams, whose bodily tenement, at the time, seemed rather to present the image of a dilapidated castle, than the habitation of the unbroken mind; but not such is the picture. Called forth from its crumbling recesses, the living tenant is there, still ennobling the ruin, and upholding it, as it were, by the strength of his inner life." It is said that incipient insanity was foreshadowed in one of his portraits; and it is certain that, to the eye of love and knowledge, he often revealed the most latent individuality.

Stuart's genius was eminently practical. There are two very distinct processes by which superior abilities manifest themselves—that of intelligence, and that of impulse. As great military achievements are realized equally through self-possession and daring, skill and bravery, foresight and enthusiasm, the calmness of a Washington and the impetuosity of a Murat, literary and artistic results owe their efficiency to a like diversity of means. The basis of Allston's power was a love of beauty—that of Stuart's, acuteness; the one possessed delicate, the other strong perception; one was inspired by ideality, and the other by sense. Hence Stuart has been justly called a philosopher in his art. He seized upon the essential, and scorned the adventitious. He was impressed with the conviction that as a portrait painter it was his business to deal frankly with nature, and not suffer her temporary relations to interfere with his aim. Hence his well-known pertinacity in seeking absolute expression, and giving bold general effects—authentic hints rather than exquisitely-wrought details. Hence, too, his amusing impatience at everything factitious and irrelevant. A young physician, now a venerable man, whom he desired to paint in remuneration for professional services, told me that he made a studied toilet, and with a deep sense of the importance of the occasion, appeared punctually at the hour designated. Stuart was prepared to receive him—canvas, throne and palette all arranged. To his visitor's surprise, however, after surveying him a moment, he deliberately seated himself and commenced a series of those interesting narrations for which he was celebrated. Time flew by, and the annoyed Esculapius heard the hour chimed when he should be with his expectant patients. At length he ventured upon the dangerous experiment of interrupting the irascible but fluent artist. "Mr. Stuart, this is very entertaining, but you must be aware that my time is precious. I feel very uncomfortable." "I am very glad of it,"

replied Stuart; "I have felt so ever since you entered my studio." "Why?" "Because you look so like a fool. Disarrange that fixed-up costume, and I will go to work." His sitter, feeling the justice of the rebuke, pulled off his stiff cravat, passed his hand through his hair, and threw himself laughing into an easy attitude. "There," said the painter, catching up his brush with alacrity, and quite restored to good-nature by the metamorphosis, "now you look like yourself." This anecdote illustrates a great principle upon which Stuart habitually acted, and to which is attributable much of his success. He sought expression in the intervals of self-consciousness, and considered no small part of the art of portraiture to consist in making the subject forget himself. He ventured even to irritate Washington by intentional unpunctuality, in order to enliven his serene countenance by a glow of displeasure, which he seized with avidity. To this end he cultivated his powers of observation and memory, and studied human nature with as much zeal as art. He sought a command of the original elements of expression, and endeavored by exciting idiosyncrasies to bring out the character, until eye, lip, and air most eloquently betrayed the predominant spirit of the man; and this, when transferred to the canvas, alone realized his idea of a portrait.

A Scotch gentleman—one of those quaint disciples of Boerhaave, who were among the original settlers—undertook to practice the healing art among the Quaker colonists of Rhode Island, but neither his manners, dress, nor turn of mind assimilated with their severe philosophy; and in considering the most available expedient within his power to insure a support, it occurred to him that the large quantity of snuff annually imported from Glasgow was a guarantee that the article might be profitably manufactured here. Accordingly, a sequestered rivulet, at which the Pequod warriors had often drank before they were dispossessed of Narragansett, was chosen as the site of the experiment. It appears that there was not sufficient mechanical skill in the colony to erect the mill, and the doctor sent home for one of his thrifty countrymen experienced in the business. The new emigrant was the father of Gilbert Stuart, and hence the habit thus early acquired of taking snuff, which copiously sprinkled his linen, and, as in the case of Sir Joshua Reynolds, was ever resorted to in the intervals of story-telling, at the conclusion of a witty rejoinder, or as he leaned back from his easel to observe the effect of an hour's limning.

There was in Stuart's character something of the dogmatic spirit which belonged to Dr. Johnson. Indeed, it would not be difficult to establish a striking parallel between the two. Decided talent, fertility in conversation, inveterate prejudice, a rough exterior, and a marked individuality, distinguished alike the artist and the author, and it is curious to note how spontaneously they fell into an antagonistic position when chance brought them together. Stuart, while a student in London, was accidentally introduced to Johnson, who, coolly expressing his surprise that an American should be so apt in his vernacular, asked the youth where he learned such good English. "Not in your dictionary, sir," was the indignant reply.

Easily won by agreeable companionship, which formed his principal delight, and of a really kind disposition at heart, his self-esteem instantly resented the slightest wound. His pride of opinion and a sense of the dignity of his vocation, or rather of the genius of which, in his best days, it was the exponent, caused him to resent summarily anything that might be construed into a personal affront. A family of distinction having ordered a portrait of one of its leading members, and capriciously delayed the promised remuneration, he had the picture fitted as a door to his pig-sty; and when Cooke, the tragedian, fell asleep in his studio, he substituted an ass's ears for those of the great actor in the likeness. The main obstacles against which Stuart had to contend throughout his career were his own perversity and imprudence. In every exigency in his affairs, the best-devised plans which friendship or benevolence undertook in his behalf, were contravened by the artist's wilfulness, and thus many sincerely interested in his welfare were alienated. While abroad, in early life, and especially during a jovial sojourn in Ireland, he acquired convivial habits which sometimes interfered essentially with his professional success. If his vigorous intellect had been sustained by methodical industry, there would have been more equality in his efforts and less vicissitude in his fortunes. But the social man and the devotee of art were at frequent war, although perhaps there never was an instance where the one was so happily made subsidiary to the other. His talk "drew the soul to the surface." He was a proficient in knowledge of character; and whether statesman or mariner, soldier or agriculturist occupied the chair, he discussed political affairs, dangers by flood and field, or the state of crops, with such zest and so many attractive illustrations from his store of anecdote, that each auditor in turn became perfectly at home, and exhibited his most characteristic appearance. Alternately residing in the principal cities of America, after a visit to Great Britain, he enjoyed familiar intercourse with the leading minds of the day, on both sides of the water. Obliged at one time to become an organist in London for bare subsistence, at another commanding prices second only to Reynolds and Gainsborough, and overwhelmed with profitable commissions; nobles sought him out in the debtors' prison at Dublin; with a strong physical organization, and that sharp, practical insight which distinguishes the Scotch character, a lingerer at the banquet and a keen student of art—his life abounds in the most skilful achievements and the most eccentric irregularities. The personal anecdotes of Stuart are piquant and original; Dunlap has recorded not a few; many of them are familiar and traditional, and received a memorable emphasis when related by himself.

In portrait-painting Stuart illustrated the most valuable principles, and in endeavoring to seize upon these, it must be remembered that he painted indifferent works enough to have ruined the credit of any artist whose ability had been less unequivocally manifested. His main idea was to interpret for himself, and represent according to his own free perception. "I wish," he said, "to find out what Nature is for myself, and see her

with my own eyes. Nature may be seen through different mediums; Rembrandt saw with a different eye from Raphael, and yet they are both excellent—but for dissimilar qualities." Upon this judicious and liberal view Stuart habitually worked. His best portraits are, therefore, glimpses of character. Even those heads which time has robbed of all intensity of expression, he seems to have restored without any sacrifice of truth—as in the case of the elder Adams. It was this feeling for the original—this loyalty to individual conviction as the source of excellence—that led him to prefer the unschooled criticism which his works received at home, where, he said, "they were compared with nature, of which they were direct imitations, instead of being estimated, as abroad, by their approach to Titian and Vandyke."

Quick of apprehension, discriminating and rhetorical, Stuart, when he chose to exert the valuable quality, could exercise rare tact, both in the labors of his art and the pleasures of society. He had great command of satire, and where he could not win by entertaining, found no difficulty in exciting a fear of ridicule which checked the machinations of enmity. This accounts for the different impression he created, according as the individual was fascinated or frightened. He possessed the hardihood rather than the susceptibility of genius, and effected his triumphs by the force of a comprehensive mind, which takes in all the relations of a subject, and attains a complete, instead of a fragmentary, result. Allston said of him, that he could thoroughly distinguish the accidental from the permanent—no insignificant merit in portrait-painting. It is acknowledged that his likeness of Washington is the only just representation of a countenance wherein the tranquillity of self-approval blends with wisdom and truth, so as to form a moral ideal in portraiture, as the character was in life. It is lamentable that such inadequate copies of this head have gone abroad, owing, in some instances, to the inability of engravers, and in others to the use of spurious originals. It was the last of his portraits of Washington with which Stuart expressed absolute satisfaction. He promised to present it to the family when finished; and, with a humorous shrewdness in accordance with his character, left the head alone upon the broad canvas, in order to retain what he justly deemed his most invaluable trophy.

"Gilbert Stuart's* most cherished anticipation, when he left England for America, was that of executing a portrait of Washington,—cherishing, as he did, the greatest personal admiration of his character. His own nature was more remarkable for strength than refinement; he was eminently fitted to appreciate practical talents and moral energy; the brave truths of Nature, rather than her more delicate effects, were grasped and reproduced by his skill; he might not have done justice to the ideal contour of Shelley, or the gentle features of Mary of Scotland, but could have perfectly reflected the dormant thunder of Mirabeau's countenance, and the argumentative abstraction that knit the brows of Samuel Johnson. He was a votary of

* From the Author's Character and Portraits of Washington.

truth in her boldest manifestations, and a delineator of character in its normal and sustained elements. The robust, the venerable, the moral picturesque, the mentally characteristic, he seized by intuition; those lines of physiognomy which channelled by will the map of inward life, which years of consistent thought and action trace upon the countenance; the hue that, to an observant eye, indicates almost the daily vocation, the air suggestive of authority or obedience, firmness or vacillation; the glance of the eye, which is the measure of natural intelligence and the temper of the soul, the expression of the mouth that infallibly betrays the disposition, the tint of hair and mould of features, not only attesting the period of life but revealing what that life has been, whether toilsome or inert, self-indulgent or adventurous, careworn or pleasurable—these, and such as these records of humanity, Stuart transferred, in vivid colors and most trustworthy outlines, to the canvas. Instinctive, therefore, was his zeal to delineate Washington; a man, who, of all the sons of fame, most clearly and emphatically wrote his character in deeds upon the world's heart; whose traits required no imagination to give them effect, and no metaphysical insight to unravel their perplexity, but were brought out by the exigencies of the time in distinct relief, as bold, fresh, and true as the verdure of spring and the lights of the firmament, equally recognized by the humblest peasant and the most gifted philosopher.

"To trace the history of each of Stuart's portraits of Washington would prove of curious interest. One of his letters to a relative, dated the second of November, 1794, enables us to fix the period of the earliest experiment. 'The object of my journey,' he says, 'is only to secure a portrait of the President, and finish yours.' One of the succeeding pictures was bought from the artist's studio by Mr. Tayloe, of Washington, and is, at present, owned by his son, B. Ogle Tayloe, Esq.; another was long in the possession of Madison, and is now in that of Gov. E. Coles, of Philadelphia. The full-length, in the Presidential mansion, at the seat of Government, was saved through the foresight and care of the late Mrs. Madison, when the city was taken by the British in the last war. Stuart, however, always denied that the copy was by him. Another portrait of undoubted authenticity was offered to and declined by Congress, a few years ago, and is owned by a Boston gentleman; it once graced the hospitable dwelling of Samuel Williams, the London banker. For a long period artistic productions on this side of the water were subjects of ridicule. Tudor not inaptly called the New England country meeting-houses "wooden lanterns;" almost every town boasted an architectural monstrosity, popularly known as somebody's "folly;" the rows of legs in Trumbull's picture of the Signing of the Declaration, obtained for it the sarcastic name, generally ascribed to John Randolph, of "the shin-piece;" and Stuart's full-length, originally painted for Lord Lansdowne, with one arm resting on his sword hilt, and the other extended, was distinguished among artists by the title of the "tea-pot portrait," from the resemblance of the outline to the handle and spout of that domestic utensil. The feature, usually exaggerated in poor copies, and the

least agreeable in the original, is the mouth, resulting from the want of support of those muscles consequent on the loss of teeth, a defect which Stuart vainly attempted to remedy by inserting cotton between the jaw and the lips; and Wilson Peale more permanently, but not less ineffectually, sought to relieve by a set of artificial teeth.

We have seen in western New York, a cabinet head of Washington which bears strong evidence of Stuart's pencil, and is traced directly by its present owner to his hand, which was purchased of the artist and presented to Mr. Gilbert, a member of Congress from Columbia county, New York, a gentleman who held the original in such veneration that he requested, on his death-bed, to have the picture exhibited to his fading gaze, as it was the last object he desired to behold on earth. The remarks of the great artist indicate what a study he made of his illustrious sitter: "There were," he said, "features in his face totally different from what he had observed in any other human being; the sockets of the eyes, for instance, were larger than what I ever met with before, and the upper part of the nose broader. All his features were indicative of the strongest passions; yet, like Socrates, his judgment and great self-command made him appear a man of a different cast in the eyes of the world." The color of his eyes was a light greyish blue, but according to Mr. Custis, Stuart painted them of a deeper blue, saying, "in a hundred years they will have faded to the right color."

While Congress was in session at Philadelphia, in 1794, Stuart went thither with a letter of introduction to Washington, from John Jay. He first met his illustrious subject on a reception evening, and was spontaneously accosted by him with a greeting of dignified urbanity. Familiar as was the painter with eminent men, he afterwards declared that no human being ever awakened in him the sentiment of reverence to such a degree. For a moment, he lost his self-possession—with him an experience quite unprecedented—and it was not until several interviews that he felt himself enough at home with his sitter to give the requisite concentration of mind to his work. This was owing not less to the personal impressiveness of Washington—which all who came in contact with him felt and acknowledged—than to the profound respect and deep interest which the long anticipations of the artist had fostered in his own mind. He failed, probably from this cause, in his first experiment. No portrait-painter has left such a reputation for the faculty of eliciting expression by his social tact, as Stuart. He would even defer his task upon any pretext until he succeeded in making the sitter, as he said, "look like himself." To induce a natural, unconscious, and characteristic mood, was his initiative step in the execution of a portrait. Innumerable are the anecdotes of his ingenuity and persistence in carrying out this habit. More or less conversant with every topic of general interest, and endowed with rare conversational ability and knowledge of character, he seldom failed to excite the ruling passion, magnetize the prominent idiosyncrasy, or awaken the professional interest of the occupant of his throne; yet he declared that

he "found more difficulty attending the attempt to express the character of Washington on his canvas than in any of his efforts before or since;" usually he made the sitter self-oblivious and demonstrative, when, with an alertness and precision like magic, the watchful limner transferred the vital identity of his preoccupied and fascinated subject, with almost breathing similitude; but in Washington he found a less flexible character upon which to scintillate his wit and open his anecdotical battery. Facility of adaptation seldom accompanies great individuality; and a man whose entire life has been oppressed with responsibility, and in whom the prevalent qualities are conscience and good sense, can scarcely be expected to possess humor and geniality in the same proportion as self-control and reflection. On the professional themes of agriculture and military science, Washington was always ready to converse, if not with enthusiasm, at least in an attentive and intelligent strain; but the artillery of repartee and the sallies of fancy made but a slight impression upon his grave and reserved nature. He was deficient in language—far more a man of action than of words—and had been obliged to think too much on vast interests, to "carry America in his brain," as one of his eulogists has aptly said, to readily unbend in colloquial diversion. By degrees, however, the desirable relation was established between himself and the artist, who, of several portraits, justly gave the preference to the Lansdowne picture and the unfinished one now possessed by the Boston Athenæum. The story of the portrait in Faneuil Hall, Boston, is curious; it is related at length by Dunlap; the Athenæum head will ever be the standard and resource of subsequent delineators. This work, supposed by many to have been his original "study," engaged his attention for months. The freshness of color, the studious modelling of the brow, the mingling of clear purpose and benevolence in the eye, and a thorough nobleness and dignity in the whole head, realize all the most intelligent admirer of the original has imagined—not, indeed, when thinking of him as the intrepid leader of armies, but in the last analysis and complete image of the hero in retirement, in all the consciousness of a sublime career, unimpeachable fidelity to a national trust, and the eternal gratitude of a free people. It is this masterpiece of Stuart that has not only perpetuated, but distributed over the globe the resemblance of Washington. It has been sometimes lamented that so popular a work does not represent him in the aspect of a successful warrior, or in the flush of youth; but there seems to be a singular harmony between this venerable image—so majestic, benignant, and serene—and the absolute character and peculiar example of Washington, separated from what was purely incidental and contingent in his life. Self-control, endurance, dauntless courage, loyalty to a just but sometimes desperate cause, hope through the most hopeless crisis, and a tone of feeling the most exalted, united to habits of candid simplicity, are better embodied in such a calm, magnanimous, mature image, full of dignity and sweetness, than if portrayed in battle array or melodramatic attitude. Let

such pictures as David's Napoleon—with prancing steed, flashing eye, and waving sword—represent the mere victor and military genius; but he who spurned a crown, knew no watchword but duty, no goal but freedom and justice, and no reward but the approval of conscience and the gratitude of a country, lives more appropriately, both to memory and in art, under the aspect of a finished life, crowned with the harvest of honor and peace, and serene in the consummation of disinterested purpose.

A letter of Stuart's which appeared in the New York *Evening Post*, in 1853,* attested by three gentlemen of Boston, with one from Washington making the appointment for a sitting, proves the error long current in regard both to the dates and the number of this artist's original portraits. He there distinctly states that he never executed but three from life, the first of which was so unsatisfactory that he destroyed it; the second was the picture for Lord Lansdowne; and the third, the one now belonging to the Boston Athenæum. Of these originals he made twenty-six copies. The finishing touches were put to the one in September, 1795, and to the other, at Philadelphia, in the spring of 1796. This last, it appears by a letter of Mr. Custis, which we have examined, was undertaken against the desire of Washington, and at the earnest solicitation of his wife, who wished a portrait from life of her illustrious husband, to be placed among

* EXTRACT *from article in Evening Post, N. Y., March 15th*, 1853:—

It may set this question at rest to state, that Stuart himself has given an account of all the portraits of Washington that he painted.

A gentleman of Philadelphia has in his possession the originals of the following documents. [*Edit. Post.*]—

SIR:—I am under promise to Mrs. Bingham, to sit for you to-morrow at nine o'clock, and wishing to know if it be convenient to you that I should do so, and whether it shall be at your own house (as she talked of the State-House), I send this note to you to ask information.—I am, Sir, your obedient servt.,

GEO. WASHINGTON.

Monday Evening, *11th April*, 1796.

This letter was indorsed in Washington's handwriting,—"Mr. Stuart, Chestnut Street." At the foot of the manuscript are the following certificates:—

In looking over my papers to find one that had the signature of George Washington, I found this, asking me when he should sit for his portrait, which is now owned by Samuel Williams, of London. I have thought it proper it should be his, especially as he owns the only original painting I ever made of Washington, except one I own myself. I painted a third, but rubbed it out. I now present this to his brother, Timo Williams, for said Samuel.

BOSTON, *9th day of March*, 1823. GT. STUART.

Attest—J. P. DAVIS.
W. DUTTON,
L. BALDWIN.

N. B.—Mr. Stuart painted in ye *winter season* his first portrait of Washington, but destroyed it. The next painting was ye one owned by S. Williams; the third Mr. S. now has—two only remain as above stated. T. W."

The picture alluded to in the above note of the late Timo Williams, as being then in Mr. Stuart's possession, is the one now in the Boston Athenæum; and that which belonged to the late Samuel Williams, Esq., alluded to in Mr. Stuart's note above quoted, is yet extant, and owned by the son of an American gentleman (*John D. Lewis, Esq.*), who died in London some years since, where it still remains. Mr. Williams had paid for it at the sale of the personal effects of the Marquis of Lansdowne,—to whom it was originally presented by Mr. Bingham, of Philadelphia,—two thousand guineas.

It is this portrait, full length and life size, from which the bad engraving was made by Heath, so many copies of which are still to be seen in this country.

the other family pictures at Mount Vernon. For this express purpose, and to gratify her, the artist commenced the work, and Washington agreed to sit once more. It was left, intentionally, unfinished, and when subsequently claimed by Mr. Custis, who offered a premium upon the original price, Stuart excused himself, much to the former's dissatisfaction, on the plea that it was a requisite legacy for his children. Simultaneously with the Lansdowne portrait, the artist executed for William Constable that now in the possession of his grandson, Henry E. Pierrepont, Esq., of Brooklyn, L. I. Motives of personal friendship induced the artist to exert his best skill in this instance; it is a fac-simile of its prototype, and the expression has been thought even more noble and of higher significance, more in accordance with the traditional character of the subject, than the Athenæum picture. It has the eyes looking off, and not at, the spectator, as in the latter. Mr. Constable, the original proprietor, was aide to General Washington; and when Lafayette visited this country in 1824, upon entering the drawing-room at Brooklyn Heights, where the picture hangs, he exclaimed, 'That is my old friend, indeed!' Colonel Nicholas Fish and General Van Rensselaer joined in attesting the superior correctness of the likeness."*

Various copies of his Washington by his own hand are claimed as authentic by their owners. One belongs to Joseph Harrison, of Philadelphia, and was purchased of Wm. Vaughan, of London; another belongs to W. D. Lewis, of the same city; another to the Academy of Fine Arts there; one is in the State House at Newport, R. I.; and one was purchased at the Wolfe sale in New York, by J. W. Southmeyd, for $590.

The usual objection to Stuart's Washington is a certain feebleness about the lines of the mouth, which does not correspond with the distinct outline of the frontal region, the benign yet resolved eye, and the harmonious dignity of the entire head; but this defect was an inevitable result of the loss of teeth, and their imperfect substitution by a false set. In view of the state of the arts in this country at the period, and the age of Washington, we cannot but congratulate ourselves that we have so pleasing and satisfactory a portrait, and exclaim, with Leslie, "How fortunate it was that a painter existed in the time of Washington, who could hand him down looking like a gentleman!"

* From the author's Character and Portraits of Washington.

MALBONE.

THERE is an elevated slope on the Rhode Island coast near the outlet of Narragansett Bay, the highest point of which was the abode of Miantonomi, where his son long ruled as sachem of his tribe; along the adjacent declivity is the farm and homestead of a late well-known hospitable New York lawyer; the house is built of brown-stone, and that of its lower walls was brought, long before the Revolution, from Bristol, England, as material for the fine dwelling (long ago destroyed by fire) of Godfrey Malbone, who was renowned in his day for elegant hospitality, privateering, and large wealth. A few old box and cedar trees, a fish pond, a subterranean passage to the water, and some other traces of his residence still remain; and many current anecdotes attest his generous, enterprising, and reckless spirit. After the era of colonial prosperity the fortunes of the family declined, but its name was honorably perpetuated, and is still cherished, through the endeared memory of a descendant in the collateral branch, of remarkable artistic gifts and social graces. This was Edward G. Malbone, who was born in Newport, R. I., August, 1777. While a boy, he haunted the theatre of his native town to watch the process of scene-painting; and, at length, tried his hand therein, achieving what was deemed by the town's-people a juvenile miracle of scenic art. He delighted in blowing soap-bubbles, in order to behold their prismatic hues in the sunlight; dissected toys to learn the secret of their mechanism; made kites and fireworks, and collected, on the beach, what he called "paint-stones." He would not join in the common sports of his schoolfellows; he was very abstracted for a child, and indulged in vivid presentiments of future success: refined, engaging, and ingenious, he was the delight of his family, and, at the age of sixteen, gave adequate proof of his vocation for art, by executing a portrait of rare merit, for a novice. The English consul at Providence, R. I., encouraged the young aspirant to devote his leisure to drawing heads in miniature, and, when but seventeen, we find him at work professionally in that town; and in the spring of 1796, fairly established as a miniature painter in Boston. In the year 1800, he accompanied his friend Allston to Charleston, S. C.; and the next year they embarked for Europe. He remained but a few months in London,

although urged by West to fix his temporary abode there, with every prospect of ample employment.

Upon returning to the United States, Malbone travelled and sojourned in the principal cities for several years, successfully devoted to his art. His miniatures are among the few pleasing and precious artistic associations with the past, which exist in the country. I have seen an ancient lady, in an old-fashioned mansion, surrounded by furniture of an obsolete style, her costume of the fashion which prevailed in a former generation, take from an antique casket a miniature of her husband, "a gentleman of the old school," by Malbone, and with a proud pathos, descant upon its truthful lineaments undimmed by time.

A signal evidence of Malbone's tact and skill was afforded by a foreign artist recognising in the miniature of a beautiful girl of seventeen, the features of an old lady to whom he had been introduced a few days before: the vital and characteristic expression of the original was thus preserved intact, so as to appeal, at once, even to a stranger's eye. In the "House of the Seven Gables," Hawthorne, with intuitive sagacity, makes Hepzibah contemplate her unfortunate brother's miniature by Malbone. He had "an acute discernment of character," and, what is remarkable, considering his limited instruction, knew how to draw with absolute correctness; his best miniatures are preferred by many artists to Isabey's. Endowed by nature with the most graceful talents and manners, to appreciate his development we must recur to his early associations, to the auspicious local, domestic, and social relations of his life—to the studious habits, and love of beauty for its own sake, which inspired his career, and to the advantages of his birth-place and early home.

Of late years few places of summer resort in this country, have proved more attractive than Newport, R. I. (the social advantages of which now-frequented resort, during the colonial era, we have noted in the succeeding memoir), and its natural scenery and climate amply justify the preference which fashion has accorded. English visitors find something in the air like that of the Isle of Wight; and its saline humidity, besides refreshing the languid frame in the sultry months, proves singularly efficacious to a large class of invalids, and has so favorable an influence upon the complexion that the place has been long celebrated for the beauty of its women. The sportsman and lover of the picturesque find there more than ordinary gratification. The latter cannot fail to remember with pleasure the scene presented on fine summer evenings at those favorite spots, named "Purgatory," "Paradise," and especially the "Glen." The deep valley so called is as sweet a bit of inland scenery, in its way, as the country affords. In the afternoon, when the lateral sunshine plays through the surrounding foliage, the old mill and clear stream form an admirable study for the landscape painter. A foreign artist, who allowed us a short time since to inspect the contents of his portfolio, confirmed these impressions by the number of beautiful sketches of cliffs, inlets, and ledges of rock which he had gleaned in the vicinity, as material for com-

position. Nor is Newport destitute of interesting associations. Berkeley sojourned there a century ago; and it was there that George Fox challenged Roger Williams to meet him, and discuss their respective tenets. The ancient tower, about which so much speculative wisdom has been exercised, now lives in the polished numbers of Longfellow, having suggested the theme of one of his best poems. A synagogue and cemetery, that are kept in perfect order, according to the testamentary provision of a wealthy Israelite, though utterly abandoned, are striking memorials of the now extinct band of Jews who once lived and worshipped there; while a granite shaft rising from amid the funereal tablets of many generations in the old burying-ground, indicates to the stranger where the remains of the gallant Perry repose.

It is easy to imagine how desirable a residence the town must have been to a man of contemplative habits, before the capricious tide of fashion disturbed its wonted quietude. Like many places on our eastern border, it became prosperous at the time commerce with the West Indies was at its height, and with the decay of that profitable branch of traffic its activity decreased, and a sort of sleepy-hollow tranquillity settled upon the inhabitants. Perhaps the great charm of Newport is its famous beach. To watch the waves when lashed into fury by the storm, or as they come only to break into gay sparkles upon the warm sands, is a pastime of which no lover of the beautiful can weary. The briny coolness of the air, and the deep monotone of the lapsing waters, have in them something impressive to the most thoughtless. Dr. Channing, in his beautiful address at the dedication of a church in Newport, attributes the most salutary impressions of his early life to meditations on this very spot The best hours of his youth were those passed in the solitude of the Redwood Library, where sometimes for whole days his reading was uninterrupted by a single visitor; and the musings in which he indulged in his lonely walks along the strand. At the distance of many years he thus vividly recalls his communion with the mysteries of nature. The sympathies of the everlasting sea, as they rose upon his youthful ear, dwelt like a perpetual anthem in his soul, and essentially sustained its consistent elevation. Another child of genius haunted this shore, whose fame was recalled a few summers since, by the circumstance of one of its trophies being offered for sale. Few works of art of the kind have enjoyed so wide a reputation as Malbone's "Hours," and hundreds availed themselves of the opportunity to behold it, when it was announced in Newport that the gem would be raffled for. We are happy to record the fact that the successful competitor proved to be one of the artist's family, to whom it is endeared by the most tender remembrances, and whom necessity alone compelled to part with it. Thus they realized a handsome sum, and still retained the precious legacy. This lovely work was executed by Malbone during his studious visit to London. It presents the Hours in the shape of three beautiful females in the act of moving in a circle, the one in front being the Present, and her companions, the Past and Future. The grace of the design it is

not easy to describe. The sweet expression of the faces and the delicacy of the coloring are inimitable. A more charming emblem of Time we have never seen, excepting Guido's celebrated picture. Instead of a grim old man with a scythe, we have three fair girls. They are emphatically the "rosy hours," such as poetry chronicles and love inspires, redolent of hope and overflowing with promise. It was impossible to dwell upon the work, and trace the eloquent traits of a sensitive and gifted mind, without reverting to the brief yet memorable life of him who haunted the adjacent beach while a child, in search of colored pebbles, with which to paint; and designed little pictures to hang round the necks of the prettiest girls in school. In later years, Malbone made frequent excursions in the neighborhood with his friend Allston, who has left the warmest testimony to his generosity and intelligence. His predilection for art was at first discouraged at home, and there was certainly but little around him to suggest any method of imitating the visible beauty so familiar to his childhood. He received, as we have seen, the hint at last from the scenic effects of a theatre. These excited his boyish curiosity, and when the process was discovered, he found no difficulty in crudely trying an experiment for himself. The result was, that the intervals of his school occupations were devoted to scene-painting, to the great advantage of the manager, the wonder of his relatives, and his own perfect delight. This was a singular introduction to the department of art in which he was chiefly gifted. The broadest effects obtained by the coarsest expedients, would seem but an inadequate initiation to the delicate touches of miniature; and practice in wielding the whitewash brush, one would suppose, might unfit the hand for a camel's-hair pencil. Malbone appears, however, to have passed from one to the other with wonderful facility; for while yet a youth, finding no scope in his native town, he went to Providence, and, in a brief period, took his family by surprise in achieving quite a local reputation as a miniature-painter. Of his ultimate success in the art he had never felt the slightest distrust, confidently predicting to his jeering companions, from the first, his own future eminence. From this period it was pursued with consistent ardor and steadily progressive success. Malbone possessed a beautiful equanimity of soul, and manners of rare amenity. In the cultivated society of Charleston he found immediate recognition and sympathy, and in all the principal cities of his native land, are scattered the cherished tokens of his genial labors, associated with the most pleasing memories of his gentle and wise companionship. In the families of Bingham and Peters, of Philadelphia; of the Derbys, of Salem, Mass.; of Erving and Amory, of Boston, and, indeed, among the older families of all the Atlantic and Southern cities, are found precious exemplars of his skill and taste.

In the department of art he selected, excellence is comparatively rare, and mediocrity insufferable. Malbone has best illustrated it in this country, and the most judicious critics abroad and at home, unite in awarding the palm to his mature labors. His social tendencies never interfered with the assiduous exercise of his vocation, nor did success for a moment blind

him to the claims of affection or the behests of duty. He was a discriminating cultivator of music and poetry. Sedentary life early deranged the springs of a naturally elastic constitution, and when he at length yielded his fascinating pursuit, and returned to the scenes of his boyhood, to idle away the summer in recruiting his exhausted strength, it proved too late. A southern climate was recommended, and he embarked for Jamaica. As all hope of recovery vanished, the desire to realize the eastern benediction and die among his kindred grew strong, and he rallied his feeble energies for a homeward voyage, but died in May, 1807, at the age of thirty-two, after reaching Savannah, two days after his passage had been taken for the north.

There is no more common error than to estimate literature and art by the tangible space they fill. The point to which genuine taste is legitimately directed is quality. The world has had quite sufficient of merely voluminous authors and artists whose chief merit is their elaborate designs. A few masterly lyrics, the offspring of a felicitous and perhaps never-recurring mood, float upon the daily tide of life, while hundreds of ponderous epics are moored in stagnant obscurity. There are brief yet significant melodies that haunt the memory after every trace of long scientific compositions has vanished. A scimetar may do as much execution as a battle-axe. Some poet has said that "gentleness is power;" the same is true of refinement in art. It is the peculiar charm of miniatures that they are usually sacred to affection, treasured in the casket, and not exposed on the wall. If as trophies of art they are less widely known, they are more deeply cherished. When wrought with great delicacy and truth, they are invaluable, and may be as characteristic as more ostentatious productions. What a perfect lyric is in poetry, the miniature is in painting. The unity of the design and the complete and exquisite finish of the execution, make it as truly the offspring of genius. It is art concentrated and etherealized; and when hallowed by the associations of love, the witness of secret tears, the talisman that opens the floodgates of memory, or kindles the torch of hope—a miniature is often the one priceless gem among the jewels of fortune. "He had the happy talent," writes Allston of Malbone, "of elevating the character without impairing the likeness; this was remarkable in his male heads; no woman ever lost any beauty from his hand; the fair would become still fairer under his pencil. To this he added a grace of execution all his own. He was amiable and generous, and wholly free from any taint of professional jealousy."

VANDERLYN.

KINGSTON, the capital of Ulster county, N. Y., is in date of settlement by the Dutch, but a few years later than Albany; and in a dwelling of the town still designated to strangers, the first Constitution of the State of New York was framed and adopted. Although destroyed by the British in 1777, the local situation of Kingston has secured it more than average prosperity; on the right bank of the Hudson, ninety miles from the metropolis and fifty from the capital, its vicinity to the terminus of the Delaware and Hudson canal, its intersection of Esopus creek, and the plank-road which connects it with Rondout, have drawn thither the most extensive commerce on the river; its trade with Delaware county is thriving, and it has a flourishing manufactory of flagstones. Here John Vanderlyn was born in 1776, and here, impoverished, worn-out, and ill, he returned to die in the autumn of 1852. The intervening years were fraught with the greatest vicissitudes, crowned with success, and overshadowed by disappointment—full of adventure, rich in social experience, active with artistic enterprise—embittered by controversy, and conflict with fortune; through, and often above which experiences, the man and the artist, in all their individuality, rise intact.

The apparently accidental circumstances, which, if they do not determine, essentially modify individual destiny, are singularly manifest in American artist life. An incident often related with graphic emphasis, in the familiar talk of a famous political adventurer and a successful artist, seems to have been the turning-point in Vanderlyn's life. A country boy in Ulster county, he engaged to work for six months for a blacksmith near Kingston; one morning Aaron Burr's horse cast a shoe, and he stopped at the forge to have it replaced; walking about in the vicinity, he was struck with the spirit and truth of a charcoal sketch on a barn door; turning to young Vanderlyn who stood by, he inquired who was the draughtsman; "I did it," was the reply; whereupon Colonel Burr questioned him at some length, and, recognising his ability for a higher sphere of activity than the humble occupation he had adopted, gave him his town

address, and offered to advise and assist him if he should decide to study and practise art. "Put a clean shirt in your pocket, come to New York, and call upon me," said Burr. Some weeks later, while sitting at breakfast at his residence called "Richmond Hill," a brown paper parcel was handed him with a message that the bearer was at the door. It contained a coarse shirt and the address in the Colonel's handwriting; he called the boy in; invited him to remain in his family; little imagining that Vanderlyn would prove so renowned a *protégé*, and in his days of fame and comparative fortune befriend his New York patron at the capital of France, when an indigent and avoided exile from his own country. Many and curious were the details of the relation thus commenced which the artist used to relate; and the anecdote itself is one of the few redeeming facts of Burr's exceptional career.

It was at the age of sixteen that Vanderlyn went to New York, where his brother, a physician of that city, introduced him to an Englishman who dealt largely in prints and engravings, familiarity wherewith stimulated his latent love for art—to which pursuit he soon resolved to devote himself. He studied with Stuart and with Robertson; he copied the former's portrait of Aaron Burr, and for him he painted his beautiful, accomplished, and unfortunate daughter, Theodosia; and, through his aid, visited Paris, and remained five years. In 1803 he revisited Europe, and made several fine copies of the old masters, besides executing originals, such as "The Murder of Jane McCrea by the Indians," and the other historical pictures which established his fame. At Paris he was the companion of Allston; in Rome he occupied Salvator Rosa's house. His portraits of Madison, Monroe, Randolph, Clinton, Calhoun, and other eminent Americans, are authentic, and often the best likenesses extant; his latest work of the kind was a portrait of President Taylor. Offended by the government patronage extended to Trumbull, the object of vulgar attack, and deprived, as he thought, unjustly, of opportunities for national commissions, Vanderlyn suffered long and acutely from baffled projects and financial embarrassments incident to his panoramic enterprises in New York. The evening of his life was sad.

The results of all professional toil should be judged according as they spring from necessity or will. It is one thing to write or paint, in order to meet a passing exigency, and quite another spontaneously to give "a local habitation and a name" to thought and feeling, that crave utterance for their own sake. Hence in all worthy criticism, it is absolutely necessary to discriminate between these two species of labor. In literature, the demands of occasion, however cleverly supplied, afford no scope to the man of genius. Compare a review of Sydney Smith's with his sermons, a lyric of Campbell's with one of his biographies, or a letter of Walpole's with his romance. In the fine arts also, there are certain expedients to which the needs of the moment compel a resort; and they inspire so little interest, that the artist seldom does himself any justice in the premises. It is on this account that almost every gifted devotee of liberal pursuits, deliberately selects certain themes to unfold in the spirit of individuality and love, and

consecrates his better moments to a few enterprises which enlist his best powers, and afford permanent trophies of renown. Thus Dante conceived his immortal epic; and Collins his classic ode.

A course like this is indispensable for the American artist. The call for masterpieces in the more elevated branches of painting and sculpture, is altogether too casual to afford the means of subsistence, even to the most patient industry. Recourse must be had to designing and portraiture, and only the intervals of such labor given to more exalted aims. If this be done with zeal and intelligence, enough may be accomplished to secure a heritage of fame, and yield the blissful consciousness of true success. Creations thus wrought out, apart from the mechanical routine of professional life, the offspring of lofty ambition and lonely self-devotion, have the life and soul of their authors in them, redeem their misfortunes, and perpetuate their names.

Such are the Marius and Ariadne of Vanderlyn. It would be difficult to imagine two single figures more unlike in the impression they convey, or indicating greater versatility of genius. The one embodies the Roman character in its grandest phase, that of endurance; and suggests its noblest association, that of patriotism. It is a type of manhood in its serious, resisting energy and indomitable courage, triumphant over thwarted ambition,—a stern, heroic figure, self-sustained and calm, seated in meditation amid prostrate columns which symbolize his fallen fortunes, and an outward solitude which reflects the desolation of his exile; the other an ideal of female beauty reposing upon the luxury of its own sensations, lost in a radiant sleep, and yielding with child-like self-abandonment to dreams of love:

> How like a vision of pure love she seems!
> Her cheek just flushed with innocent repose,
> That folds her thoughts up in delicious dreams,
> Like dew-drops in the chalice of a rose;
> Pillowed upon her arm and raven hair,
> How archly rests that bright and peaceful brow;
> Its rounded pearl defiance bids to care,
> While kisses on the lips seem melting now:
> Prone in unconscious loveliness she lies,
> And leaves around her delicately sway;
> Veiled is the splendor of her beaming eyes,
> But o'er the limbs bewitching graces play;
> Ere into Eden's groves the serpent crept,
> Thus Eve within her leafy arbor slept!

"I think," writes a reminiscent critic, "that the first picture I saw in New York was Vanderlyn's Ariadne, and it must have been in 1822 or 1823 I went to the Rotunda in the Park to see his panorama, then on exhibition, and on coming out saw this picture in a small side room." When these two works were originally exhibited in Boston, they were offered to the Athenæum for five hundred dollars each, and declined; Durand afterwards purchased the Ariadne to engrave, for six hundred dollars; and, after having it in his possession twenty years, sold it to Mr. Joseph Harrison, of Philadelphia, for five thousand dollars; it is still a prominent ornament of that gentle-

man's fine collection; while the Marius is now in San Francisco, in the possession of Bishop Kip. Of this work Vanderlyn thus writes:

"The picture was painted in Rome, during the second year of my stay there,—1807. Rome was well adapted for the painting of such a subject, abounding in classical ruins, of which I endeavored to avail myself, and I think it also furnishes better models and specimens of the human form and character than our own country, or even France or England. And it is much more free from the fashion and frivolities of life than most other places. The reception Marius met in Rome, when exhibited, from the artists there from various parts of Europe, was full as flattering to me as the award of the Napoleon gold medal which it received the next year in Paris. It gave me reputation there, and from an impartial source, mostly strangers to me. I had the pleasure of having Washington Allston for a neighbor in Rome,—an excellent friend and companion, whose encouraging counsels I found useful to me, as in all my embarrassments he readily sympathized with me. We were the only American students of art in Rome at that time, and regretted not to have had a few more, as was the case with those from most other countries. In a stroll on the Campagna, between Rome, Albano, and Frascati, in the month of May, in company with a couple of other students, one a Russian, we came upon the old ruins of Roma Vecchia, where a fox was started from its hiding-place; and this was the cause of my introducing one in the distance of my picture,—too trifling a fact, perhaps, to mention."

Bishop Kip has recently given to the public some interesting personal reminiscences of Vanderlyn.* Of the picture of Marius he says:

"The work is intended to represent Marius, when, after his defeat by Sylla, and the desertion of his friends, he had taken refuge in Africa. He had just landed, when an officer came and thus addressed him: 'Marius, I come from the Prætor Sextilius, to tell you that he forbids you to set foot in Africa. If you obey not, he will support the Senate's decree, and treat you as the public enemy.' Marius, struck dumb with indignation on hearing this, uttered not a word for some time, but regarded the officer with a menacing aspect. At length, being asked what answer should be carried to the governor, 'Go and tell him,' said he, 'that thou hast seen Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage.' Thus, in the happiest manner, he held up the fate of that city and his own as a warning to the Prætor.

"He sits, after having delivered this answer, with his toga just falling off his shoulders, and leaning on his short Roman sword. His helmet is at his feet; the ruins of Rome's old rival are around him; and at a distance, through the arches of the aqueduct, are seen the blue waters of the Mediterranean. Under his left hand is the opening of one of those mighty sewers which now form the only remains of ancient Carthage, and at his right elbow is an overthrown Phœnician altar, on which we can trace the sculptured ram's head and garlands. In the distance is a temple, with one

* In the Atlantic Monthly for February, 1867.

of its pillars fallen, while a fox is seen among the ruins in front of its portico.

"The figure of Marius was copied by Vanderlyn, in Rome, from one of the Pope's guards, remarkable for his Herculean proportions, and the head was taken from a bust of Marius, bearing his name, which had been dug up in Italy. Any one familiar with the ruins in the south of Europe will at once recognize the composition of the different parts of the picture. The temple in the background is similar to the Parthenon at Athens; the massive remains which tower over the head of Marius are like those of the villa of Hadrian, near Rome; while the ruined aqueduct in the distance is copied from the Claudian aqueduct, which, with its broken arches, sweeps over the desolate Campagna, from the city to the distant Alban Hills."

Napoleon himself is said to have been exceedingly struck with the grandeur of its design. He was anxious indeed to become the purchaser of the picture, and to have it placed permanently in the Louvre; but Vanderlyn declined, as he wished to carry it to his own country. It is stated that the Emperor passed through the gallery, accompanied by the Baron Denon and his artistic staff, and inspected all the pictures. Then he walked quickly back to the "Marius," and bringing down his forefinger, as he pointed to it, said, in his usual rapid way, "Give the medal to that!"

Twice the poor and proud artist was forced to pawn this trophy of his early success.

"My father," says the same writer, "accidentally discovered that the Napoleon gold medal was pawned in New York for thirty dollars, and redeemed it. After keeping it some time, he returned it to Vanderlyn." The Napoleon medals, executed under the direction of the Baron Denon, were celebrated in Europe. This one was the medal always used by the Emperor for rewarding civil services. On one side was a splendid head of Napoleon, and on the other a wreath of laurel, within which was the vacant space for engraving the name of the recipient, and the reason of the award. Vanderlyn's medal had engraved on it,—

EXPOSITION
AU SALON
DE 1808.
—o—
JOHN
VANDERLYN
PEINTRE.

Subsequently, when Bishop Kip was in Europe, he suspected Vanderlyn had again parted with the medal, and seeking him at the Louvre, a long dialogue ensued, during which the artist, who was morbidly irate from temperament and repeated disappointments, attempted to evade a direct reply to his friendly inquirer, but at length he said:

"The truth is, sir, that, being in want of funds, I was obliged to place it

in the hands of a friend. I shall keep the medal as long as I live, and then I don't care what becomes of it."

Again the son took the medal out of pawn in Paris as his father had in New York.

"A few months afterwards," he writes, "Crawford, the sculptor, sent to me, in the name of a number of artists, to inquire whether they could redeem the medal, which they wished to present as a compliment to Vanderlyn. I declined, for it was the second time it had been in the possession of my family, and, if returned to Vanderlyn, it would probably soon again pass out of his hands."

Having thus painted two great pictures in the prime of youthful zeal and strength, Vanderlyn's first success made him intent only on great commissions, and, not obtaining these, he tried every expedient for subsistence and fortune, except methodical painting: panoramas, rotunda galleries, and occasional portraits were but precarious resources; his likenesses were unequal, and slowly achieved. He also made several copies,—one of Stuart's Washington, now in the United States House of Representatives; and his copy of the Demoniac Boy in the "Transfiguration" of Raphael, is in the possession of James Lenox, Esq., of New York. His portrait of Governor Yates, and of Presidents Jackson, Monroe, and Taylor, and of Mayor Hone, are in the Governor's room of the New York City Hall; that of D. B. Warden in the State Library at Albany. Contrasted with these casual performances his early prestige must have excited discouraging moods. In a letter from Paris, dated November, 1843, after alluding to the death of Allston, he says:

"When I look back, some five or six and thirty years since, when we were both in Rome together, and next door neighbors on the Trinità del Monte, and in the spring of life, full of enthusiasm for our art, and fancying fair prospects awaiting us, in after years, it is painful to reflect how far these hopes have been from being realized."

It is a striking coincidence, that among those who first appreciated his talents, and encouraged their development, were two individuals, remembered for very different qualities, but alike in possessing the insight and the sympathy which readily makes fellowship with genius,—the author of Hasty Pudding and the Columbiad, and the subtle lawyer and ambitious politician,—Joel Barlow and Aaron Burr. Many years of Vanderlyn's life were passed abroad. Paris was his favorite residence; and his last work was there executed for one of the panels of the Capitol. It represents the "Landing of Columbus," and though excellent in parts, is a respectable, rather than a great picture.

One of the many causes which rendered Vanderlyn morose in his later years, was the rumor that the reputed painter of two very fine and a great number of mediocre pictures, must have been aided in the execution of the former: and it is somewhat curious that Bishop Kip accounts for the inferiority of the "Landing of Columbus," by a like hypothesis:

"In 1844," he observes, "I was in Paris, and inquiring about the

picture, found that it was advancing under the hand of a clever French artist whom Vanderlyn had employed. Of course, the conception and design were his own, but I believe little of the actual work. In fact, no one familiar with Vanderlyn's early style could ever imagine the 'Columbus' to be his. Place it by the side of the 'Marius,' and you see that they are evidently executed by different artists. The 'Marius' has the dark, severe tone of the old masters; the 'Landing of Columbus' is a flashy modern French painting."

One reason, however, of the limited number of this artist's works may be found in the fact that much of his time was given to artistic enterprises wherein executive, rather than professional ability, was enlisted; and another reason is, that he worked with extraordinary deliberation: on this subject we are indebted to the same interesting reminiscent sketch from which we have already quoted, for the following illustration:

"Vanderlyn painted very slowly and elaborately, as I know to my cost. Believing that Burr's estimate of him was correct, and that he was our ablest American artist, I had always been very desirous to have him paint the portraits of my father and mother. In 1833, accidentally meeting him in New York, I proposed to him to undertake the work; but he declined, alleging that he had no studio. I found him living at an obscure French boarding-house in Church street, and I proposed to him to come to my father's house and use the library as a studio. So he came, blocked up the windows, except a square place in the top of one of them, and began his pictures. It was in the autumn when he commenced, and the winter was nearly over when he finished. I wanted to use the library for my studies, and tired enough I was at the long exclusion. My mother sat for a couple of hours in the morning, and my father in the afternoon, and each of them had about sixty sittings. In this way the whole winter was spent. He made fine pictures, of course, but the victimized sitters felt that the cost was too great."

There is what may be called a physiognomy in cities. Viewed from an eminence, the manner in which the houses cluster, and the streets diverge, the architecture of the towers which rise above the dense and monotonous buildings, the kind of country which surrounds, and sky which canopies the scene, are so many distinctive features which mark the picture. It is a pleasant thing to note observantly renowned sites in this expansive way. By so doing the memory is stored with impressive images, and possessed with what may be called the natural language of an interesting locality. In looking, for instance, from the top of the Capitol upon Rome, the time-worn monuments immediately below, and the range of broken aqueducts spanning the far Campagna, instantly revive the associations of ancient Rome; the lines of cypresses and firs that spring at intervals from palace and convent gardens, awaken Christian memories; while the adjacent domes and houses assure the spectator that he is surrounded by modern civilization. Thus simultaneously he realizes the poetry of the scene, which, explored in detail, yielded food for curiosity, rather than sublime emotion. The

prospect from the campanile of Venice also brings into effective contrast, the sea espoused in the day of her prosperity, and associated with all her glory, the radiant heavens and transparent atmosphere which taught Veronese and Titian the mysteries of color, and the oriental style of architecture, the most expressive trophy of her eastern triumphs. The verdant hills which embosom Florence, and the boundless plains which stretch in all directions around Milan, as seen from the cathedral, are features which eloquently illustrate the history of each, and whether alive with soldiery to the imagination, or green with luxuriant vegetation to the eye, are requisite to fill out the landscape for both.

These scenic enjoyments have been widely disseminated by modern art, and panoramas of the famous cities and scenery of the world render them familiar to untravelled multitudes. The accuracy and illusions of these experiments are sometimes marvellous. We remember, several years since, at Paris, to have gazed upon a panorama of the Alps, for a long time, beneath which some goats were browsing on the line, as it were, of the rich valley over which the mountain pinnacles towered in the most perfect aerial perspective—in the vain attempt to distinguish the point of separation between the real and the portrayed. As exhibition works, panoramas are very desirable. They afford satisfactory though general ideas, gratify intelligent curiosity, and appeal most vividly to the imagination. It is not surprising that those of Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome, attracted such crowds both here and abroad. When artistically designed, they are invaluable aids to the student of geography, and a source of infinite delight to the enthusiast for hallowed regions, which it is not in his power to visit. After having received the Napoleon gold medal for his Marius, at Paris, Vanderlyn conceived the idea of availing himself of the existent taste for panoramic exhibitions, by executing one on a grand scale, of the celebrated residence of the French Kings. He accordingly employed several months at Versailles in preparing the necessary sketches, and after the peace of 1815, returned with them to America. The result was satisfactory to such a degree, that he formed a project for an institution in New York, devoted to this and similar objects; and views of Paris, Athens, Mexico, and Geneva, as well as three modern battle-pieces, were successively exhibited at the Rotunda, a building which the artist erected in conjunction with the city government. Like most alliances between men of totally diverse aims and feelings—this partnership was disastrous, especially as regards the artist; who lived to see the structure he had dedicated to the fine arts, transformed into a criminal court. It would be a needless exercise of patience to enumerate the series of mortifying controversies and pecuniary troubles growing out of this unfortunate enterprise. Devoted to his art, and full of the sympathies inspired by the recognition he had enjoyed in Europe, the painter of Marius and Ariadne was made to realize in a painful manner, the antagonism between an essentially practical community and the spirit of trade, and artistic enthusiasm. "A sense of impossibility quenches all will,"

says an acute writer. Vanderlyn does not seem to have been fully aware, until sad experience forced the conviction upon his mind, that the stage of civilization, the history of the republic, and inevitable circumstances rendered it quite impossible for the cause of Art to find its just position, and the practical acknowledgment of its claims, at the period when he urged them upon his fellow-citizens. Utility, the basis of national growth, still demanded an exclusive regard ; the time had scarcely arrived when the superstructure of the beautiful could be reared. Meantime, the political advantages, mechanical genius, and commercial activity of the United States were the source of universal wonder and congratulation. Yet we can easily forgive the ardent votary of a noble art, after successful competition for its highest foreign honors, for yielding to a feeling of disappointment, bitter in proportion to his natural sensitiveness, at the indifference and calculation against which he so vainly strove in the land of his nativity. This distrust was increased by the charge of indelicacy somewhat grossly urged against his works, by ignorant prudery, which, destitute of the soul to perceive the essential beauty of the creator's masterpieces, has yet the hardihood to impugn the motives of genius, and desecrate by vulgar comments, the most beautiful evidences of its truth.

One who knew Vanderlyn in his latter days, has thus recorded their melancholy close :

" Alternately engaged in portrait-painting at Washington and visiting the scenes of his native place, one pleasant morning in the autumn of 1852, on his way from Rondout to Kingston, Vanderlyn fell in with a friend, and craved a shilling to pay for the transport of his baggage from the steamboat to the town. He was ill, and, on reaching the hotel, retired at once. His friend meanwhile, to whom was thus accidentally revealed the artist's destitute condition, went about the neighborhood, to collect the means for his present relief. Vanderlyn requested to be left alone ; and, the ensuing morning, was found dead in bed, in a low room that looked out into a stable-yard, without even a curtain to shield his dying eyes from the sunlight. His left hand seemed as if grasping his palette, and a look of calm, heroic submission upon his face told how grandly he had passed. Upon the level plateau which crowns the eastern slope of the valley, they have laid out a cemetery, in all the hardness and stiffness of which angles are capable, underneath the low pines which grow as thick as canes in a brake. Here Vanderlyn lies buried, with nothing but the swelling sod which covers his breast to mark his grave. He sleeps in the arms of that sweet refuge, which follows the flying hopes of youth, the scattered longings of ambition, and the broken promises of fame."*

At a later period another thus speaks of a visit to his grave :

" The writer yesterday stood beside the grave of Vanderlyn, the artist. He is buried near the southern extremity of the beautiful village of the dead, called ' Wiltwyck Cemetery,' at Kingston, N. Y. There is no stone,

* Letter in the " Crayon."

nor even mound, to mark the spot: only a few vines twining and intertwining, like the network of the life that was, but which now is forever ended. Patches of snow lay on the ground, and the trees still stood disrobed, save where, here and there, on the compact foliage of the cedars, the snow clung, making them seem like those twilight spectres which, in the old Norse legends, were said to haunt ruins."

As if to complete the melancholy coincidences of his destiny—the record of Vanderlyn's experience, which would have explained and perhaps greatly excused his waywardness, and afforded a unique illustration of American artist-life, was lost. During his later years he freely and frankly communicated the facts of his life, in detail, to a friend, who kept careful notes of their conversations. After the artist's death, this interesting MS. was sent to a New York publishing-house, whose edifice was soon after destroyed by fire, and among other works that perished, was this authentic biography of Vanderlyn.

ALLSTON.

THE true significance of Painting is one of the most pleasing discoveries which an American of sensibility and good powers of observation, makes when sojourning in one of the old cities of Europe. He may have enjoyed pictures casually at home, and perhaps acquainted himself with the traits and the triumphs of eminent artists and schools; but it is only when he grows familiar with the best collections, the permanent galleries abroad, that he distinctly feels what scope and interest belongs to pictorial art as a specific development of humanity—an illustration of history—a record of faith: at Rome and Madrid, Paris and Florence, it is upon canvas that he reads the most vivid ideas, sentiments, and skill of bygone generations. Art comes home to his perceptions as a language wherein is expressed the love of beauty, the struggle with fate, the power, puerility, hope, fear, trust, and triumph of his race. Reason as he may subsequently of the comparative merits of the "old masters," modified as may become his taste by the study of recent painters,—this impression remains,—that the executive perfection, the characteristic style, and the beautiful earnestness of pictorial art, three hundred years ago, was and is one of the most remarkable æsthetic phenomena, as well as one of the most interesting historical facts in human history. A "Painter" in the fifteenth century meant something more than a clever draughtsman, an apt imitator, or a pleasant *diletante:* the vocation was intimately allied with Religion, with Government, and with Society in the highest phase and form. It was pursued with a zeal, honored with a consideration, and illustrated by a class of men, which, apart from its trophies, indicates that no profession achieved nobler estimation or influence. The lives and works of its votaries suggest a not less remarkable individuality and elevation: the biography of no Prince or Pope, Warrior or Poet conveys the idea of more select intelligence or concentrated and consecrated feeling, thought, life, and renown, than that of the greatest of the "old masters." That title presupposes not only a remarkable facility and power in the technicalities of art, but certain rich and rare endowments;—poetical sympathies, philosophical insight, rectitude, aspiration, a hearty courtesy, faith in God and immortality, self-devotion, self-reliance, self-respect—graces and gran-

deur of soul. Not that the painter then, any more than now, was free from human error, nor that his record is devoid of low and cruel traits—jealousy, sensuality, and egotistic hardihood; but, at the period when painting achieved its highest results, the ideal of the painter's character was venerable, tender, exalted; and the very names of Michel Angelo, Raphael, and Correggio are fragrant with the best gifts and graces of humanity: of which the grand and beautiful elements of their pictures were the legitimate offspring and evidence. To draw accurately and give expression—individual and absolute, through lines, contours, and light and shade, and to enhance such effects by that wonderful faculty called "a feeling for color"—were but the artistic equipment; the soul, the mind, the life irradiated and hallowed the fruits thereof, and make it to-day marvellous, dear, and sacred.

It is a singular fact that the man among modern painters, who, in tone of mind, spiritual sympathies, in scope, aptitude, habits of life, literary and social tastes, in character, artistic achievement, and even personal appearance, most nearly resembled our ideal of an old master, was born and bred in the New World, and developed, as it were intuitively, these tendencies and traits: the best evidence of this curious and interesting exception to a general rule, is, of course, to be found in his pictures; but every anecdote, recorded conversation, personal reminiscence, and authentic portrait, every letter, sketch, and casual impression, of Washington Allston coincides with and confirms the testimony of his art. His gifted kinsman,* not less allied by intellectual and moral ties than by relationship, who alone has the materials and the authority to fully describe and illustrate the career of our great painter—has postponed indefinitely his delicate and dutiful task: let us, at least, gather up the patent facts, and glance at the high and pure significance of a life "to all the Muses dear."

Since the taste in pictorial art has been so essentially modified by the triumphs of the modern school, a certain class of critics have denied the claims of Allston to the high rank and influence so ardently accorded him by cotemporary admirers: they declare his power of expression limited, accuse him of objectionable mannerism, and indicate technical defects in special works. But such critics are but partially acquainted with what Allston really accomplished, and apparently know nothing of the personal influence, the lofty aims, and the English reputation he enjoyed. That his place in the history of American art is one of singular honor and interest, and his career and character invested with a permanent charm to every lover of truth and beauty, is apparent to all candid inquirers.

William Ware, whose "Zenobia," "Probus," and "Aurelian," so well attest his classic knowledge, as well as his artistic sympathies, found in Allston a congenial subject for æsthetic discourse;† and a lady accom-

* R. H. Dana, Sen.

† Lectures on the Works and Genius of Washington Allston. Boston: 1852.

plished in the practice, as well as the study of art, thus indicates his mode of painting:

"The method of this artist was to suppress all the coarser beauties which make up the substance of common pictures. He was the least *ad captandum* of workers. He avoided bright eyes, curls, and contours, glancing lights, strong contrasts, and colors too crude for harmony. He reduced his beauty to elements, so that an inner beauty might play through her features. Like the Catholic discipline which pales the face of the novice with vigils, seclusion, and fasting, and thus makes room and clears the way for the movements of the spirit, so in these figures every vulgar grace is suppressed. No classic contours, no languishing attitudes, no asking for admiration,—but a severe and chaste restraint, a modest sweetness, a slumbering intellectual atmosphere, a graceful self-possession, eyes so sincere and pure that heaven's light shines through them, and, beyond all, a hovering spiritual life that makes each form a presence." *

Washington Allston † was born at Waccamaw, S. C., on the plantation of his father, Nov. 5, 1779, and died at Cambridge, Mass., July 9, 1843. His temperament was highly nervous, his mind quick and active, and his sensibility acute. As is usual under such conditions, his health was delicate, and it became evident in his youth that a more bracing climate than that of his native state was essential to his harmonious physical development, while a greater variety and scope than are afforded by the life of an isolated plantation, were requisite to inform and discipline his intellect. Physician and teacher thus united in advising the removal of the gifted boy to a northern school; and the exigency proved auspicious to the future artist, by introducing him to scenes and influences which gave new vigor to his frame, and impulse to his genius. At that period there was no town in New England that boasted a more cultivated and wealthy community than Newport, R. I. Trade had enriched many of its resident merchants. Dr. Waterhouse cites its laboratories as the best in the country; a tolerant spirit among the rival sects, frequent intercourse with foreigners, and habits of colonial elegance and hospitality, combined to give a liberal spirit and attractive manner to the social life of this favorite rendezvous of our French allies during the war of Independence. Allston was sent there, primarily with a view to health, at the age of seven; but he remained ten years, and attended a very excellent private school kept by Robert Rogers. Slight as was the taste and unfrequent the practice of art at that time among us, Newport enjoyed an unusual share of the few associations connected with a pursuit so interesting to the Carolina boy, whose school-days were passed there. The first English painter of note who visited our shores, had accompanied Dean Berkeley in 1728 on his voyage to Rhode Island; and we have the artist's record of a visit with his clerical friend, to the Indians of Narragansett; where also Gilbert Stuart was born in 1757, and owed his first

* Sarah Clarke on Allston's Heads, in the Atlantic Monthly. February, 1865.

† A part of this sketch was contributed by the author to the New American Encyclopedia.

encouragement as a painter to the kindness of Newport friends. While Allston was a schoolboy there, a manufacturer of quadrants and compasses, by the name of King, who had received a partial artistic education, sometimes painted a portrait; he recognised young Allston's genius, and did all in his power, by correcting his early attempts and suggesting the best methods, to develop the ability and cheer the hopes of the novice. Long afterwards his casual pupil spoke of him with gratitude: "It was a pleasant thing to me," he wrote, "to remind the old man of those kindnesses." A portrait of this venerable friend—probably one of the earliest experiments of Allston in oil—still exists at Newport; the head is noble in contour, and the expression benign; a discriminating eye can only perceive distinct indications of that mellow tone and felicity in coloring which subsequently distinguished Allston's pictures. In addition, however, to this imperfect and incidental tuition, gained only at the intervals usually dedicated by boys to amusement, at the critical time when childhood began to merge in youth, a new impulse was given to his artist's instinct, by the magnetism of sympathy. He formed the acquaintance of Edward Malbone, also a native of Newport, whose remarkable promise as a miniature-painter, was united to personal qualities and intellectual tastes singularly akin to those of Allston. It is easy to imagine how such an example and companionship, at a susceptible age, and a period when it was so difficult to meet with congeniality in an uncommon vocation, must have confirmed and expanded the love and study of art, in a mind ostensibly engaged in academic education. The walks, discussions, criticisms of each other's drawings, and, above all, the mutual enthusiasm of these youths, alike gifted, candid, and earnest, seem to have been of great mutual advantage, as well as the source of the most pure enjoyment. Although Malbone removed to Providence, R. I., soon after his acquaintance with Allston, their intercourse was resumed in a few months, when the painter was at work in Boston, and the student a collegian at Harvard. After graduating in the year 1800, Allston went to Charleston, S. C., where he again met his friend, and fairly commenced his artist-life. While an undergraduate pursuing his studies at the university, Allston not only enjoyed the society but emulated the artistic skill of this charming friend; he was, however, dissatisfied with his own attempts on ivory and in miniature, and soon abandoned the experiment. His leisure was assiduously given to sketching, copying, drawing, and the investigation of color. With the comparative absence both of sympathy and example in art, it is interesting to inquire what means the future painter discovered, at this early stage of his education, to foster and discipline his genius. Art was then in its infancy among us—chiefly represented by the elaborate but artificial portraits of Copley, the historical groups of Trumbull, and the fame of West, then at the height of reputation and courtly favor in England; Stuart's vigorous pencil was only appreciated by the judicious few; and the visits of Smibert, Pine, Wright, and others, had left a few notable memorials of their skill in likenesses; C. W. Peale was a respected name in the Middle States, and that of Bembridge well known at the South; the

latter had studied under Mengs and Romney, and gave promise of excellence, but Allston did not remember his works sufficiently in after life, "to speak of their merits." Yet, with so few and scattered illustrations of painting, he arrived at a marvellous degree of knowledge and practical ability in the higher elements of the art; thus indicating a positive and mature genius, before he had actually embraced it as a profession. "In the coloring of figures," he writes, "the pictures of Pine in the Columbian Museum in Boston, were my first masters." One of his first works, a portrait of himself in early youth, presented by him to his excellent friend, the late Mrs. Nathaniel Amory, of Newport, exhibits a vigor and grace of treatment, a finish of style and transparency of tint, which bespeak the future master. His own account of his studies at Newport and Cambridge refers to a practice of drawing from prints—figures, scenery, and animals; after this imitative exercise in regard to form and perspective, instinctively adopted in boyhood, he tells us that the two pictures which initiated him into the mysteries and art of color were an old landscape, either Italian or Spanish, that hung in the house of a friend who resided near the university; and a head of Cardinal Bentivoglio in the college library, copied by Smibert from Vandyke, "which," he adds, "I obtained permission to copy one winter's vacation;" in color (alluding to his obligations to Pine) I had a higher master."

These inadequate hints stimulated the intuitive perception of color in which Allston so early excelled. One of his favorite pastimes when a child at the South prophesied the artist, and especially the delight in blending and harmonizing effective tints; he used to convert fern stalks into men and women, by arraying them in colored yarn and making them hold pitchers of pomegranate flowers. No sooner was his academic career over, thus beguiled by the companionship of Malbone, the old landscape of southern Europe, and the fine head after Vandyke, into incidental studies akin to his genius, than he went to Charleston, S. C., and, among kindred and early friends, found Malbone and Charles Frazer both occupied there in the same way; and he set up forthwith what he quaintly calls a "picture manufactory." In a short time, with the former friend, he embarked for London, to enlarge his knowledge by art-studies in Europe. "Up to this time," he remarks, "my favorite subjects, with occasional comic intermissions, were banditti, and I did not get over the mania until I had been more than a year in England." He alludes, with humorous zest, in the same letter, to his delight when he succeeded in making a gashed throat look real. The charm of such themes was their tragic character, and especially the accessories of dark woods, picturesque disguises, and terrible solitude; we can trace in such experiments the effect of that favorite landscape and impressive cardinal's head, as well as the imaginative promptings of a poetic and wild instinct. Arriving in London in 1801, Allston immediately became a student of the Royal Academy, in the presidency of which institution our countryman, Benjamin West, had just succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds. The integrity and

benevolence of West won the confidence of Allston; they soon became intimate, and were attached friends through life. The uniform kindness of the venerable president to his young and gifted compatriot, was ever a subject of grateful remark and remembrance on the part of Allston. The latter's cultivated mind, delightful conversation, and refined manners, would have insured him a welcome in the artistic and literary circles of London, independent of the prestige of his genius as a painter. But while enjoying the highest social privileges of the British metropolis, and a singular favorite with his professional brethren, he devoted his best time and powers to the study of his art. For three years he sought, in assiduous practice and observation, for those principles and that facility which subsequently raised him to the highest rank among modern painters. Among his memorable friends, at this epoch, were Dr. Moore, the author of "Zeluco," and Fuseli; but his range of association included the best minds and noblest characters of the time; and his reminiscences of men, artists, and life in London, were always vivid and full of interest. In spite of constant practice at the Academy, innumerable studies at home, and many social engagements, such was his zeal and industry, that the very next year after his arrival, he exhibited three pictures at Somerset House—a landscape begun while in college, a rocky coast with banditti, and a comic piece. In 1804 he visited Paris, in company with another American painter, afterwards celebrated, John Vanderlyn. The Louvre then contained the chief treasures of art from all parts of the continent, and Allston enjoyed a rare opportunity to examine and compare the *chefs-d'œuvre* of every school. His partiality for the Venetian instantly declared itself; there was in his genius a natural affinity with those masters of color, his successful emulation of whom obtained for him, at a subsequent period, the name of the "American Titian." In the contemplation of this unrivalled series of pictures, and in study, a few months were occupied, when he repaired to Italy, and passed four years, chiefly at Rome, in the sedulous cultivation of his art. Here he became the intimate companion of Thorwaldsen and Coleridge; and the latter fondly remembered, to the last, his intellectual obligations to Allston. The results of this long communion with the old masters, and this familiarity with nature in Italy, may be distinctly traced in his paintings and writings, and were most attractively exhibited in his conversation. Allston returned to his native country in 1809, after this fruitful visit to Great Britain, France, and southern Europe. Having married a sister of the celebrated Unitarian divine of Boston, Dr. Channing, he again took up his abode in London. Although on the occasion of his first visit there, Fuseli, upon learning his purpose to devote himself to historical painting, said, "You have come a great way to starve;" he finished and exhibited, on his return, the earliest work of the kind, on a large scale, "The Dead Man Revived," a scriptural theme which gave ample scope both to his imaginative and executive powers. It may be considered as at once the presage and the pledge of his subsequent reputation, having instantly

obtained the prize from the British Institution, of two hundred guineas, and being soon after purchased by the Pennsylvania academy of Fine Arts. His next important work was "St. Peter liberated by the Angel," ordered by Sir George Beaumont, and now in the church of Ashby de la Zouch; this was followed by "Uriel in the Sun," now belonging to the Duke of Sutherland, and for which the British Institution awarded him a gratuity of one hundred and fifty guineas; and "Jacob's Dream," now in the collection of Lord Egremont at Petworth. The intervals between these achievements were occupied with smaller, but not less characteristic paintings, all of which found eager and liberal purchasers. Those cognizant of the conditions for the development of art, both as an individual pursuit and a national interest, and especially those who were familiar with Allston's character and organization, find cause for deep regret that he did not remain abroad, and follow the impulse and the success which, at this time, crowned his life. The intelligent sympathy, the external resources, the public encouragement, and the fellowship of great artists, all so important as stimulants to effort and guides to excellence, were there available; whereas, on this side of the water, comparative isolation and public indifference awaited our great painter. The contrast must have been unpropitious and discouraging; and, when added to the want of health and habits of seclusion, undoubtedly lessened the zeal and limited the works of the only man in the country who gave undisputed evidence of genius in the highest sphere of painting, united to a discipline and finished style, which announced another "old master," as native of the western hemisphere. Unremitted toil, acquiescence in the English custom of late dinner, and thus many consecutive hours of work and fasting, together with a period of deep affliction on account of the death of his wife, combined to undermine the delicate constitution of this great artist, at this period of his most genial activity and eminent success. He returned home in 1818 in feeble health, and with but one finished picture —"Elijah in the Wilderness," subsequently purchased and taken to England by the Hon. Mr. Labouchere. During the succeeding twelve years Allston resided in Boston; but his name and works were cherished in his ancestral land, and, soon after his return, he received the compliment of an election to the Royal Academy. Among the productions of this period, interrupted as were his labors by inadequate health, the most celebrated are "The Prophet Jeremiah," originally belonging to Miss Gibbs, of Newport, and now at Yale College. "Facing Washington, on the opposite wall," says a recent critic, "is Allston's 'Jeremiah,' recently purchased at a cost of $7,000, and presented to the Art Hall by Professor Morse. With a reputation as the greatest work of Allston, endorsed by so competent a judge as Professor Morse, it shows a sad want of artistic taste to confess that a first glance at the lamenting prophet suggests the idea of an astonished blacksmith, surprised by the explosion of a petard in his smithy. But an examination, even by an uneducated eye, discloses the great power of the artist in expressing the intense absorption of the prophet's intellectual faculties in

the wonderful revelations presented to him. The other beauties of the painting disclose themselves the more closely it is studied, until it vindicates its claim to a high position as a work of art." "Saul and the Witch of Endor," was purchased by the late Col. T. H. Perkins, of Boston; and "Miriam Singing the Song of Triumph," is owned by Hon. David Sears, of the same city. Of minor works, the most memorable are "Dante's Beatrice," and "The Valentine," female ideal portraits which exquisitely illustrate Allston's extraordinary gifts as a colorist and in poetic expression; the former was the property of the late Hon. S. A. Eliot, and the latter belongs to George Ticknor, Esq., of Boston. A Mother and Child he would not have it called a "Madonna," belongs to Mr. McMurtrie, of Philadelphia. In 1830 Allston married, for his second wife, a daughter of the late Chief-Justice Dana, of Cambridge, Mass. He there fixed his studio, and thenceforth led a life of great seclusion, enjoying the society of a few intimate friends and kindred, always receiving with cordiality visitors of his own profession and enlightened lovers of art, but avoiding, as far as practicable, the hospitalities of the neighboring city, and the encroachments of general intercourse. In the spirit of a true artist, modified by the habits of an invalid, he secluded himself from the world, to give his better moments to painting, and his leisure to contemplation. At this time many of his best, though less extensive pictures were executed, such as "Spalatro's Vision of the Bloody Hand," painted for Mr. Ball, of South Carolina, and the beautiful "Rosalie," which belonged to the late Hon. Nathan Appleton, of Boston.

The former picture illustrates one of Mrs. Radcliffe's memorable scenes of superstitious terror. Schedoni, a monk, engages a fisherman—Spalatro, a man of many crimes—to murder Ellena, the heroine of "The Italian." His courage fails him as the time draws near, and remorse for his previous villanies so overwhelms him that he refuses, at the last moment, to do the work of assassination—which the monk, after taunting him with cowardice, undertakes himself. Suspicious dread seizes on Spalatro as they hasten through the lonely and dim corridors. He suddenly seizes Schedoni's arm, and starts back in terror, fancying he sees a bloody hand beckoning him on! The monk in vain endeavors to reassure him, saying "This is very frenzy; arouse yourself, and be a man." "Would it were!" replies Spalatro, "I see it now: it is there again!" This is the moment seized by the painter; the tall, bald, stern monk—the dreary corridor—the dilated eyes and horror-struck attitude of the remorseful and frightened wretch, are delineated with a dramatic truth, power, and individuality, and a mellow, *chiaro-scuro* effect of light, shade, and color, which no artist can fail to admire, and no observer of sensibility witness, without a profound impression. The original owner of this picture was obliged by the exigencies incident to the war for the Union, to offer it for sale, and it is now in the collection of J. Taylor Johnston, of New York.

Twenty plates, the largest about twenty inches by thirty, of outlines by

Allston, were published a few years ago; they were selected from compositions hastily sketched in chalk, and outlines in umber. Their merits have been thus critically stated: "They display a profound knowledge of the human form, with the power of artistically idealizing it; they also express refined ideas of beauty, grace, sublimity, and its youngest brother—romance; above all, they exhibit that purity as well as loftiness of soul which belong to the highest department of art." There is a picture of Allston in the possession of Col. Drayton's family; and a fine portrait of Benjamin West by him in the Boston Athenæum.

Congress, in 1836, invited him to fill one of the panels in the Rotunda of the Capitol with an historical picture; but his mind was now intent upon an extensive project, conceived and partially commenced in London, and he declined the national commission. The retired life, extensive fame, and recognized genius of Allston, united to raise the public anticipations in regard to this promised work to the highest degree. The subject was "Belshazzar's Feast;" and those acquainted with the painter's taste and skill, his power of high and broad conception, his mastery of form and color, and his sense of moral grandeur and historical effects, at once beheld in the subject the most desirable scope and inspiration. A few of his friends had caught glimpses of a figure or an effect of light on the carefully-hidden canvas; some had stood as models, and others had heard an eloquent exposition of the design from the lips of the artist; the result was to awaken unreasonable expectation, and for years Allston's "great picture" was one of the most interesting triumphs of American art, to which the future was destined to give birth. Meantime, although some progress had been made during the painter's twelve years' residence in Boston, the want of a proper studio caused the work to be laid aside; and, when resumed at Cambridge, various circumstances were unpropitious—among them, pecuniary embarrassment (which had led at one time to the confiscation of the unfinished work)—the necessity of more lucrative employment, discouragement from the want of adequate models, frequent indisposition, change of plan, and dissatisfaction with what had been already achieved. It was perhaps too extensive an enterprise for the means and the strength of the artist, situated as he then was, and was therefore from time to time postponed; doubtless the impatient and extravagant views of the public, as well as the painful associations connected with the work from the cause already mentioned, tended still more to retard the prosecution of his elaborate task. In its unfinished state, however, as left at his death, it is no inadequate memorial, to a discriminating eye, of the genius of the great painter; a sublime significance and a grandeur of design, as well as a splendid arrangement of light and color, foretell a wonderful picture; and the noble pictorial fragment is the delight of artists. It is now the property of the Boston Athenæum. His original view of the subject and his own design may be gathered from a letter he addressed to his friend, Washington Irving, on hearing of that

gentleman's sudden resolution to embark for America. It is dated London, May 9, 1817, and speaking of the plans upon which he had hoped to consult him, he says: "One of these subjects (and the most important) is the large picture—the prophet Daniel interpreting the handwriting on the wall before Belshazzar. I have made a highly finished sketch of it. I think the composition the best I ever made. It contains a multitude of figures, and (if I may be allowed to say so) they are without confusion. Don't you think it a fine subject? I know not any that so happily unites the magnificent and the awful. A mighty sovereign, surrounded by his whole court, intoxicated with his own state, in the midst of his revelry, palsied in a moment, under the spell of a preternatural hand suddenly tracing his doom on the wall before him; his powerless limbs, like a wounded spider's, shrunk up to his body, while his heart, compressed to a point, is only kept from vanishing by the terrific suspense that animates it during the interpretation of his mysterious sentence. His less guilty but scarcely less agitated queen, the panic-struck courtiers and concubines, the splendid and deserted banquet table, the half arrogant, half astounded magicians, the holy vessels of the temple (shining as it were in triumph through the gloom), and the calm, solemn contrast of the prophet, standing, like an animated pillar, in the midst, breathing forth the oracular destruction of the empire!" Allston was, at length—nearly forty years after this was written—advancing in this long-neglected work, and, though physically no longer vigorous, as strong in intellectual force and elevated sentiment as in his youth and prime,—when his masterly hand was for ever stilled, and his eloquent speech for ever silenced. About midnight, on a Saturday, after a week of steady labor on "Belshazzar's Feast," having passed the evening with his family in thoughtful but pleasant discourse, he suddenly but gently expired, from a renewed attack of disease of the heart, to which he had been for some time liable. He was in the 64th year of his age. His appearance was unchanged by death; his burial took place by torch-light; and thus closed in tranquil beauty and wise self-possession of his transcendent faculties, the artist-life and the earthly being of Washington Allston.

The literary claims of Allston have been thrown into the shade by the consideration of his artistic fame. He exhibited, however, a versatility, invention, and expressive power in language, quite as individual as that he so nobly manifested in lines and hues. With remarkable fluency, vivid imagination, and intense love of beauty and truth, he had also a peculiar sense of the awful and sublime, and a decided analytical perception. Accordingly, in the few of his writings which have been published, these essential gifts of authorship proclaim him capable of works of the pen not less effective than those he achieved with the pencil. But it was only to beguile a leisure hour, to gratify the demands of friendship, or give play to an importunate fancy, that he wrote. In 1813, during his second residence in London, he published "The Sylphs of the Season," a poem in which are pictured, with minute felicity, the natural phases of spring, summer,

autumn, and winter, with especial reference to their respective influence on the mind. The poem evinces the most loving observation of nature, and introspective habits of mind. Several minor poems and occasional verses are distinguished for originality of idea and beauty of execution. "The Two Painters" is an excellent metrical satire, and the "Paint-King" weird and imaginative enough to have proceeded from the most fanciful of German bards. In 1821, when his brother-in-law, Richard H. Dana, was engaged in the publication of a serial work of eminent interest, "The Idle Man," Allston wrote for it an Italian romance. The periodical was suspended, and the tale not published until twenty years later. In "Monaldi," his experience in Rome is vividly and gracefully embodied, as accessory to a tragic story of passion, interspersed with the most wise and beautiful comments on art and nature. The style, conception, and philosophic insight exhibited in this tale, its power as an exposition of the passions—especially of love and jealousy, and its grace as a narrative, indicate great constructive talent and literary aptitude. He prepared a course of lectures on Art, which were never delivered, but published after his death; they prove the ardor of his devotion to painting, and the deep intelligence of one who had studied for himself the philosophy, history, and science of his profession. Indeed, the writings and paintings of Allston exquisitely illustrate each other. By their mutual contemplation we perceive the individuality of the artist, and the pure spirit of the man; and realize that unity whereby genius harmonizes all expression to a common and universal principle, making form and color, words and rhyme, express vividly and truly what exists in the artist's nature. "Rosalie," for instance, the poem, is the reflection of "Rosalie," the picture; and his letter describing a view among the Alps breathes the identical feeling that pervades his landscape depicting the scene.

Such pictures of this great master as could be obtained on this side of the Atlantic, were collected for exhibition at Boston in the spring of 1839; and, although his largest and most celebrated works were not included, the variety, originality, artistic finish, and beauty—the mature skill and refined genius manifest in this gallery, made a deep and delightful impression upon all spectators versed in art, or endowed with a sense of the beautiful. The paintings numbered forty-two; and they represented every department of pictorial art, and every excellence for which her most gifted votaries have been celebrated. The exhibition, limited as it unavoidably was, proved an epoch in the history of Art in the United States; it illustrated the genius of a native painter by the most perfect productions; nothing crude, unskilful, insignificant, disturbed the harmony of the scene; it was difficult for the visitor, acquainted with foreign galleries, to believe that he stood in the midst of American works on American soil, for, on all sides, he beheld the evidences of a master hand and an individual mind, worthy to take their permanent place by the side of works long since stamped with universal love and praise. The first impression conveyed by the Allston Gallery was that of the versatile range of the artist's conceptions; the next,

that of the individuality of his genius. We turned from the impressive figure of the "Reviving Dead," slowly renewing vitality at the touch of the prophet's bones, to the pensive beauty of "Beatrice," ineffably lovely and sad; the countenance of "Rosalie" seemed kindled like that of the maiden described by Wordsworth, as if music "born of murmuring sound had passed into her face;" aërial in her movement, and embodied grace in her attitude and drapery, "Miriam" sounded the timbrel; the very foot of the scribe appeared to listen to Jeremiah—stern, venerable, and prophetic; keenly glittered the Alpine summits, and sweetly fell the moonbeams, and darkly rose the forests in the landscapes, as if glimpses of real nature, instead of their reflex, made alive the canvas; full of character and dignity were the portraits; magnificent old Jews' heads, and exquisite brows of maidens, and imposing forms of prophets, and marvellous light and shade, deep, lucent, mellow hues—all flitted before the senses of the visitor, while each picture formed an inexhaustible object of contemplation, and became a permanently beautiful and impressive reminiscence.

A remarkable trait in the genius of Allston was his sensibility to the awful, the mysterious, and the grand. As a boy he tells us, "I delighted in being terrified by the tales of witches and hags, which the negroes used to tell me." This characteristic, in its more elevated affinities, drew him into the sphere of the spiritual, and was exhibited in a profound religious sensibility and faith, and an exaltation of mind and motive which excited the deepest veneration: in its more casual tendency, it made him alive to the supernatural, fond of speculating on the mysteries of life and the soul, and an eager recipient of tales of superstition and wonder. In this we recognize an element of the sublime. Allston indicated its prevalence in his fondness for such themes of art as "A Forest with Banditti," "The Witch of Endor," "The Dead Man Restored," "Spalatro's Vision of the Bloody Hand," and "Belshazzar's Feast." He has worked out a like vein in the description of the mysterious picture in "Monaldi;" and he always excelled as a relator of ghost-stories. Incidental to this idiosyncrasy, was his deep sense of the principle of conscience in humanity, shadowed forth in more than one of his artistic conceptions. His own moral sensibility was extreme. Indeed, want of self-satisfaction was a primary cause of the frequent interruption of his labors; his ideal in art and in life was exalted, and he would have painted and written more had he been less self-exacting. No painter ever cherished a more elevated view of the ministry and legitimate aims of his profession. On one occasion, when crippled in resources in London, having sold a picture for a considerable sum, as he sat alone at evening, the idea occurred to him that the subject, to a perverted taste and prurient imagination, might have an immoral effect; he instantly returned the money, and regained and destroyed the painting. He used to relate, with much solemnity, that, on one occasion of keen deprivation and discouragement, his prayer was answered as soon as uttered. But, perhaps, his convictions and sympathies in regard to Art were best exhibited, indirectly, in his judgment of pictures, and in his

relations to artists. He was a magnanimous critic, and a disinterested friend. His taste was comprehensive and catholic, recognizing every phase of merit and modification of genius, however diverse from his own. His letters and conversation evinced a remarkably appreciative mind. He called himself "a wide liker"; and proved himself such by the discrimination and geniality with which he pointed out and advocated the slightest token of excellence in pictures, books, and character. Perhaps it was this enlightened sympathy that drew so constantly to him artists and art-students of every age and degree of culture; for the humblest he had a cheering word, or an invaluable counsel; and the number who date their improvement or aspirations from an interview with Allston, vindicate his claim to be regarded literally, as they affectionately called him, "the Master," in all the old genuine and personal significance of that title: many a youthful votary of sculpture and painting can echo the words of Horatio Greenough, in speaking of Allston, "He was a father to me in what concerned my progress of every kind."

Besides the portrait by himself, in youth, to which we have alluded, there is an excellent bust of Allston, by Clevenger, from life; another, taken after death, by Brackett; a head, modelled by Paul Duggan for a medal struck by the American Art-Union, in 1847, and a portrait by Leslie, presented to the N. Y. Academy of Design, by Morse.

The temperament of Allston was preëminently that of a man of genius; it was highly nervous; a fine fibrous texture made his frame elastic and susceptible, quick to receive and transmit impressions. To every aspect of the beautiful he was keenly alive; no effect of nature, expression, and especially of color, escaped him. In the latter his endowment was most remarkable. Leslie compares the harmony of tint in "Uriel seated in the Sun" to the best pictures of Paul Veronese; we have seen that in Rome he was called the American Titian; and there is a mellow, rich, vital, and sometimes ineffable hue in his pictures unrivalled since the days of the old masters. But it was not mere negative or receptive traits which distinguished Allston; he was earnest, often to religious concentration, in his convictions and his tone of feeling.

A man thus gifted and sensitive, thus noble and fluent, naturally attracted the most select companionship, and won the most sympathetic admiration. Accordingly we find that, notwithstanding his habits of intense application in Europe, and of invalid retirement in America, he was sought for, loved, and revered by the choicest men and women of his time. In youth, the chosen friend of the gentle and graceful painter, Malbone; on first going abroad, the favorite companion of the best London artists and the most intelligent English noblemen; in Rome, exploring the *Campagna* with Irving, and talking of the mysterious and the beautiful with Coleridge; at his modest abode in Cambridge, discussing subjects for a picture with Lord Morpeth, or a principle of art with Mrs. Jameson, or of beauty with his poet brother-in-law, Dana; encouraging the young, sympathizing with the old, delighting in his pencil and palette to the last, full of reverence

for truth, of faith in God,—eloquent, profound, earnest, yet meek, gentle, and benign, living above the world, yet alive to all human interest and spiritual meaning, he realized the ideal of a Christian artist.

"How many there are," wrote Vanderlyn, on hearing of his death, "who have not undergone half the fatigue, physical or mental, endured by him, not to mention the far greater amount of time and money expended in the acquisition of his profession than in most other pursuits—yet have secured to themselves the means to reach the decline of life, in a condition to assure ease and comfort."

Noble specimens of Art as are many of Allston's pictures, to one who regards the tendencies and effect of his entire character, they serve rather as suggestions than a complete representation of the man. Yet, had we no other evidence of the spirit he was of, when rightly contemplated, all might be inferred. And perhaps no better proof of their superiority could be adduced than this very fact, that they not only bear, but invite study, grow upon the imagination, and haunt the memory. There is sometimes a kind of beaming atmosphere radiated from the human countenance when fervent emotions warm its features. It is a kind of expressiveness which makes the halos around the saints and virgins of the old masters scarcely appear unnatural—the soulful intelligence to which the poet refers when he describes spiritual elements as informing the body "till all be made immortal"; the loveliness created by sentiment, that Wordsworth recognizes in the rustic heroine of whom he says, "beauty born of murmuring sound shall pass into her face." In our view, this evanescent charm is the richest humanity can wear. An ordinary artist can imitate form, and give us the brow, eye and lip, which are symmetrical, but unvarying. It requires more profound sympathy with the mysteries of being, to appreciate the transitory and significant indications of the beautiful in expression—that which is the immediate offspring of moral and intellectual life. Men of reflection and sensibility are won by this alone, because it allies itself with permanent associations, is a revelation of the soul itself; and if the hopeful speculations of Swedenborg in regard to a future world have any basis in truth, by it may we know, even there, the loved and lost. In seizing this magnetic principle, this divine glow, and, as it were, atmosphere of the countenance, Allston was remarkably successful. His Beatrice, Rosalie, and Spanish girl, seem kindled into beauty by the simple genuineness of their feelings. Wordsworth said of his portrait of Coleridge, "It is the only likeness that ever gave me any pleasure." It has lately been secured for the National Portrait Gallery of England. An engraving was executed from this picture by Mr. Samuel Cousins a few years ago. The portrait was painted at Bristol, in 1814, for Mr. Joshua Wade, when Coleridge was in the forty-second year of his age. The artist's own testimony, given in a letter to Prof. Henry Reed, of Philadelphia, is deserving of consideration. He says: "So far as I can judge of my own production, the likeness is a true one, but it is Coleridge in repose; and, though not unstirred by the perpetual ground-swell of his ever-working intellect, and shadowing forth something of the

deep philosopher, it is not Coleridge in his highest mood, the poetic state. When in that state, no face I ever saw was like to his; it seemed almost spirit made visible, without a shadow of the visible upon it. Could I have then fixed it on canvas! But it was beyond the reach of my art."

Certain objects and effects of Allston's pictures—as seen when they were partially collected for exhibition several years since—have never passed from our minds. The transparent atmosphere of the Swiss landscape, so true to the peculiarities of Alpine scenery; the moonlight reflected on the water beneath a bridge; the love-warm tints that play around Lorenzo and Jessica; the inimitable foot of the scribe in Jeremiah; the keen gray eyes and speaking beards of the Israelites, and the eloquent figure of Miriam, are images that linger brightly to the inward vision, and thus prove themselves a portion of the realities of Art.

In the moral economy of life, sensibility to the beautiful must have a great purpose. If the Platonic doctrine of pre-existence be true, perhaps ideality is the surviving element of our primal life. Some individuals seem born to minister to this influence, which, under the name of beauty, sentiment, or poetry, is the source of what is most exalting in our inmost experience, and redeeming in our outward life. Does not the benign Providence watch over their priests of nature? They are not necessarily renowned. Their agency may be wholly social and private, yet none the less efficient. We confess that, to us, few arguments for the benevolent and infinite design of existence are more impressive than the fact that such beings actually live, and wholly unfitted as they are to excel in, or even conform to the Practical, bear evidence, not to be disputed, of the sanctity, the tranquil progress, and the serene faith that dwell in the Ideal. Allston was such a man. By profession he was a painter, and his works overflow with genius; still it would be difficult to say whether his pen, his pencil, or his tongue chiefly made known that he was a prophet of the true and beautiful. He believed not in any exclusive development. It was the spirit of a man, and not his dexterity or success, by which he tested character. In painting, reading, or writing, his mornings were occupied, and at night he was at the service of his friends. Beneath his humble roof, in his latter years, there was often a flow of wit, a community of mind, and a generous exercise of sympathy which kings might envy. To the eye of the multitude his life glided away in secluded contentment, yet a prevailing idea was the star of his being—the idea of beauty. For the high, the lovely, the perfect, he strove all his days. He sought them in the scenes of nature, in the masterpieces of literature and art, in habits of life, in social relations, and in love. Without pretence, without elation, in all meekness, his youthful enthusiasm chastened by suffering, he lived above the world. Gentleness he deemed true wisdom; renunciation of all the trappings of life, a duty. He was calm, patient, occasionally sad, but for the most part, happy in the free exercise and guardianship of his varied powers. The inequality of Allston's efforts, and his frequent concession from labor, have been the subject of no little reproach. The habits of no man, and especially a man of genius, can be

rightly judged when viewed objectively. To ascertain the strata of a geological formation, and explain the workings of a mind, are two very different processes. Observation alone is required for the former, but sympathy is absolutely needed for the latter. It is astonishing that with the new light modern science has thrown upon physiology, it is so seldom taken into view when mental phenomena are discussed. There is no fact better established than that the integrity of the nervous system is necessary to the felicitous exercise of mind. Yet biographers and critics seem blind to its influence. This delicate medium of intellectual activity is refined and sensitive in all rarely endowed beings, for vivid impressions are the source of their power, and to these a susceptible organization is essential. When our illustrious painter went to London, he threw himself ardently into the pursuit of his art. In order to work undisturbed, he adopted a common practice of the country, and took no refreshment between early morning and evening. The long intervals of abstinence, to which he was previously unaccustomed, combined with intense application and great mental excitement, produced a chronic derangement of the digestive organs, and when he retired to Clifton in pursuit of health, his medical adviser prophesied that he would never again experience the blessing. Immediately subsequent, a domestic bereavement still farther reduced his vital energy, and from this period he could only exercise his profession when temporary vigor nerved his frame. But his was a nature to which inactivity was unknown. When not ostensibly employed, he was meditating subjects upon which to engage his pencil, revolving a speculative theory, or pouring forth the treasures of his experience for the advantage of others.

There is a beautiful progression manifest in the taste and views of Allston. His original turn was for comic scenes—a circumstance observable in the case of several religious painters. The sense of humor is developed before deeper feelings awaken. Art, like all things else, presents itself to the young fancy as a pastime rather than a mission. A certain love of the supernatural appears, however, as we before observed, to have been a leading characteristic of Allston. It displayed itself at first in the numerous wild scenes he loved to depict, of which the prominent figures were always banditti. Gradually this feeling assumed a higher scope, as his "Witch of Endor" and "Spalatro" evidence, and, at length, it seems to have become hallowed by more sacred emotions, until it aspired to embody those conceptions of which prophets are the exponents, and holy reverence the motive. The great principle of his career was individuality, and this is one secret of his fame. He did not suffer the immediate to interfere with the essential. He vowed allegiance to no school, and knew how to revere without servilely imitating. What surrounded never encroached upon what was within. That "the only competition worthy of a wise man is with himself," was one of his favorite maxims. With a spirit of generous appreciation, a truly catholic love of the beautiful, and an instinctive recognition of merit, he yet felt that to be true to himself was his greatest privilege and highest duty. He estimated praise at its just value, and while its sincere expres-

sion cheered, it never blinded him. There was an ideal in his soul, the least approach to which was more satisfactory than the most eloquent panegyric. He had ever in view a goal of excellence that grew more distant as he approached. To the dexterity of the artist he united the aspirations of the poet. With a rare sensibility to pleasure, he combined an ardent love of truth. The law of progress is the charter of such a man, and faith in the unattained a ceaseless inspiration. The details of the career of an artist like this, fade before the harmonious influence of the man. The interest of his character renders the mere events of his life comparatively unattractive. His writings and pictures, by not a few individuals, are less cherished tokens of his existence than the impulse his communion gave to their minds, or the earnestness of aim his precepts and example awakened in their hearts. It is still a question what form of intellectual sway is most desirable. The press in modern times often exercises greater power than the pulpit; and the silent eloquence of art sometimes grows tame before the almost inspired words of genius. The colloquial gifts of Allston were not the least remarkable of his endowments. What he had seen and felt—the truth gained by long wrestling with reality—the perception born of intercourse with the grandeur of the universe—the love created by fond relations with the beautiful—the dramatic incident, the moral impression, the glorious faith; all that life and nature, society and thought, had revealed to that wise and feeling soul, came forth, at the genial hour, from his lips, full of vitality and grace. His ready sympathy with the humblest brother in art, and the wise fertility of his conversation, rendered his society a source of improvement and pleasure such as it is the lot of few men to afford, and now memorable and endeared by the heritage of his fame.

A visit to Italy is perhaps more of an epoch in the life of an American artist than in that of any other. The contrast between the new and old civilization, the diversity in modes of life, and especially the more kindling associations which the enchantment of distance and long anticipation occasion, make his sojourn there an episode in life. The education and ideality of Allston rendered these influences peculiarly operative, and, accordingly, he was wont to revert to this period of his life with great interest. While in Rome, he was, as we have seen, the daily companion of Coleridge, and their intercourse was the subject of delightful reminiscence to both ever after. We may easily imagine the "feast of reason" they enjoyed at sunset on the Pincian—in the calm grandeur of St. Peter's—upon the deserted area of the Coliseum, and amid the silent company that peoples with beauty the long corridors of the Vatican. What an infinity of subjects must there have been suggested! The universality of the religious instinct; the philosophy of art; the destiny of man; the progress of freedom; the laws of beauty; the immortality of the soul—these and kindred themes rise, as it were, spontaneously as one wanders over the wrecks of empires. The road once strewn with flowers to greet the coronation of Laura's bard — the convent where Tasso died — the

cupola that Michael Angelo hung in air—the ivy-grown walls of Cæsar's palace—how must they have inspired in such men, deep colloquies over time and eternity! Nor less to spirits of such poetic mould did the emblems of the beautiful appeal. Angelic features beaming from moulder-ing frescoes—the iris hovering over the fountain—the gay weed flaunting above the temple's broken floor—the deep blue sky and violet haze rest-ing upon the distant mountain, a Magdalen's golden hair or Madonna's patient smile, and the soul-parted lips of the Apollo, were endless sources of grateful comment and sympathetic admiration. The Alps yielded yet another memorable lesson to the painter's heart, and the choicest society of England ministered to his expanding intellect, while everywhere and always, the beautiful in nature caught his eye, and the attractive in humanity won his love.

"I first became acquainted with Washington Allston," writes Wash-ington Irving, "early in the spring of 1805. He had just arrived from France, I from Sicily and Naples. I was then not quite twenty-two years of age,—he a little older. There was something, to me inexpressibly en-gaging in the appearance and manners of Allston. I do not think I have ever been more completely captivated on a first acquaintance. He was of a light and graceful form, with large, blue eyes, and black, silken hair, waving and curling round a pale, expressive countenance. Everything about him bespoke the man of intellect and refinement. His conversa-tion was copious, animated, and highly graphic; warmed by a genial sensibility and benevolence, and enlivened at times by a chaste and gentle humor. A young men's intimacy took place immediately between us, and we were much together during my brief sojourn at Rome. He was taking a general view of the place before settling himself down to his profes-sional studies. We visited together some of the finest collections of paintings, and he taught me how to visit them to the most advantage, guiding me always to the masterpieces, and passing by the others with-out notice. 'Never attempt to enjoy every picture in a great collection,' he would say, 'unless you have a year to bestow upon it. You may as well attempt to enjoy every dish at a Lord Mayor's feast. Both mind and palate get confounded by a great variety and rapid succession, even of delicacies. The mind can only take in a certain number of images and impressions distinctly; by multiplying the number, you weaken each, and render the whole confused and vague. Study the choice pieces in each collection; look upon none else, and you will afterwards find them hang-ing up in your memory.'

"He was exquisitely sensitive to the graceful and the beautiful, and took great delight in paintings which excelled in color; yet he was strongly moved and roused by objects of grandeur. I well recollect the admiration with which he contemplated the sublime statue of Moses by Michael Angelo, and his mute awe and reverence on entering the stupendous pile of St. Peter's. Indeed, the sentiment of veneration so characteristic of the elevated and poetic mind was continually manifested by him. His

eyes would dilate ; his pale countenance would flush ; he would breathe quick, and almost gasp in expressing his feelings, when excited by any object of grandeur and sublimity.

" We had delightful rambles together about Rome and its environs, one of which came near changing my whole course of life. We had been visiting a stately villa, with its gallery of paintings, its marble halls, its terraced gardens set out with statues and fountains, and were returning to Rome about sunset. The blandness of the air, the serenity of the sky, the transparent purity of the atmosphere, and that nameless charm which hangs about an Italian landscape, had derived additional effect from being enjoyed in company with Allston, and pointed out by him with the enthusiasm of an artist. As I listened to him, and gazed upon the landscape, I drew in my mind a contrast between our different pursuits and prospects. He was to reside among these delightful scenes, surrounded by masterpieces of art, by classic and historic monuments, by men of congenial minds and tastes, engaged like him in the constant study of the sublime and beautiful. I was to return home to the dry study of the law, for which I had no relish, and, as I feared, but little talent.

" Suddenly the thought presented itself, 'Why might I not remain here, and turn painter?' I had taken lessons in drawing before leaving America, and had been thought to have some aptness, as I certainly had a strong inclination for it. I mentioned the idea to Allston, and he caught at it with eagerness. Nothing could be more feasible. We would take an apartment together. He would give me all the instruction and assistance in his power, and was sure I would succeed.

" For two or three days the idea took full possession of my mind ; but I believe it owed its main force to the lovely evening ramble in which I first conceived it, and to the romantic friendship I had formed with Allston. Whenever it recurred to mind, it was always connected with beautiful Italian scenery, palaces, and statues, and fountains, and terraced gardens, and Allston as the companion of my studio. I promised myself a world of enjoyment in his society, and in the society of several artists with whom he had made me acquainted, and pictured forth a scheme of life all tinted with the rainbow-hues of youthful promise.

" My lot in life, however, was differently cast. Doubts and fears gradually clouded over my prospect ; the rainbow-tints faded away ; I began to apprehend a sterile reality, so I gave up the transient but delightful prospect of remaining in Rome with Allston and turning painter.

" My next meeting with Allston was in America, after he had finished his studies in Italy ; but, as we resided in different cities, we saw each other only occasionally. Our intimacy was closer some years afterwards, when we were both in England. I then saw a great deal of him during my visits to London, where he and Leslie resided together. Allston was dejected in spirits from the loss of his wife, but I thought a dash of melancholy had increased the amiable and winning graces of his character

I used to pass long evenings with him and Leslie; indeed Allston, if any one would keep him company, would sit up until cock-crowing, and it was hard to break away from the charms of his conversation. He was an admirable story-teller; for a ghost-story, none could surpass him. He acted the story as well as told it. . . . . "Leslie, in a letter to me, speaks of the picture of 'Uriel seated in the Sun.' 'The figure is colossal, the attitude and air very noble, and the form heroic, without being overcharged. In the color he has been equally successful, and, with a very rich and glowing tone, he has avoided *positive* colors, which would have made him too material. There is neither red, blue, nor yellow on the picture, and yet it possesses a harmony equal to the best pictures of Paul Veronese.' The picture made what is called 'a decided hit,' and produced a great sensation, being pronounced worthy of the old masters. Attention was immediately called to the artist. The Earl of Egremont, a great connoisseur and patron of the arts, sought him in his studio, eager for any production from his pencil. He found an admirable picture there, of which he became the glad possessor. . . . . Lord Egremont was equally well pleased with the artist as with his works, and invited him to his noble seat at Petworth, where it was his delight to dispense his hospitalities to men of genius. The road to fame and fortune was now open to Allston; he had but to remain in England, and follow up the signal impression he had made.

"Unfortunately, previous to this recent success he had been disheartened by domestic affliction, and by the uncertainty of his pecuniary prospects, and had made arrangements to return to America. I arrived in London a few days before his departure, full of literary schemes, and delighted with the idea of our pursuing our several arts in fellowship. It was a sad blow to me to have this day-dream again dispelled. I urged him to remain and complete his grand painting of Belshazzar's Feast, the study of which gave promise of the highest kind of excellence. Some of the best patrons of the art were equally urgent. He was not to be persuaded, and I saw him depart with still deeper and more painful regret than I had parted with him in our youthful days at Rome. I think our separation was a loss to both of us—to me a grievous one. The companionship of such a man is invaluable For his own part, had he remained in England for a few years longer, surrounded by everything to encourage and stimulate him, I have no doubt he would have been at the head of his art. He appeared to me to possess more than any contemporary the spirit of the old masters; and his merits were becoming widely appreciated. After his departure, he was unanimously elected a member of the Royal Academy.

"The next time I saw him was twelve years afterwards, on my return to America, when I visited him at his studio at Cambridge, in Massachusetts, and found him, in the gray evening of life, apparently much retired from the world; and his grand picture of Belshazzar's Feast yet unfinished. To the last he appeared to retain all those elevated, refined,

and gentle qualities which first endeared him to me. Such are a few particulars of my intimacy with Allston; a man whose memory I hold in reverence and affection, as one of the purest, noblest, and most intellectual beings that ever honored me with his friendship."*

We have frequently alluded to the relation existing between color and language as a medium of expression. Allston exemplified their affinity in his productions. The fluency and aptitude of his conversation has been already noticed, and his literary productions display the same traits. Had he given equal attention to writing as to painting, his success in the former would doubtless have been eminent. His "Monaldi," numerous letters, and a few poems—all the offspring of occasional respite from the pursuit of art—are distinguished for graphic power, deep insight, and a tasteful style. In the tale, particularly, there are many passages wherein the painter reveals himself in a very pleasing way. The local descriptions and dialogues on art, indicate how much reflection he had bestowed upon his vocation. No slight acquaintance with the development of human passion and sentiment is evinced in the characters. His heroine reminds us irresistibly of his happiest female creations, overflowing with the spiritual warmth of his coloring and an ideal loveliness of expression. His sonnets are interesting as records of personal feeling. They eloquently breathe sentiments of intelligent admiration or sincere friendship; while the longer poems show a great command of language and an exuberant fancy.

On his return to America, the life of our illustrious painter was one of comparative seclusion. The state of his health, devotion to his art, and a distaste for promiscuous society and the bustle of the world, rendered this course the most judicious he could have pursued. His humble retirement was occasionally invaded by foreigners of distinction, to whom his name had become precious; and sometimes a votary of letters or art entered his dwelling, to gratify admiration, or seek counsel and encouragement. To such, an unaffected and sincere welcome was always given, and they left his presence refreshed and happy. The instances of timely sympathy which he afforded young and baffled aspirants are innumerable.

Allston's appearance and manners accorded perfectly with his character. His form was slight, and his movements quietly active. The lines of his countenance, the breadth of the brow, the large and speaking eye, and the long white hair, made him an immediate object of interest. If not engaged in conversation, there was a serene abstraction in his air. When death so tranquilly overtook him, for many hours it was difficult to believe that he was not sleeping, so perfectly did the usual expression remain. His torch-light burial at Cambridge harmonized, in its beautiful solemnity, with the lofty and sweet tenor of his life.

* Cyclopædia of American Literature, vol. ii., pp. 14–16.

The element of beauty which in thee
  Was a prevailing spirit, pure and high,
And from all guile had made thy being free,
  Now seems to whisper thou canst never die!
For Nature's priests we shed no idle tear,
  Their mantles on a noble lineage fall;
Though thy white locks at length have pressed the bier,
  Death could not fold thee in Oblivion's pall:
Majestic forms thy hand in grace arrayed,
  Eternal watch shall keep beside thy tomb,
And hues aërial that thy pencil stayed,
  Its shades with Heaven's radiance illume;
Art's meek apostle, holy is thy sway,—
From the heart's altars ne'er to pass away!

SULLY.

THERE is a species of female beauty almost peculiar to this country. Perhaps it is best described as the very opposite of robust. Indeed, it is winsome partly from the sense of fragility it conveys. Lightness of figure, delicacy of feature, and a transparent complexion are its essentials. It is suggestive at once of that quality which the French call *spirituelle;* and we can readily account for the partiality it excites in foreigners, from their having been accustomed to the hearty attractions of the Anglo-Saxons, or the noble outline and impassioned expression of the Southern Europeans. It is an acknowledged fact, that the physical development of American women is precocious, and the decay of their charms premature. The variability of our climate, the want of regular exercise in the open air, and the harassing responsibilities they so early assume, too often unrelieved by wholesome pastime, are some of the reasons assigned for this state of things. Explained as it may be, however, these characteristics of American beauty are visible all around us; and to arrest graces so ethereal, and truly embody them, requires somewhat of poetry as well as skill in an artist. If ever there was a man specially endowed to delineate our countrywomen, particularly those of the Northern and Middle States—where the peculiarities we have noticed are chiefly observable, it is Thomas Sully. His organization fits him to sympathize with the fair and lovely, rather than the grand and comic. He is keenly alive to the more refined phases of life and nature. His pencil follows with instinctive truth the principles of genuine taste. He always seizes upon the redeeming element, and avails himself of the most felicitous combinations. Sully's *forte* is the graceful. Whatever faults the critics may detect in his works, they are never those of awkwardness or constraint. He exhibits the freedom of touch and the airiness of outline which belong to spontaneous emanations. Indeed, his defect, comparatively speaking, lies in this fairy-like, unsubstantial manner. Many of his female portraits strike us as "too wise and good," too like "creatures of the element," to be loved and blamed. Some of them float before the gaze like spirits of the air, or peer from a shadowy canvas like enchanted ladies. They are half-celestial, and we tremble, lest they should disappear as we gaze. As a universal principle, we are far from advocating this style, but are there not

subjects to which it is exclusively adapted? Do we not meet human beings who make a similar impression on the mind? Lucy Ashton is a representative of the species. Let us advert to Scott's description:— "Her exquisitely beautiful, but somewhat girlish features, were formed to express peace of mind, serenity, and indifference to the tinsel of worldly pleasure. The expression of the countenance was in the last degree gentle, soft, timid, and feminine, and seemed rather to shrink from the most casual look of a stranger than to court admiration. Something there was of a Madonna cast, perhaps the result of delicate health, and of residence in a family, where the dispositions of the inmates were fiercer, more active and energetic than her own." We cannot better designate Sully's particular aptitude than by saying that he could realize upon canvas the mental as well as bodily portrait of such a heroine. One consequence of the fastidious taste and graceful perception of this artist is, that where the subject is unpromising, he is sure to catch the most desirable expression. We often see coarsely-moulded faces apparently destitute of all charms—faces that inspire respect by the character they display, but offend ideality, and leave the affections untouched. Intimate acquaintance, however, reveals a certain mood wherein a softness gleams in the eyes, or a smile flashes like some benign inspiration, throwing over every feature an interest and grace undreamed of before. To this casual expression Sully will apply himself. It seems a rule and habit with him never to send a disagreeable portrait from his easel. He has an extremely dexterous way of flattering, without seeming to do so; of crystallizing better moments, and fixing happy attitudes. All his men, and especially his women, have an air of breeding, a high tone, and a genteel carriage. His taste in costume is excellent. One always feels at least in good society among his portraits. He seems to paint only ladies and gentlemen. However his actual power may be estimated, there are about his works the absolute traits of an artist's spirit. There is sensibility in his delineations; they are invariably modest, refined, and graceful. He never offends our sense of the appropriate, or trenches on the self-respect of those he portrays, by the least approach to exaggeration. The series of illustrations of Shakspeare he commenced, are happily, but not forcibly conceived. Portia is fair and dignified, but not sufficiently vigorous; Isabella is as chaste and nunlike as Shakspeare has made her, but her dormant and high enthusiasm does not enough appear; Miranda, a character better adapted than either to Sully's pencil, has an arch simplicity caught from Nature herself.

Thomas Sully was born at Horncastle, Lincolnshire, England, in June, 1783. His parents were actors, and with them he came to America in 1792, and soon after began to study the art of painting in Charleston, S. C. In 1813 we find him in lucrative practice as a portrait-limner, in Richmond, Va. Removing to New York, a few years later, he also succeeded there in his profession, and finally settled in Philadelphia. Sully's portraits are widely scattered, and may be found in the principal cities of the United States. Few of our artists have attained eminence through a

more severe ordeal of privation and discouragement; and none maintained a higher character in all domestic and social relations, or can look back upon an artist-life associated with more interesting periods and persons. His zeal to acquire skill in his profession at a time and in a country offering few facilities, may be inferred from his employing Trumbull to paint his wife, that he might witness that artist's method of work. He left Richmond for England to improve himself in his art, and was kindly aided by West; but returned to America to take care of the family of his brother Lawrence, who died during his absence, and whose widow he subsequently married. Thomas Cooper, the American tragedian, was one of his earliest and most efficient friends; he encouraged the artist to visit New York; Stuart also cheered him at the outset of his career; and he, in turn, recognized and promoted the first efforts of Leslie. Indeed, Sully is the connecting link between the dawn and meridian of American art; his reminiscences embrace all the salient phases of its early history. A universal favorite, on account of his modest, amiable, and intelligent nature, no painter among us has enjoyed more permanent social esteem and sympathy. He has delineated many celebrated people, having painted President Jefferson for West Point; Commodore Decatur for the City of New York; Queen Victoria for the St. George's Society of Philadelphia; Cooke as Richard the Third; Mrs. Wood as Amina; Dr. Benjamin Rush, Lafayette, and many others. One of his latest works is a series of illustrations of Robinson Crusoe. His "Washington Crossing the Delaware" is in the possession of the Boston Museum. His portrait of Lafayette is in Independence Hall, Philadelphia; that of Decatur in the Governor's room, New York City Hall. M. O. Roberts, Esq., of New York, has his "Woman at the Well," and "Girl offering Flowers at the Shrine;" his Mrs. Wood as "Amina," in the opera of La Sonnambula, and his portraits of Cooke, the tragedian, of Bishop White, Charles Kemble, Mrs. Leslie, Fanny Kemble, E. L. Carey, and Benjamin West, after Leslie's copy from Lawrence, are in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts; Henry C. Carey, Esq., has his "Isabella" and Fanny Kemble as "Juliet." At Baltimore are his portraits of J. B. and Mrs. Morris, Reverdy Johnson, and others; his full-length of Charles Carroll belongs to the McTavish estate, in the same city.

His present residence is a large old-fashioned brick mansion on Sixth street, just above Chestnut, in which he has lived during the last thirty-six years.

"The veteran was found," says a recent visitor, "working diligently at his easel, having just been engaged in copying a portrait of a young girl, recently completed, but spoiled by some fault in the canvas. During a half-hour's conversation, Mr. Sully exhibited a wonderful richness of anecdote and observation, nor did his memory appear to be seriously impaired. He began by deploring the fact that artists are so much at the mercy of the canvas-preparers, and stated that for a long time he had been in the habit of preparing his own. He stated the circumstance of

his endeavoring to beat into the head of an Englishman in this country the proper method of proceeding in this matter, on which occasion his kindly proffered information was disdainfully disregarded. This led to the narration of several incidents illustrative of the obstinacy of his countrymen, as he called the English, although himself an American for the last seventy-three years. The subject of his unusual health and activity at so advanced an age being referred to, Mr. Sully remarked that many years ago, when painting the portrait of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, who was at that time ninety years of age, he asked him for a 'leaf from his book.' 'Temperance in all things,' said Carroll, 'is the secret of long life; there must be as little friction as possible in any part, in order that the machine shall not wear itself out.' Another gentleman subsequently gave the painter an additional hint with regard to comfortable old age: 'A man,' said he, 'must have a hobby.' Painting was Mr. Sully's hobby, and he declared his intention of riding it until he should be taken away. When it was suggested that he had certainly, in the opinion of the world, 'ridden his hobby well,' Mr. Sully replied: 'I make no pretensions. The best that any of us now can do is feeble in comparison with that which has been done.'

"In adverting to the present high prices paid for everything, 'except portraits,' it was observed that this was caused in large part by the number of inferior artists, who were willing to dispose of their portraits at inferior prices. Mr. Sully remarked, with a touch of sadness in his voice, that he hoped they would leave the old man enough to do for a little while longer. He spoke with considerable feeling of the kindness of the authorities in abstaining from tearing down the house in which he lived, in order to make way for a proposed street. He supposed they knew that 'the old man could not live much longer, and were willing to spare him that pain.' He did not, therefore, expect to leave the place until he should 'be carried out feet foremost.' The walls of a room adjoining Sully's studio—a small picture-gallery, in fact—are covered with his own works, of which one of the most interesting is that bearing the inscription: 'T. S., London, May 15, 1838. My original study of the Queen of England, Victoria, painted from life, Buckingham House.'"

Sully is identified to an unusual extent with the ornaments of the stage. He is a discriminating lover of acting and music. His portraits of Cooke, Fanny Kemble, and Mrs. Wood, are among his most genial and successful efforts. Within a few years he has executed a very spirited portrait of Washington, in the act of reviewing the troops, at the time of the whiskey riots. There is a chivalrous dignity in the expression and gesture, rarely so effectively embodied. The war with Mexico broke off a negotiation whereby this picture would have been purchased by the government as a donation to a foreign potentate. Talent for the arts is natural to Sully's family. His English parents were gifted with dramatic ability; his brother, whom he soon out-rivalled, initiated him into practice, and his children excel in tasteful accomplishments. He mind is by no means exclusive in

its appreciation, but readily perceives whatever of grace is discernible in the whole range of literature and art. His associations have favored this native insight, and a remarkably liberal and amiable disposition makes him cognizant of the least symptom of merit. His kindness to young artists is proverbial, and it is very difficult to induce him to play the critic, so prone is he to seize upon the hopeful aspect—not only of the face he is depicting, but of the character or production submitted to his judgment. Sully was very early thrown upon his own resources, and his connections were dependent upon him at an age when other artists are usually free of all responsibility, but such as their vocation imposes. The manly and cheerful spirit in which he met the exigencies of his youth, is worthy of his generous heart. His voluntary sacrifices at this period, equal those of any of his noble compeers. Many anecdotes are related, all significant of that elasticity which seems to belong to the artistic organization. Goldoni compares despondency to a fencer, and says, as long as one stands upon his guard, and parries the enemy's attack, there is no danger ; but the moment a defensive attitude is resigned, the thrusts prove fatal. Upon this principle Sully acted at the discouraging opening of his career. At the South, where his labors as an artist commenced, for a long time they gained him a very precarious subsistence. His zeal for improvement led him to visit Europe with insufficient means, and the economy he practised for many months in London, would form a striking chapter in the annals of self-denial Hare Powell, of Philadelphia, was an efficient friend at this crisis, and through his aid, several private galleries were opened to the young artist, and he was enabled to study the English school of portraiture under signal advantages. He has experienced to a remarkable degree the caprices of fortune. Taste has undergone a variety of fluctuations since he became known to fame. The branch of art he espoused, and even the peculiar excellences for which he has been distinguished, exposed him to a more than ordinary reliance on the fashion of the day. Sometimes he has been overwhelmed with orders, and at others, obliged to change his residence for the sake of employment. For many years, however, he has prosecuted his art in Philadelphia, where few men are so deservedly respected and beloved.

MORSE.

WHEN Allston was painting his "Dead Man restored to Life," in London, he first modelled the figure in clay, and explained to Morse, who was then his pupil, the advantages resulting from a plan so frequently adopted by the old masters. His young countryman was at this time meditating his first composition,—a dying Hercules,—and proceeded at once to act upon this suggestion. Having prepared a model that exhibited the upper part of the body,—which alone would be visible in the picture,—he submitted it to Allston, who recognized so much truth in the anatomy and expression, that he urgently advised its completion. After six weeks, by careful labor, the statue was finished, and sent to West for inspection. That venerable artist, upon entering the room, put on his spectacles, and as he walked around the model, carefully examining its details and general effect, a look of genuine satisfaction beamed from his face. He rang for an attendant, and bade him call his son. "Look here, Raphael," he exclaimed, as the latter appeared; "did I not always tell you that every painter could be a sculptor?" We may imagine the delight of the student at such commendation. The same day one of his fellow-pupils called his attention to a notice issued by the Adelphi Society of Arts, offering a prize for the best single figure, to be modelled and sent to the rooms of the association within a certain period. The time fixed would expire in three days. Morse profited by the occasion, and placed his "Dying Hercules" with the thirteen other specimens already entered. He was consequently invited to the meeting of the society on the evening when the decision was to be announced; and received from the hands of the Duke of Norfolk, the presiding officer, and in the presence of the foreign ambassadors, the gold medal. Perhaps no American ever started in the career of an artist under more flattering auspices; and we cannot wonder that a beginning so successful encouraged the young painter to devote himself assiduously to study, with a view of returning to his own country fully prepared to illustrate the historical department of the art.

An illustrious aspirant had been assured, but a few years previous, when he announced a similar purpose to the President of the Royal Academy, that he had come a great way to learn how to starve. Indeed, so limited was the number of individuals who at that period felt any true interest in the fine arts on this side of the Atlantic, and so completely were the

energies of our young nation absorbed in trade and politics, that an enterprise like that which unfolded itself to the sanguine hopes of Morse, might well be deemed chimerical. But he was then breathing an atmosphere of sympathy; he enjoyed the friendship and instruction of men distinguished for their knowledge and ability, and who had reached in England the eminence at which he aimed. His application was not, therefore, chilled by any painful doubts of future success, might he but live to prove himself worthy of the high service to which he thus earnestly dedicated his life.*

A striking evidence of the waywardness of destiny is afforded by the experience of this artist, if we pass at once from this early and hopeful moment to a more recent incident. He then aimed at renown through devotion to the beautiful; but it would seem as if the genius of his country, in spite of himself, led him to this object, by the less flowery path of utility. He desired to identify his name with art, but it has become far more widely associated with science. A series of bitter disappointments obliged him to "coin his mind for bread"—for a long period, by exclusive attention to portrait-painting—although, at rare intervals, he accomplished something more satisfactory. More than thirty years since, on a voyage from Europe, in a conversation with his fellow-passengers, the theme of discourse happened to be the electro-magnet; and one gentleman present related some experiments he had lately witnessed at Paris, which proved the almost incalculable rapidity of movement with which electricity was disseminated. The idea suggested itself to the active mind of the artist, that this wonderful, and but partially explored agent, might be rendered subservient to that system of intercommunication which had become so important a principle of modern civilization. He brooded over the subject as he walked the deck, or lay wakeful in his berth, and by the time he arrived at New York, had so far matured his invention as to have decided upon a telegraph of signs, which is essentially that now in use. After having sufficiently demonstrated his discovery to the scientific, a long period of toil, anxiety, and suspense intervened before he obtained the requisite facilities for the establishment of the Magnetic Telegraph. It is now in daily operation in the United States, and its superiority over all similar inventions abroad, was confirmed by the testimony of Arago and the appropriation made for its erection by the French government. By one of those coincidences, which would be thought appropriate for romance, but which are more common, in fact, than the unobservant are disposed to confess, these two most brilliant events in the painter's life—his first successful work of art and the triumph of his scientific discovery—were brought together, as it were, in a manner singularly fitted to

* "The great feature of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy," says the "British Press," of May 4th, 1813, "is, that it presents several works of very high merit by artists with whose performances and even with whose names we were hitherto unacquainted. At the head of this class of Historical are Messrs. Monro and Morse. The prize of History may be contended by Mr. Northcote and Mr. Stothard. Hilton, Turner, Lane, Monro, and Morse follow in the same class."

impress the imagination. Six copies of his "Dying Hercules" had been made in London, and the mould was then destroyed. Four of these were distributed by the artist to academies, one he retained, and the last was given to Mr. Bulfinch, the architect of the Capitol—who was engaged at the time upon that building. After the lapse of many years, an accident ruined Morse's own copy, and a similar fate had overtaken the others, at least in America. After vain endeavors to regain one of these trophies of his youthful career, he at length despaired of seeing again what could not fail to be endeared to his memory by the most interesting associations. One day he was superintending the preparations for the first establishment of his telegraph, in the room assigned at the Capitol. His perseverance and self-denying labor had at length met its just reward, and he was taking the first active step to obtain a substantial benefit from his invention. It became necessary in locating the wires, to descend into a vault beneath the apartment, which had not been opened for a long period. A man preceded the artist with a lamp. As they passed along the subterranean chamber, the latter's attention was excited by something white glimmering through the darkness. In approaching the object, what was his surprise to find himself gazing upon his long-lost Hercules, which he had not seen for twenty years. A little reflection explained the apparent miracle. This was undoubtedly the copy given to his deceased friend, the architect, and temporarily deposited in the vault for safety, and undiscovered after his death.

Samuel Finley Breese Morse, son of the Rev. Dr. Jedidiah Morse, a well-known Presbyterian clergyman and educational writer, of Charlestown, Mass., was born there on the 27th of April, 1791; he graduated at Yale College in 1810, and the following year went to England with Allston to study painting; returning to the United States in 1815, he organized a drawing association, whence sprang the New York Academy, in its renewed form, of which he was the first president; revisiting Europe in 1829, he passed three years on the continent; and on his return was chosen Professor of the Arts of Design in the institution he originated. During the period from his first visit to England to his second return to America, he was an industrious limner, both at home and abroad, and his pencil was alternately occupied in landscape, composition, and portraiture. His mind, however, was not exclusively, perhaps not predominantly artistic; he wrote fluently, was an habitual student and observer in the field of general knowledge, and had a decided scientific turn and executive capacity; of broad social instincts and enterprising mental scope, there was less of the professional limner, and more of the liberal and philosophical inquirer about him, than is often discoverable among our artists. As early as when a student at Yale College, he had manifested strong interest in chemistry, as expounded by President Day; and Professor Dana's lectures on Electro-Magnetism, alternated at the Athenæum in 1826–7 with those of Professor Morse on the Fine Arts. The latter was present when the electro-magnet was first exhibited in this country;

and he never ceased to speculate upon the subject; so that when, in the autumn of 1832, on board the Havre packet ship Sully, on her way to New York, he discussed the identity of magnetism with electricity, and the possibility of obtaining the electric spark from the magnet, and its application to telegraphic science,—the direction of his inquiries was the result of long and familiar reflection,—a fact which adds to the external testimony to his claim to originality and priority in recognizing the principle of his subsequent triumphant invention. As an artist Morse had enjoyed unusual social privileges; but his scientific fame won him more honors of a foreign and public kind, than were ever before bestowed on an American; honorary gratuities from European governments, orders, medals, banquets, court *fêtes* and civic compliments have been profusely awarded him; and the story of his long-baffled efforts and final success is as remarkable, if not as romantic, as any in the annals of discovery.

Those who are fond of localities attractive from having been the abodes of men whose names are enrolled on the scroll of human benefactors, should not pass with indifference No. 8 Buckingham Place, Fitzroy Square, London. It was the residence of successive American painters for thirty years, and not long since the landlady preserved on the walls the portraits of Leslie and Morse. The friendship of these two painters is interesting, and helps to brighten the golden link which associates the name of the latter with the first dawn of Art in this republic—a period which we trust will one day have an importance in critical history, from the glory we are confident our nation will yet shed upon this sphere of culture. Morse went abroad under the care of Allston, and was the pupil of West and Copley. Hence he is naturally regarded by a later generation as the connecting bond that unites the present and the past in the brief annals of our artist-history. But his claim to such a recognition does not lie altogether in the fact that he was a pioneer; it has been worthily evidenced by his constant devotion to the great cause itself. Younger artists speak of him with affection and respect, because he has ever been zealous in the promotion of a taste for, and a study of, the fine arts. Having entered the field at too early a period to realize the promise of his youth, and driven by circumstances from the high aims he cherished, misanthropy was never suffered to grow out of personal disappointment. He gazed reverently upon the goal it was not permitted him to reach; and ardently encouraged the spirit which he felt was only to be developed, when wealth and leisure had given his countrymen opportunities to cultivate those tastes upon the prevalence of which the advancement of his favorite pursuit depends. When, after the failure of one of his elaborate projects, he resolved to establish himself in New York, he was grieved to find that many petty dissensions kept the artists from each other. He made it his business to heal these wounds, and reconcile the animosities that thus retarded the progress of their common object. He sought out, and won the confidence of, his isolated brothers, and one

evening invited them all to his room, ostensibly to eat strawberries and cream, but really to beguile them into something like agreeable intercourse. He had experienced the good effect of a drawing-club at Charleston, where many of the members were amateurs ; and on the occasion referred to, covered his table with prints, and scattered inviting casts around the apartment. A very pleasant evening was the result ; a mutual understanding was established, and weekly meetings unanimously agreed upon. This auspicious gathering was the germ of the National Academy of Design, of which Morse became the first president, and before which he delivered the first course of lectures on the Fine Arts ever given in this country. The question as to the comparative utility of associations of patrons and artists, has been discussed and tested by experiment sufficiently to satisfy every reasonable mind of the vast superiority of institutions managed by those best informed and most interested in any great public object. The prejudice and selfish motives which were brought to bear upon the new society, failed in the end, as they deservedly should It would be an useless and ungrateful task to repeat the details of the controversy. Morse was in a great measure sacrificed by the prominent part he took in these transactions ; but the Academy has flourished, and is yet achieving its work bravely, while the artists look upon their champion with pride and sympathy. This was clearly exhibited by their voluntary and fraternal attempt to console him for the marked neglect of his claims, when the original selection was made of painters to fill the vacant panels of the rotunda at Washington. Together with other friends, they formed an association, and gave Morse a commission to execute the painting. Owing to the non-payment of a portion of the instalments, and to the injudicious plan of the artist to carry out his design on too grand and expensive a scale, and his consequent pecuniary embarrassment, he was obliged to abandon the attempt. By a course of rigid and patient economy, highly creditable to his integrity, he gradually refunded to each subscriber the sum advanced, with appropriate expressions of gratitude for the liberal intention ; and was thus eminently true to himself, in resolutely, and at great personal sacrifice, emancipating himself from the degrading consciousness of pecuniary obligation.

After four years of study in Europe, Morse had returned to the United States from lack of means to carry on his education abroad. Although he then deemed himself by no means a proficient, he hoped, while pursuing the course of improvement so auspiciously commenced, to obtain, at home, such employment, in the higher branches of his profession, as would give some adequate scope to his powers. In Boston, however, although he was flattered enough by social consideration, he received no orders, and was obliged, from sheer necessity, to travel through New England, and execute portraits at fifteen dollars each, and finally to set up his easel at Charleston, S. C., where he continued this employment for several years—emulating, however, the more artistic styles of portraiture with ample success and honor. To keep up his practice in composition, he often carried

his heads to the North, where he passed every summer with his family, and there transferred them to larger canvas—introducing rich costume or tasteful accessories into his full-lengths, so that many of them did justice to his general ability as a painter. Stuart happened to see one of these, representing a young girl standing amid the ruins of an abbey beside a fawn. The conception and execution delighted him, and his praise spread its reputation so widely, that Morse was obliged to furnish several copies. Among other notable works by Morse are a portrait of Thorwaldsen, executed in Rome, a striking and pleasing likeness, sold at the recent dispersion of the Wright collection for four hundred and forty dollars; portraits of Mayors Paulding and Allen, and of Lafayette, in the New York City Hall; of Chancellor Kent, originally in the possession of Philip Hone, Esq.; a Peasant Girl of Nettuno, and a portrait of Mrs. Breese, in the possession of T. R. Walker, Esq., of Utica, N. Y.; and one of S. N. Dexter, belonging to Ward Hunt, Esq., of the same city. Huntington, Baker, and other of his fellow-artists have painted striking portraits of Morse, whose keen dark eye, and white hair and beard, as well as personal associations, make him a favorite subject.

There is a Convent of Capuchins at Rome, which is visited by strangers on account of a very old fresco, representing Christ walking on the waves, and an excellent mosaic copy of Guido's Michael triumphing over Satan, that adorn the walls. Those who have a taste for horrors, also view the cemetery beneath fantastically ornamented with the bones of deceased friars. But to the artist, the church is memorable for the fine arrangement of light, and the simple yet effective perspective. On this account the interior is often sketched and painted; and when a few bearded monks of the order are judiciously placed about the altar and in the aisles, the scene becomes quite impressive, and the ocular illusion very pleasing. A French artist exhibited such a representation of this convent in the United States, and it attracted an extraordinary degree of attention. Morse had painted, when abroad, a similar picture of the Louvre, including the principal works of art in that famous gallery—in miniature, but faithful copies—and it was one of his most successful and interesting works. The idea naturally suggested itself to take advantage of the evident taste recently manifested for this species of painting. He had laid by sufficient to enable him to give the necessary time to the experiment, and selected for his subject the interior of the House of Representatives of the United States. It might have been reasonably anticipated that so national a theme, if treated with any success, would be popular. The picture cost nearly two years' severe labor, and was attended with considerable expense. When exhibited, however—from what cause does not appear—it brought little profit to the artist, and he soon rolled up the huge canvas in disgust. In one of the poet Percival's letters, dated at New Haven in 1823, he says to a friend: "I will tell you one thing, *sub rosa*. Morse's picture of Congress Hall has cost him one hundred and ten dollars to exhibit in New York. Tell it not in Gath! He labored at it eighteen months, and spent many hundred dol-

lars in its execution; and now he has to pay the public for looking at it. Allston says it is a masterpiece of coloring and perspective. Who would write or paint any good thing for such a *fashionable vulgar* as ours? For my part, I am tired of patting the dogs. I will now turn to kicking them."* When sent to England, several political characters and men of taste among the nobility, expressed great admiration of the work, and were much interested in the portraits introduced, which were very cleverly arranged, and perfectly authentic.

After this signal disappointment, Morse determined to visit Mexico, as an *attaché* to the American Legation; and it might prove a curious speculation to imagine what destiny his active disposition would have achieved in that fertile and unhappy country, had the design been carried into execution; but, after having made all needful preparations, taken leave of his family, and even embarked his stores, the minister was suddenly recalled almost ere his journey had begun, and the artist returned home, and eventually abandoned the plan. In 1822–3, Morse was greatly encouraged in his pursuits by the friendly exertions of the poet Hillhouse, and received a public commission to paint a portrait of Lafayette, then on a visit to this country. Few pictures have ever been executed under more painful circumstances. He was called away from his delightful task to attend the death-beds of his wife and parent, and watch over the illness of his children. In the beautiful cemetery of New Haven is a monument upon which he caused to be inscribed:—"In memory of Lucretia Pickering, wife of Samuel F. B. Morse, who died Feb. 7, A. D. 1825, aged 25 years. Beautiful in form, features, and expression, bland in her manners, highly cultivated in mind; dignified without haughtiness, amiable without tameness, firm without severity, cheerful without levity; in suffering the most keen her serenity of mind never left her; though suddenly called from earth, eternity was no stranger to her thoughts, but a welcome theme of contemplation."

But through bereavement and "hope deferred," Morse struggled manfully onward, loyal to his own convictions and the claims of his profession. A second marriage and a delightful rural home, with visits to Europe, have agreeably, of late years, relieved the care and monotony of lawsuits and other business incident to his telegraph patents. The artistic reputation of Morse has long faded in the glow of his scientific fame; and the vicissitudes of his artistic life are forgotten in the prosperity of his executive career. He has put his artist fire into a locomotive shape, and writes with electric fluid instead of painting in oil. His last picture hangs in the drawing-room of "Locust-Grove," his beautiful domain on the Hudson; and while it indicates too much skill and feeling for the lover of art not to regret his withdrawal from the field, it also symbolizes the domestic enjoyment, which, with science and a great public economy, now more than fill the deserted sphere of his youth: it is an admirable full-length portrait

* The Life and Letters of James Gates Percival, by J. R. Ward.

of his daughter. His continued interest in American art and love of her worthy votaries was gracefully manifest in his reëlection, after the lapse of years, to the presidency of the National Academy of Design,—a spontaneous recognition of his early labors in its behalf, and of the permanent affection of the members; and, although he held the position but for a brief interval, his presence and sympathy are always exhibited on every occasion of artistic, social, or professional interest. His latest indication of his regard for the artist-friend of his youth, and the welfare of his *alma mater*, was his recent purchase of Allston's picture of "Jeremiah" for seven thousand dollars, and his presentation thereof to Yale College. He never believed that anything really great or desirable could be attained save through obstacles. Courage and patience have been his watchwords; and although the snows of time have bleached his hair, the same intelligent and enterprising spirit, the same urbane disposition that endeared him to the friends of his youth, still cause all who know him to rejoice in the honorable independence which his great invention has secured to his age.

LESLIE.

THE demise of this amiable man and accomplished artist on the 5th May, 1859, broke another of those pleasing ties whereby the intellectual associations of the Old World are blended with those of the New. Born of American parents, on English soil, London, Oct. 17, 1794, his early struggles in Art cheered on the one side of the ocean, and his best triumphs attained on the other, Leslie was one of the precious names whose renown is equally divided between the two great countries sacred to freedom. His earliest sitters in London were Americans: his best patrons, when his genius was matured, were English noblemen; at one time teacher of drawing at West Point, he died a Royal Academician.

The life of an artist, in the abstract, would seem one of the most tranquil, independent, and desirable. When adopted from love, and with the requisite capacity, and followed with rectitude and aspiration, we should imagine it at once harmonious and elevated. Such, however, is often the sensitiveness of the artistic organization, the indifference of the multitude, and the conditions of practical success, that the record of no class of lives is more shadowed by misfortune, or marred by perversity, than those of the artists. Cellini's skilful hand was as frequently employed in knocking down an enemy, as in carving a chalice; Salvator's name is associated with turbulence as often as with the picturesque; the bitter controversy between the romantic and classic schools of France wrought as much woe as many theological or political strifes; and the suicidal despair of Haydon finds its parallel in many an artist's career. Moreover, jealousy, want of tact, improvidence, egotism, and moderate abilities are frequent and fruitful sources of error and privation. When, therefore, we meet with one who is true to himself and his vocation, who finds contentment in the love of beauty and the patient exercise of talent, and hallows his endowments by manliness, benignity, and faith, it is at once a duty and a pleasure to recognize his worth and analyze the causes of his success. The latter will be found to consist in elements of character by no means rare, in opportunities accessible to many, and in principles within the reach of all. It is delightful to contemplate such a life as Charles Robert Leslie's,—so consistent, satisfactory, and complete. Endowed with exquisite perceptions

and a happy temper, eager for improvement, patient both in study and under criticism, with a keen relish of the intellectual, a fine sense of the humorous, with high and loyal social instincts,—honorable, genial, and refined,—he thoroughly enjoyed the blessings, earnestly cultivated the powers, and nobly used the privileges of genius. His success was as much the result of character as of talent, as directly the fruit of good sense and good feeling as of fortunate circumstances. Hence his autobiography and correspondence * inculcate a precious lesson for the profit of others of like tastes and purposes.

"At a dinner," writes one of his friends, "at which Allan Cunningham, the poet, danced with national glee round a haggis, which, as yet unpunctured, had not breathed forth its savory stream, the party were noisy,—but Leslie, always quiet and thoughtful, was lost in contemplation of the dark lustre and flashing brilliancy of a silver spoon. 'How much more value,' said the studious painter, 'are these tints than those of gold plate; how exquisite the simple, pure lustre, the pearliness, the quiet brilliancy.' This anecdote shows us the very key-note of Leslie's system of color, from 'Sancho and the Duchess' down to the 'Queen and Jeannie Deans,' always 'the silver spoon,—it might have been his crest. In design and subject he might have followed Smirke and Newton, but in color he was born with the silver spoon in his mouth."

He was eminently true to his convictions,—satisfied to do what he could do best. Few painters have wasted less time in vain attempts to work beyond their sphere, to sacrifice their individual gifts at the shrine of fashion or ambition. He soon learned wherein to him peculiar excellence was attainable. He thought and wrote in 1813, that, "to insure a picture currency, it is necessary that it should tell either some Scriptural or classical story." He believed then in Benjamin West more than in Raphael. Hogarth had initiated, and Wilkie had triumphed in, the then unrecognized field of the domestic and characteristic; sympathy with the household literature of his vernacular suggested to Leslie a new phase of this neglected branch.

He had the sensibility to feel and the sense to follow its attractions. Having deliberately chosen the work best adapted to his powers, he systematically cultivated all means of progress therein; studying the elements of design, the laws of form, expression, and color, in the Elgin marbles, the cartoons of Raphael, the masters of the Flemish school, and other masters, like Paul Veronese; seeking subjects in the favorite scenes and characters of standard literature, and inspiration from nature, the "comedy of life," and the graces and gifts of superior men.

Leslie's culture, as revealed in his life and letters, is singularly harmonious and complete; indicating, with remarkable clearness, the mutual relation of the arts,—how they interfuse as mental resources, and mutually interpret each other, when studied with practical wisdom. It is true that specific branches

* Autobiographical Recollections by the late Charles Robert Leslie, edited, with a Prefatory Essay on Leslie, the artist, and Selections from his Correspondence, by Tom Taylor, Esq., Boston, 1865.

of painting demand peculiar kinds and degrees of discipline,—that each department obtains facilities from somewhat diverse resources,—and that the pictorial range most congenial to Leslie, derived advantage from tastes and habitudes not available to the same extent in other cases; yet his methods and means furnish no common lesson, and commend themselves to the sense and the sentiment so essential to excellence in all art as a vocation. Expression is the constant aim,—the grand desideratum; its scope in this instance was refined, human, familiar,—embracing the comic and the characteristic, rather than the sublime and ideal; and for this the painter looked to society and the drama,—to literature and life,—not in their grandest, but in their most delicately significant phases. We can imagine no better school, therefore, than the stage at the period of Leslie's early studies. His love of the drama was an affinity. When, a boy, in Philadelphia, he stood absorbed on the "flies" to see Cooke perform, and won his employer's coöperation in his project to become a painter, by the crude but faithful likeness he made of that great actor; he was unconsciously exhibiting both his claim and his endowment for his peculiar career. To him the theatre was a grand life-school; fortunately, he enjoyed its palmy era. The dramatic element of his art was thus made familiar. His earliest letters from London are filled with descriptions of the Kembles, Mrs. Siddons, Kean, Elliston, Young, Downton, and the other living masters of dramatic art. Not a trait was lost upon him; he sketched their faces, criticised their manner and costume, compared them with each other in different parts, and, by careful and sympathetic observation, became an adept in all the delicate shades of personation, the nice analogies of expression and sentiment. We are disposed to attribute no small degree of his aptitude in giving the right expression with his pencil to imaginary characters, to the facts and principles he thus acquired. When we remember how monotonous is the dress, conventional the manner, and prosaic the aspect of every-day London people, it is easy to conceive what a refreshment to the fancy, and how suggestive to the painter, the English theatre must have been. The instinct of genius led this artist in his youth to practise rigid economy, and undergo great personal inconvenience in order to witness the performance of the best actors. His reminiscences of them, by their precision and vividness, testify to his intellectual obligations. Campbell, in his well-known tribute to John Kemble upon his retirement from the stage, has eloquently compared the dramatic and the fine arts; and while he justly asserts that the former include the latter, he recognizes the law of compensation in the fact that what the drama gains in completness, it loses in permanence. But the philosophical truth is, that these arts, if not mutually dependent, are at least mutually inspiring, in a manner and to an extent rarely so distinctly shown as in Leslie's experience. His artistic success is an impressive tribute to the practical value of the stage. Lamb renewed his humanity at that now desecrated shrine; but Leslie obtained there the choicest materials of his graceful art. It was at the theatre that he realized the infinite possibilities of human expression, and intelligently

traced the relation of thought and feeling, fancy and character, to the wonderful transitions of physiognomy, attitude, and gesture.

Next to the stage, and more directly, Leslie was indebted to literature. The affinities between this pursuit and that of art, often recognized, have seldom been so exquisitely displayed as in his career. Indeed, his tone of mind, his scope of execution, the spirit he was of, seem almost identical with those of a certain class of authors. Character and scenes were the subjects upon which he instinctively expatiated; but they were of a special kind, and peculiar to English literature, and the popular masterpieces, in the same vein, of two foreign tongues. When we examine the more felicitous results of Leslie's pencil, and read his favorite authors, it is easy to perceive that only an accidental difference in the mode of expression prevented the limner from being an author. He looked at nature and life with the same eyes. What the poets and romance-writers he loved translated into words, he embodied in outlines and color. We detect the dominance of his peculiar taste in art, in his chôice of books while yet an art-student. Still later, the same tendency is evident in his social proclivities; and his works bear testimony to his ability to reproduce on canvas the characters so akin to his inventive faculty as to make them appear like original creations, instead of suggested themes.

His correspondence with Irving is a charming illustration of the possible kindness between an author and an artist. Not only were his early sketches the pictures which his friend's writings impressed upon his sympathetic fancy, but such was the normal affinity between them, that the companionship of each was apparently essential to the other. The burden of their letters, when separated, was to ascertain precisely how they were respectively employed. Irving, sensitive and reticent as he was by nature in all that regarded himself and his works, freely and fondly wrote and talked to Leslie of what he was doing, hoped to accomplish, or failed to realize. He longed for his presence, his counsel, and his sympathy, and reverts to their "tea-kettle debauches," their visits to fairs and the play, their conversations and excursions, with the partiality and the regrets, not of romantic friendship, but of an intellectual necessity and moral resource. On the other hand, the artist cannot see a fine landscape, or an odd scene, — the grace of nature under a novel aspect, or the comedy of life in the shape of a casual adventure,—without wishing his friend "partaker in his happiness," that to the personal advantage thereof may be added that other rare and benign privilege, "division of the records of the mind." One is glad his brother artist is "getting on so well with his picture;" the other hopes his dear absentee is "in the mood for writing." They suggest subjects for one another; they indulge in playful badinage on their early privations; they mutually condole, and cheer, and congratulate, with the frankness and fervor only possible to kindred spirits. One uses, to describe his forlorn consciousness when alone, the expressive phrase of feeling "lobsided;" the other begs for a letter as for mental sustenance. "I not only owe to you," writes Leslie

to Irving, "some of the happiest social hours of my life, but you opened to me a new range of observation in my own art, and a perception of the qualities and character of things which painters do not always imbibe from each other." How apt are some of the hints the author gives the limner, either for a new subject or an improved treatment of one already adopted; and how cordial and wise are the words of praise, of criticism, or of encouragement, with which the latter reciprocates! It was while detained at an inn at Oxford, with Leslie, that the subject of one of Irving's best humorous sketches—"The Stout Gentleman"—was suggested, to be worked out when their journey was resumed in a "pencilling by the way." Doubtless the name of the bankrupt husband, in "The Wife," was adopted from the painter's,—then unknown to fame; and how like an artist is the project of a composition, representing Shakespeare arraigned for deer-stealing, sketched in a letter from Geoffrey Crayon; while no small secret of his own style is hinted when, in answer to Leslie's matter-of-fact correction of a passage in the "Sketch Book," he inquires if it will not injure the melody of the sentence? "I am delighted to find your labors are to be so interwoven with mine," writes the author of the "Sketch Book" and "Knickerbocker" to the illustrator of those works. But it was not chiefly in mutual work that their early careers were thus identified. The aid which only genuine sympathy can give—the choicest inspiration of art and literature, as well as life—quickened and moulded their development. This process and principle is evident in a less degree, but continuous and efficient, throughout the artist-life of Leslie, and in his communion and companionship with Newton and Rogers, West and Constable, Scott, Allston, Coleridge, Wilkie, Turner, Stothart, Kenney, and many other eminent artists and authors. It is impossible to estimate either the impulse or the discipline for refined and admirable achievements, which Leslie thus realized. To the companionship and sympathy, the insight and example of these select intelligences, his conceptions and his executive skill owe much of their excellence, not on account of special teaching, but through the potent influence of a mental atmosphere which enriched and chastened the genius of the painter. In the case of Irving the intimate and genial relation is more distinctly apparent, and its fruits better defined. It has also all the freshness and beauty of youthful associations; and it is interesting to note its continued recognition when time, distance, and fame had separated the two friends. We can appreciate Irving's declaration,—"I find nothing to supply the place of that heart-felt fellowship;" and when I visited Leslie, four years before his death, the earnest and minute inquiries he made about Irving, and the interest with which he listened to every detail of his welfare, showed, even to a stranger's eye, the undimmed glow of that early love.

It was natural that Leslie's first success in his peculiar department of art should be in treating a dramatic subject,—the "Death of Rutland," from Henry VI. Thenceforth, with the exception of an occasional por-

trait, a few Scripture scenes, and some historical pieces, popular literature furnished him with congenial subjects. With the instinct of genuine talent, he sought in that pleasant table-land of the Muses—where less impassioned phases of humanity find expression—the appropriate subjects for his pencil. There are vastly higher flights of imagination, deeper revelations of the soul, characters of more earnest and vital power, scenes grander and more tragic, than those he selected; but none more adapted to the delicate triumphs of the limner's art, more expressive of the pleasant and healthful side of human life, or better fitted to become household favorites. He gave a "local habitation" to some of the choicest creations of comic and domestic literature, made familiar to the eye what had long charmed the mind, and emphasized by delineation the wit and pathos which before haunted the fancy in vague and varying, instead of definite images. Think of the gallery of endeared ideal portraits, for which we are thus indebted to Leslie — Sir Roger de Coverley, Master Slender, sweet Anne Page, Falstaff, Sir Toby Belch and Ague-cheek, Autolycus, the Merry Wives, Dame Quickly, Beatrice, Perdita, Don Quixote, Sophia Western, Viola, Hermione, Sancho and the Duchess, Uncle Toby, the *Malade Imaginaire*, Widow Wadman and Belinda, Jeannie Deans, Hotspur, and Lady Percy.

Ruskin said: "The more I learn of art, the more respect I feel for Mr. Leslie's painting, as such; and for the way in which it brings out the expressional result he requires. Given a certain quantity of oil color to to be laid with one touch of pencil, so as to produce at once the subtlest and largest expressional result possible, and there is no man now living who seems to me to come at all near Mr. Leslie, his work being in places equal to Hogarth for decision, and here and there a little lighter and more graceful."

To appreciate the success of an artist in such works it must be remembered that every one of these characters was and is an ideal favorite; that all sympathetic readers of Shakespeare, Sterne, Fielding, Molière, Cervantes, Addison, and Pope, cherish a personal feeling towards imaginary portraits of their favorites. The painter addressed exacting critics and fond spectators every time he essayed to embody these conceptions of the dramatist, the novelist, and the humorist. To say that he gave satisfaction, often high delight, always pleasure, is awarding no ordinary praise. To meet the demand of such an ordeal required not only the ability to give accurate expression, the conscientious study of costume and accessories, the harmonies of Art, as well as the truth of Nature, but a rare degree of judgment and taste was also requisite in order not to offend the preconceived standard of excellence, the moral verisimilitude present to the countless minds to which these subjects were "familiar as household words." However inferior to sacred or historical art, therefore, his sphere may be, in the estimation of the ideal aspirant, the standard it was indispensable to reach, both as to technical merit and felicitous invention, made Leslie's success a rare triumph. The period of his studies and first achievements was

one of transition; it was a new era in literature, art, and politics. The supremacy of West in historical painting was still undisputed. Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Hogarth represented the recognized victories of the English school, and their influence is obvious in the practice and the ideas destined to excel in a different department from that in which these consummate artists gained renown. The precepts of Sir Joshua were authoritative with Leslie, and few artists better appreciated the great portrait-painter of the previous age. His latest work was a biographical tribute to Reynolds. The approbation of West was Leslie's pride, his criticism a law; while no one can examine the touches of nature in his most expressive figures without feeling how much Hogarth's manner suggested. A new and remarkable school of English artists, at this time, simultaneously wrought marvels; some of them—such as Flaxman, Martin Stothart, Fuseli, and Constable—with genius above and different from the current taste. Others, like Wilkie, by the most acute treatment of familiar scenes in common life, or, like Turner, by a fresh, bold, and masterly style in landscape, especially in aërial perspective, opened a new and popular field of pictorial art; Etty in flesh-tints, Sir Thomas Lawrence by elaborate elegance in portraiture, and Chantrey in statuary, raised the character and fame of local art to a prominent though limited rank.

The arrival of the Elgin marbles in England awakened in the better class of artists a new perception of the ancient ideals, and the grandest method of following the teachings of nature. Landseer's marvellous skill in delineating animal life had made evident unimagined possibilities of meaning and merit in what had been deemed an inferior branch of art; and the beauty and effect attained by the best painters in water colors, had established novel precedents. Another fact singularly conspicuous was the great progress and increased popularity of engraving in England, —whereby popular pictures were multiplied. The pictures of Leslie were remarkably adapted to the burin, and thus became more valuable and famous. He advocated the admission of superior engravers to academic honors, from a grateful sense of his obligation to their skill.

The stage had reached its acme of celebrity; the novels of Miss Burney, Mrs. Radcliffe, and Miss Porter had yielded to the historical romances of the Great Unknown, and the sensible narratives of Maria Edgeworth; a new poem by Scott, Byron, or Moore, was the literary sensation of the day; the tocsin of political reform had sounded; Lord Brougham's versatile powers and Horner's eloquence made an epoch in Parliamentary debates; famous travellers and *savans* rendered the soirées of Sir Joseph Banks attractive; the stage-coach had not been superseded by the railway; the curfew was yet tolled in remote districts; Napoleon's meteoric career made foreign news a perpetual military drama; it was the era of Percival's assassination and the war of 1812, of Waterloo and Trafalgar; —and all these elements of civic and social life were more or less influential in that education of circumstances, which, despite his comparative seclusion from the world of affairs, shape the mind of the artist. A call

from Scott to inspect his unfinished picture of "Christmas in the Olden Time;" a sojourn at a noble domain, or a visit to an old castle; a trip to Paris to explore the Louvre; attendance at the theatre to witness Mrs. Siddons' last appearance; a breakfast with Rogers, to meet a literary or artistic celebrity; a twelve-hours' vigil in the Abbey to see Victoria crowned, or a more brief and sad attendance there to behold the obsequies of West,—these and such as these were the opportunities and the exigencies which Leslie's times yielded;—enough certainly of outward interest to recreate and enlighten the mind in the intervals of an absorbing vocation.

How efficiently Leslie's social developed and disciplined his artistic life! In such memoirs as his we feel the blessedness of rare and true companionship. The "cheerful, innocent, scrambling student-life;" the subsequent period of youthful and manly work, enlivened by mutual counsel and fun between "Geoffrey Crayon," "the Childe," and the "dear boy;" and the succeeding great social privileges which came with renown,—all contributed felicitously to the success as well as happiness of the painter. Among the incidental means of this kind to which he alludes with satisfaction, is the "Sketch Club," whose meetings were held at stated periods at the residence of each member, in succession. Two hours were assiduously devoted to sketching a subject only announced at the moment; and the compositions became the property of the host of the evening. We had the pleasure of examining one set of these impromptu sketches, executed at Leslie's house, and sent by him to relatives in America. The subject was "Night," and it was marvellous how varied and complete were the results of the brief pastime. One artist treated Night for its sentiment, and drew lovers by moonlight; another made a picturesque effect of cliff, tree, and shadow; Stanfield had a fine sea-view in a midnight storm; a humorous sketch delineated a court-yard, with cats fighting, and an old fellow in his nightcap ludicrously expostulating from a high window; in short, the nocturnal in nature and life was exhibited under every aspect, from the most romantic to the most natural; and the cleverness of design, the degree of finish and individuality of each sketch, gave one a pleasant idea of the facility of execution attained by the artists. Leslie believed in mastery of ideas in art, more than imitative or technical skill. Even in portraiture he often gave the most expressive touches from memory, and commanded, to a singular extent, the requisites of facile execution in his chosen sphere.

At Victoria's coronation, very desirable seats were given to academicians. During Sully's last visit to London, Leslie one day was describing the spectacle to him with an artist's enthusiasm; and dwelt especially upon the manner in which the central figure struck his vision, as a gleam of sunshine played upon the ermine of the peers, and the diamond wheat in the hair of the maids of honor, until it fell, like a halo, around the head of the fair young queen, kneeling to receive the sacrament. Sully, with his usual consideration, suggested to Leslie to paint what so obviously haunted his imagination; and a few days after, he found the artist brooding over the

subject, for it was one of his peculiar habits to complete a picture in his mind before touching the canvas. Accordingly, after long deliberation, the light, shade, and grouping were arranged to his satisfaction. The principal persons present on the occasion agreed to sit for their portraits, and her Majesty cordially favored the design. The beautiful scene was thus commemorated with exquisite skill and taste. It served to renew Leslie's popularity, and will ever be a charming evidence of his tasteful ability and artistic power.

To be moved by gentle excitements and won by quiet charms, proves refinement of feeling and alacrity of mind. It is one of the most striking tokens of advancing civilization, that popular amusements gradually lose all coarseness. The sports of the arena give way to the drama; buffoonery and horrors are succeeded by classic dialogue and inspiring arias. Painting exemplifies the same transition; and from martyrdoms and heathen divinities, by degrees, turns to domestic scenes and glimpses of humor and sentiment. The school of modern English art is the legitimate offspring of her high civilization. As in science cognizance is now taken of minutiæ on account of the spread of general knowledge, in art, the details of life awaken an interest, and furnish a resource unavailable in earlier times, when a few leading ideas moved society. The change is less favorable to the grand than the graceful development of talent. Still there is a wholesome principle in quiet gratification, and taste is no uncertain guide to truth. Our sympathies would soon lapse from pure exhaustion, had we only Lady Macbeths and Othellos; and Shakspeare's genuine humanity is no less effectively displayed in his Violas and Mercutios. Leslie's first successful attempt was a likeness of Cooke, the tragedian, taken at the theatre, while apprentice to a Philadelphia bookseller. He soon copied admirably, and became, like most of his fraternity, early occupied with portraits. After teaching drawing a short time at West Point, he resigned the appointment, returned to England, and enjoyed the liberal encouragement which no other country is so well adapted to yield the kind of genius by which he is distinguished. She claims him as her own, but although born there, his parents were American, and his first lessons in art received on this side of the water.

It has been well said that habit alone prevents us from recognizing a miracle every day. Were our sensibilities always keen, and our observation ever active, the most familiar phenomena would excite wonder. A pampered taste, and feelings blunted by custom that "makes dotards of us all," rear the most formidable barrier between what is really interesting and the mind. It is on this account that writers continually seek in the extraordinary, aliment for public curiosity; and for the same reason, inferior artists often address themselves to very odd or sublime themes, with a view of winning admiration. Experiment has proved, however, that there is a vast and but partially explored domain around us, neither supernatural nor melodramatic, which may be vividly illustrated, if wisely used. Perhaps there is no sphere either of art or literature which yields such per-

fectly healthful results, and which so abounds in "human nature's daily food." The poet from whom this phrase is quoted is an instance in point. He has succeeded in imparting an ideal interest to the common aspects of Nature. Some of the British essayists achieved the same result by their clever treatment of social and local traits, which, in themselves, appeared utterly devoid of what is called effect; and judicious readers welcome an element so wholly free from morbid excitement and artificial appliances. In the world of art there also exists a kind of table-land, equally distant from mountain grandeur and flowery vales, where a cheerful tone and quiet harmony refresh the senses, and gratify, without disturbing, the heart. In an age like the present, those who thus minister to the more tranquil pleasures of imagination exercise a benign vocation. They may not thrill, but they often charm. Their labors create no epochs of inward life, yet they often cheer and solace. The lesson conveyed may be calm, but it is not the less refreshing; and the associations enkindled, like a bland atmosphere, yield a pastime none the less desirable, because it is unmarked either by tears or laughter, and is indicated only through an unconscious smile or placid reverie.

We designate the principle in view, when socially manifested, by such humble epithets as agreeable. As humor differs from wit, peace from rapture, satisfaction from delight, the appropriate from the impressive, this quiet aim and peculiar grace is distinguishable from more exciting influences. As exhibited in painting, it is as far removed from Dutch homeliness as from Italian exaltation, and partakes as little of grotesque caricature as of lofty sentiment. It is domestic, natural, unpretending, yet true and attractive. It is the neutral tint in color, the undulating in movement, the gentle in sound, and the pleasant in experience, appealing not to high veneration or deep love, but gratefully allying itself to ready and home-bred sympathies. Of all our painters, Leslie excelled in this department. His "Sir Roger de Coverley," "Sancho Panza and the Duchess," "Sterne at the Glove Shop," "Anne Page and Master Slender," are gems of their kind. He was such a limner of manners as was Steele in language. His subjects are chiefly drawn from life, not in its extremes, but its refinements. His pictures are caught from family associations and household literature. They embellish the scenes of domestic taste. He follows nature in her choicest mood. To few artists may be more justly applied the term intellectual. His style is elegant, his sentiment and humor delicate, and his strength lies in the fine proof rather than the massiveness of his arms. As a gentleman's example raises the tone of breeding, Leslie's genius redeems art from coarseness. His women are not heroines, but they are winsome and accomplished. He distilled poetry from the common-place, and throws a fanciful charm around the familiar. He was judicious, penetrating, and graceful, and hence tells a very intelligible anecdote on canvas, in a simple, yet beautiful way. It is these characteristics that made him so apt and satisfactory an interpreter of the Spectator, and Uncle Toby, Irving, and the more airy passages of Shakspeare's comedy.

Among the few portraits from his pencil in this country, is a cabinet likeness of Sir Walter Scott, belonging to George Ticknor, Esq., of Boston, and one of Dr. J. W. Francis, of New York, executed fifty years ago, and in the possession of his family. A few months before his death the artist wrote this venerable friend, reminding him of those days in London when they used to attend the *reunions* of Sir Joseph Banks, and discuss the merits of Cooke, after the play. Leslie's spirited and accurate drawings of this great actor, in his best characters, were sketched in the pit of the Philadelphia Theatre, and sent to London to be engraved. They first called attention to the young painter's rare skill in expression. His picture of "Catharine, the Shrew" belongs to Hon. John P. Kennedy, of Baltimore, Md.; that illustrating the passage in Macbeth—"And withered murder alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf"—belongs to the estate of William Gilmore, Esq., of the same city; his "Farnese Hercules," "Musidora," after West, his portraits of Lancaster, of educational fame, of "Cooke as Richard III." in water colors, and the "Murder of Rutland by Clifford," are in the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts; "Touchstone, Audrey, and the Clown;" "Olivia" in Twelfth Night; "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman;" a portrait of himself, and one of Henry C. Carey, are in the possession of the latter gentleman at Philadelphia; James Lenox, Esq, of New York, has his portrait of Washington Irving, and his pictures of "Our Saviour teaching his Disciples the lesson of Humility," "The Pharisee and the Publican," "Our Saviour," "Mary and Martha," "The Mother's return from a Party," and "A Mother and Child," after Raphael. His picture of "Slender and Anne Page" belonged to Philip Hone, Esq., of New York, who obtained it from the artist; and another of his Scenes from Shakespeare was sold with the Wolfe Collection in that city, sent to London, and, after Leslie's death, is said to have been disposed of for a thousand guineas.

To an American reader few portions of Leslie's Recollections and Correspondence will have a more speculative interest than those which illustrate the patronage of Art in England. The kind of dependence upon noblemen, habitual among first-class painters, has been regarded by many of our intelligent countrymen as inimical to self-respect and unfavorable to originality. It has been thought to involve a deference in matters of taste, and a conformity to arbitrary conditions, inconsistent with the freedom of genius and the dignity of manhood. The fact that, in many instances, aristocratic hospitality is extended to the artist alone, while his family are ostracized from the circles where he is a favorite guest, has also seemed irreconcilable with our republican and domestic notions. That, in specific instances, there is ground for these prejudices against Art-patronage in England,—that artists of distinguished ability have been meanly subservient to rank, and compromised the independence of their vocation and character, that "thrift might follow fawning,"—it is useless to deny. But there is another and a better side to this phase of artist-life in Great Britain, which is one of the most auspicious and creditable aspects of her

social life. Elaborate works of art require not only time, but a free mind and a confident mood, for their execution ;—both of which conditions are liable to be forfeited through the limited means and domestic necessities of the artist. Hence the most desirable, nay, essential encouragement for him is a liberal friend, who, by securing him ample remuneration, enables him to work without anxiety or haste, and whose knowledge of and interest in art make his sympathy not less inspiring than his patronage. There are many and beautiful examples of such a relation between the nobleman of fortune and the painter of genius. Leslie himself was eminently fortunate in this regard. The friendship of Lord Egremont, so spontaneous in its origin, considerate in its manifestation, and constant in its exercise, is one of the most pleasing episodes in the artist-life of Leslie. Lord Egremont's first commission to Leslie, his generous offer when the latter hesitated whether to abandon his vague prospects in England for a certain but limited employment in America, the annual visits of the artist and his family to Petworth, the facilities for study and recreation there so unostentatiously afforded him, and especially the warm, unwavering sympathy in his art, and interest in his welfare, which this kindly and endeared nobleman exhibited, make the record a charming exception to all that is derogatory in patronage ; for that equivocal term was superseded by the more genial relation of mutual respect, taste, confidence, and affection. The patronage was of that rare kind which is the offspring of appreciation,—the consequence of an affinity of mind. The love of Art and her worthy votaries is, indeed, a delightful trait of the cultivated and the munificent ; it often redeems rank from commonplace and selfish associations, and elevates its possessor into a minister at the altar of humanity. It is more or less characteristic of the English aristocracy. Lord Carlisle's first object, after landing in Boston, was to find Allston's studio ; and Lord Ellesmere signalized his visit to America by liberal commissions to our best landscape-painters. No unprejudiced reader of Leslie's Autobiography, who is cognizant of the obstacles to success in historical and *genre* painting, can fail to realize how much his talent was fostered, his taste improved, his labors cheered, and his efforts inspired, by the generous, intelligent, and sympathetic patronage he received from royalty, rank, and men of fortune. Devoid of this, at that period and under his circumstances, it is difficult to imagine how he could have worked auspiciously in a sphere so dependent upon individual appreciation and encouragement. It is not surprising that he loved England and felt at home there, both as regards society, art, and congenial influences. He lived to witness a surprising change in the resources of artist-life ; for there is no more striking fact in regard to this subject than the munificent patronage which the wealthy manufacturers of Great Britain now extend to Art. Some of the choicest works of modern painters are to be found in Manchester ; as if by the law of compensation the scene of the most exclusive material labor should be hallowed by the love and presence of the beautiful. "Almost every day," writes Leslie in 1851, "I hear of some man of fortune whose name is unknown to me, who

is forming a collection of pictures ; and they are all either men of business, or men who have retired from business with a fortune." Through popular criticism, engravings, local exhibitions, and the facilities of travel, Art is becoming more and more a vast social interest, losing its exclusive character, and growing into and out of the economy and the taste of modern life. Ere long its lover and student will not depend, as did Leslie at the outset of his career, upon private favor to study masterpieces. Already the Cartoons of Raphael, the best antique models and specimens of the Venetian, Roman, and Flemish schools, are accessible to the humblest seeker after truth and beauty ; and the most graceful works of the living English and Continental painters may be seen on the walls of tradesmen, or in the exhibition-rooms of New York and London.

The alacrity and earnestness with which Leslie cultivated the society of those whom he thought his superiors in mind,—the habit of appreciating excellence,—in no small degree account for his progressive intelligence and sympathy. Nor was this entirely owing to his refined and intellectual taste, but in a measure to the abeyance of self-love in his nature. He was an aspirant, not alone in Art, but in character and culture. He justly regarded the companionship of original and accomplished men and women as the chief privilege of his life. Not too sensitive or complacent to be happy with those who, in some quality or gift, excelled him, he was receptive of the good and tolerant of the objectionable in character to a singular degree. Like his friend Allston, he was a "wide liker ;" and consequently among the first to recognize the early triumphs of that artist. His youthful reminiscences of Coleridge give us a most vivid and pleasing idea of that remarkable man in his prime. With Rogers he enjoyed constant and improving intercourse. For Constable his love and admiration were deep. His visits to Newton, at the Insane Asylum, are noted with discrimination and feeling, and his written portrait of this and many other eminent friends betrays the the liberal as well as sagacious observer. Rare and abundant, indeed, were Leslie's social resources. The artists and authors, the wits and heroes of his time, in Britain, have found few such appreciative companions. Always his estimate of character is tempered by humanity, and his chronicle of society chastened by taste. Many have heard Moore sing, Sydney Smith joke, Coleridge improvise, Rogers tell anecdotes, Irving indulge his humorous vein, and Wilkie, Turner, Haydon, Landseer, Fuseli, and Stothardt talk about Art ; but no one has done more catholic justice to them all, as men, than Leslie. He reached a high point of independence in his judgment, and seems to praise neglected merit with the emphasis of conviction. He did not, like the mass, "see with ears," nor wait for fame to canonize what he felt to be intrinsically great. Although a social epicure, he was impatient of fault-finders. He could relish a *bon mot* as well as a felicitous tint, and delight in the picturesque in character as well as in costume. He reverts to his early struggles with the same manly candor with which he alludes to his prosperous days ; and the contrast between the time when he economized

letter-postage, and waited weeks for his turn to read the new poem from the library, and that when he was the favored guest at Petworth, lunched at Windsor, and dined at Holland House, never seems to have unduly depressed or elated one whose "blood and judgment were so well commingled." He named a son for his earliest friend,—the Philadelphia bookseller who furnished the means for his visit and studies in England; his affectionate interest in his kindred never abated; his friendships were long and loyal; and, if his eyes grew dim with tears to see the young Queen partake of the holy communion, the same sensibility was exhibited in practical kindness towards impoverished talent or humble worth.

To a generous lover of beauty, one in whom the æsthetic element is pervasive, there is something almost frivolous in the extreme opinions that exist in regard to Art. It seems incompatible with an earnest sensibility to and appreciation of the world of interest which that term, in its broad acceptation, signifies, that any school should be utterly repudiated, or that any diversity of taste should lead to differences and controversies almost fanatical. How absurd, in the retrospect, appear the violent discussions which alienated artists from one another, to the extent of becoming actual enemies, when the fierce contest reigned in France between the votaries of the Romantic and Classic schools. And now what perversity in Ruskin and his disciples to decry the old masters in the same degree that they exalt certain modern painters, and carry the "return to nature," which is the desirable principle of Pre-Raphaelitism, to the extent of pedantic puerility! A catholic taste in Art embraces all kinds, forms, and schools wherein there is anything genuine; and a liberal mind of ideal aptitude can find somewhat in sacred, historical, Italian, Flemish, Spanish, French, English, American, and German pictures to delight in and admire, whenever either is informed by truth, genius, sentiment, grace, beauty, or technical skill. The limitations of the English school are self-evident. The life of a London artist is essentially different from that of one whose home is at Dusseldorf or Rome. Each place and style has its advantages and its drawbacks; we find no obstacle in recognizing them all, though, of course, there must be strong preferences. With all its niceties of execution, household sentiment, refined and pleasing influences, the school of pictorial art which Leslie illustrated, the system under which he studied and prospered, lack scope, earnestness and glow, wide relations, and high significance. His deference for and reliance on the Royal Academy, and indifference to many spheres and phases of artistic interest and knowledge, are results of that conventional dogmatism and routine which more or less invade and narrow human development in England. It is for what he did excel in, for the manner in which he worked out the truth and the quality that he grasped, both in art and character, that we honor Leslie, and deem his example valuable and his life attractive. In exhibiting the literary affinities of Art in their more delicate manifestations, his genius was peculiar; his social and professional obligations to authors were remarkable, and suggest vast possibilities in that direction. The truth is,

his relish of character was dramatic; Murray's shop and Sterne's Calais hotel had attractions for him almost equal to a picture-gallery. His ideal of Art and life was modified by the English standard of respectability. He loved the beautiful in minute and casual, rather than in grand and abstract forms; and the single flower he delighted to put in a glass every morning to brighten his studio, his fastidious taste in companionship, his habit of noting his social experience, his provident, harmonious, and well-ordered life, are in striking contrast with the vagaries of German and the ardor of Italian painters. His patient, unimpassioned temperament and well-balanced mind suggest altogether a different being from those Vasari has chronicled, or such as are met at an Ostia picnic or sketching on the Rhine; and equally diverse from theirs are his productions, refined expression, finish, and taste, far exceeding creative and ideal power, or profound sentiment.

"The interest with which the pursuit of art has always been invested, to my mind, became unusually vivid, as I passed rapidly, one April-like morning, along the Edgeware road, toward the domicil of Leslie, for whom I had been intrusted with a missive from one of his dearest relatives at home. As the cab rattled by many an old dwelling with ivy twined about its base, and through lines of teams and butchers' carts, I could not but acknowledge once more the force of that instinct which, in the midst of so much bustle, and in the heart of such material life, can bind a man to his easel, and concentrate his mind upon the worship of beauty, while all around him swells the vast tide of conventional affairs. We drew up, at length, in the region called St. John's park, before a modern house with a villa-like entrance, and, in a few moments, I was cordially welcomed to the studio of Leslie. He was engaged upon a picture that struck me as remarkably adapted to his genius; the subject is the festive scene so minutely described in the 'Rape of the Lock.' I wondered so fertile a theme had never before seized upon the fancy of a painter, and felt, as I gazed, that it was fortunately reserved for the graceful delineator of 'Slender and Anne Page,' 'Victoria's Coronation,' and so many other gems of the same description. The consummate tact with which such an array of figures was grouped on the canvas—all of cabinet size—the variety of expression and costume, and the compact significance and authenticity of the whole, not only as an illustration of Pope's conception, but of the age it embodies, assured me that it would prove a felicitous masterpiece. I have never seen a picture of Leslie's so radiant and, at the same time, well toned; as a study of color, as well as social life, it was exquisite; and the figure and face of Belinda were all imagination could desire; not a trait was overlooked, not a charm neglected; and I saw, with delight, that—

> 'On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
> That Jews might kiss and infidels adore.'

Leslie threw open the window just as a gleam of sunshine fell on the

distant hills, lightly veiled with pearly mist, over which it is his custom to wander on summer mornings, and designated the church-spire in whose shadow Constable is buried. The landscape was thoroughly English. I had lately perused the beautiful letters, and not less beautiful life of Constable written by Leslie, and now listened with peculiar satisfaction to his glowing description and his tender regrets as he spoke of his friend. No other painter so truly caught the vernal life and living clouds such as, at this moment, expanded to our vision; and I blessed the poetic justice which thus located his sepulchre amid the scenes he loved to depict, and within the habitual ken of his brother-artist. I had often traced the analogy that exists between the individual phases of genius as exhibited in literature and art; and now again realized the intimate relation between the English humorists and such painters as Newton and Leslie; the sympathy the latter manifested in his inquiries about Irving confirmed the idea. Their artistic spheres are essentially alike; they both have charmed the world with the most genial and effective cabinet pictures, drawn from the more refined aspects of life, and finished to the highest point of grace and harmony." *

* From the Author's "Month in England."

DURAND.

WHOEVER has sailed across one of our immense lakes—the inland seas of this vast continent—at the close of a day when summer was verging into autumn, and the keen wind swept over the broad waters as they glowed with crimson or saffron in the magnificent sunset, cannot easily forget a scene unequalled in any part of the world. The expanse of water spreading to the horizon seems kindled into transparency by the warm and deepening hues as they flash unobstructed upon the waves ; as twilight comes on, the view grows sublime, and when the vivid tints gradually vanish in darkness, a deep and almost sacred impression is left upon the mind. Durand gives, in one of his landscapes called a "Lake Scene," a remarkably happy idea of a prospect like this. We know not where his view is located, but if we had encountered it in any gallery abroad, we should have instantly recognized one of the most characteristic phases of nature in America. It is in musing upon subjects of this kind—upon the remarkable natural features of our native land—that we realize what a grand field is here presented to the landscape-painter, and a feeling of impatience steals over us that comparatively so little has been accomplished. The inferiority of the old masters in this department of art is generally acknowledged. While Claude's skies, and the dexterous management of Salvator's pictures continue to retain the admiration they have ever excited, numerous modern artists are distinguished by a feeling for nature which has made landscape, instead of of mere imitation, a vehicle of great moral impressions. As modern poets have struck latent chords in the heart from a deeper sympathy with humanity, recent limners have depicted scenes of natural beauty, not so much in the spirit of copyists as in that of lovers and worshippers ; and accordingly, however, unsurpassed the older painters are in historical, they are now confessedly outvied in landscape. And where should this kind of painting advance, if not in this country ? Our scenery is the great object which attracts foreign tourists to our shores. No blind adherence to authority here checks the hand or chills the heart of the artist. It is only requisite to possess the technical skill, to be versed in the alphabet of painting, and then, under the inspiration of a genuine love of nature "to hold communion with her visible forms," in order to achieve signal triumphs

in landscape, from the varied material so lavishly displayed in our mountains, rivers, lakes, and forests—each possessing characteristic traits of beauty, and all cast in a grander mould, and wearing a fresher aspect than in any other civilized land. Among those who have turned their attention in the right spirit to this subject, and given happy illustrations of its fertility, Durand occupies a prominent rank.

Asher Brown Durand was born in Jefferson, New Jersey, August 21, 1796. No class of early emigrants to America brought with them, or more sturdily maintained, the probity, frugal habits, and enlightened industry which are the basis of civic virtue, than the Huguenots ; from the religious artisan to the consistent statesman, their character exerted a wide and auspicious influence upon colonial manners, well illustrated in the pure rectitude and self-respect which endear the memory of John Jay. The ancestors of Durand were among the French protestants, who found a refuge in the United States after the repeal of the Edict of Nantes. His father was a watchmaker, and in his shop the future artist learned to cut cyphers on spoons, whence the transition to engraving was, with his artistic aptitudes, a natural process. While a boy he exhibited a love of trees, and acquired practice in drawing foliage. His first attempts in the execution of prints were made on plates hammered out of copper coins, and with instruments of his own invention. A French gentleman was so much impressed with his skill that he commissioned him to copy, in this primitive style, a portrait on the lid of a snuff-box ; and his success in this experiment determined him to adopt the profession of an engraver. In 1812 he became an apprentice to Peter Maverick, one of the few adepts in the art at that period among us ; and in 1817 Durand was his partner. His first extensive work was the long celebrated engraving of Trumbull's "Declaration of Independence ;" this established his reputation, and led to his constant employment ; he was soon after engaged upon the National Portrait Gallery, engraving fine heads of Jay, Decatur, Marshall, Jackson, Cass, Kent, Clinton, and Adams ; "Musidora," and Vanderlyn's "Ariadne," increased and confirmed his fame as a master of the burin. Greenough handed the latter print around in a conclave of foreign artists at a *café* in Florence, and with difficulty persuaded them of its American origin, so greatly were they all impressed with its mature skill. After ten years of prosperous labor upon small figures and portraits, Durand, partly through the liberal encouragement of his friend, Luman Reed, in 1835 abandoned engraving for portrait and landscape-painting ; among his early portraits in oil are the heads of Kent, Jackson, Bryant, and Governeur Kemble : for landscape art he had always cherished a fondness, having its source in the earnest love of nature which has ever characterized his works. The honesty of his purpose and fidelity of his habits, increased by so long a practice in the imitation and minute labors of an engraver, were carried into his new vocation ; and with these technical facilities, a scope and sentiment which redeemed them from mere mechanical excellence ; elaborated with care, they were not less idylic in spirit than faithful in detail. At first

he inclined to figure pieces, of which "Harvey Birch and Washington," "The Capture of Andre," "The Dance on the Battery," and "The Wrath of Peter Stuyvesant," became widely familiar through popular engravings, executed or finished by himself; the latest of these joint productions of the two arts he practiced, was the admiral portrait of Bryant, engraved under his supervision, and the finishing touches bestowed by his own hand. But the full power of his taste and talent, and especially his feeling for nature found memorable expression in a series of American Landscapes, some of which have an allegorical as well as intrinsic significance:—such as the "Morning and Evening of Life," and "Kindred Spirits"—the last a gorge and rocky plateau of the Catskills, whereon Bryant and Cole are represented as standing in rapt survey of the glorious Forest Scenes. Lake Scenes, The Franconia Mountains, Wood Scenes, our Primeval Forest, Sunset, The Rainbow, Sunday Morning, The Catskills from Hillsdale, and other similar subjects illustrated, year by year, the growing beauty of his conceptions, and his devoted study of our native scenery. In pastoral landscape his fame was early achieved. Among many other pictures which remain sweetly impressed upon our recollection, there is one representing a summer tempest. Whoever has watched the advent and discharge of a thunder cloud, in summer, among the White Mountains or the Hudson Highlands, will appreciate the perfect truth to nature, in the impending shadow of the portentous mass of vapor, as it falls on tree, rock, sward, and stream; and the contrasted brilliancy of the sunshine playing on the high ridge above; the strata of the latter, as well as the foliage and foreground of the whole landscape, are thoroughly and minutely American in their character. This we have long been accustomed to note and to admire in Durand; but seldom has he gone so near the atmospheric peculiarities of his native land. We can hear the rustling of the leaves before the pattering of the shower, scent the loamy breath of the earth, and feel the exhausted air that precedes the lightning, and quells nervous organizations. It is a masterly work; in breadth, freedom, and vital truth, equal to the artist's best efforts. He has the greatest feeling for Nature; others may have as good an eye and as skilful a touch, but for the sentiment, there are few like Durand. His affinity with nature is akin to that of Wordsworth and Bryant; and with his usual poetical sympathy, he has made this scene, caught fresh and true from an evanescent phase of nature, illustrate Goldsmith's favorite metaphor of the "tall cliff that lifts its awful form."

Another of these remembered treasures is a group of forest trees, standing in their individuality, and unassisted by any of those devices which are usually introduced to set off so exclusive a theme. Only the great skill and truth of their execution would atone for the paucity of objects in such a landscape. Yet, so characteristic is each tree, so natural the bark and foliage, so graphic the combination and foreground, that the senses and the mind are filled and satisfied with this purely sylvan landscape. Mark the spreading boughs of that black birch, the gnarled trunk of this oak, the tufts on yonder pine, the drooping sprays of the hemlock, and the relief

of the dead tree—is it not exactly such a woodland nook as you have often observed in a tramp through the woods? Not a leaf or flower on the ground, not an opening in the umbrageous canopy, not a mouldering stump beside the pool, but looks like an old friend; it is a fragment of the most peculiar garniture that decks the uncleared land of this continent. In an English gallery it would proclaim America. How Evelyn, Michaux, or Audubon, would hail it with loving eyes! Its unexaggerated, simple, yet profoundly true expression, shows how the genuine artist can effect wonders without adventitious means. In another painter's hands it would prove but a sketch; in Durand's it becomes a landscape; and one of the most fresh and vigorous he has ever made. Not less remarkable, although in a diverse way, is the view of mountains and a lake during or just before a summer storm. The deep shadow that is cast by the black cloud, while it falls opaquely over a portion of the scene, is diversified by a faint, tremulous light in the lap of the hills, while farther off hangs a bluish mist—the effect of partial sunshine and a patch or two of blue sky; many a time have we witnessed such a magical result of dense, overhanging vapor suddenly casting a pall over the Hudson, on a bright summer day; the transient character of the elemental phenomena renders their successful transfer to canvas more impressive; we seem to behold the change itself, instead of a moment of its process; the details of the landscape are faithful, and the transition wrought by the gust is at the same time caught and fixed. In these pictures, two of the most difficult points in landscape-painting are accomplished; the trees look real, and the *chiaro-oscuro* of nature is reflected; the evanescent is stayed by the limner; a rare observation and a poetic sense have garnered from the picturesque its most effective traits. A work of singularly pleasant associations as well as of characteristic beauty, not long since received the final touches of this artist's pencil. Eight or more years ago an English gentleman, Mr. Graham, left the sum of five thousand dollars to establish a school of design in Brooklyn, L. I. A part of the interest, it was provided, should be expended annually for the purchase of a picture by an American artist, and thus a gallery instituted. Mr. Durand was applied to, and, in order to recognize this admirable precedent for the improvement of local taste, and the encouragement of native art, he cheerfully agreed to execute a large work for the Association at a price merely nominal in comparison with the usual remuneration and actual market value of his landscapes. His sympathy with the object is manifest in the elaborate care and graceful feeling exhibited in this beautiful scene. In the back-ground rise mountains, whose American character is evident both in the shape of their summits, and the tints that clothe the most distant in blue mist, and the nearer in clear day-beams falling on umbrageous declivities; a stream brawls in the foreground, and, amid the rough timbers of a clearing, is a settler's log-hut, approached by a rude path, near which runs one of those primitive boundaries called a snake-fence; between the woods and the domicil a large field of ripe grain lifts its mellow and waving tufts to the sunshine, and, at its edge, stands

the mower, about to swing his sickle through the golden ranks. The details of the picture are worthy of its genial conception; bark, moss, stone, leaf, spire of herbage, and hue of cloud, wear a genuine look; the ridges of the hills recall the White Mountains; the trees are indisputably those of an American forest, and over all broods the modified glow of the ripened summer. This landscape rejoices in the felicitous name of "The First Harvest," applicable both to the scene itself and the circumstance that it initiates the national collection of a judicious benefactor of art, whose name the painter has fully inscribed on one of the rocks in the foreground.

Engraving is said to have originated with the goldsmiths, who, in tracing designs upon their wares, unconsciously suggested the method of reproducing pictures, which has since been carried to such marvellous perfection. We readily understand, therefore, how natural was Durand's initiation as an artist, when informed that his father was a watchmaker. Cellini inscribed many an exquisite chalice with the same hand that moulded the Perseus; and if facility in mechanical processes and a gradual progress from the humble to the lofty spheres of art be a desirable education for a painter, the early circumstances of Durand formed no inadequate basis for his ultimate success. It is a favorite notion that great results are best attained by what is vaguely called inspiration, and in many minds genius and industry are antagonist principles. The history of art proves that the highest endowments are unavailing unless sustained by proportionate acquirements. It is interesting to trace the gradual advancement of Durand by virtue of patient study. There is a moral as well as an intellectual element in every artist, and that of Durand is integrity of purpose. He has been a thoroughly conscientious workman, constantly seeking through experiment to reach the highest attainable point of practical skill. He never received any regular instruction in drawing, although at a very early age he scratched some clever devices on a powder-horn; but when the engraver to whom he was apprenticed, first placed a small head before him to copy, he accomplished the task altogether through imitation, and without any knowledge of rules. His effects have been produced through repeated attempts rather than from theoretical ability. His natural perceptions clearly enough made known to him what was to be done, but no academical studies revealed the shortest way to accomplish the end in view. Observation and perseverance have been his best teachers. We cannot but recognize a noble patience in such a career. Thus it is that many of our renowned men in letters and art have wrought their way to fame, unaided by public culture or tasteful sympathy; and it argues a truth of character to triumph over difficulties by mere force of purpose, seldom called for under the agency of European institutions. Durand obtained the mastery of details and assiduous habits as an engraver, and after bearing away the palm of the art in this country, became distinguished as a landscape painter—thus reversing the course usual with our artists, who generally launch into the mysteries before they understand the elements

of their profession. Durand was probably best known by his engraving of Trumbull's "Declaration of Independence." A higher interest seems to us to attach to his first serious effort, which was "Musidora." Unfortunately, the plate was nearly worn out by frequent correction, and but few effective impressions are in existence. They suffice, however, to herald very significantly Durand's after-reputation. His object was to represent a nude female figure, modest in feeling, and simple in design. For this purpose he selected for illustration the lines from Thompson's Seasons,—

> "———with timid eye,
> Around surveying, stripped her beauteous limbs
> To taste the lucid coolness of the flood."

The happy manner which charms us in some of the engravings that embellish English works of standard literature, published half a century ago, is visible in this conception. The artist finds some inaccuracies in the drawing, but he has cause still to regard with complacency so sweet a product of the burin. He has caught the gracefulness of the poet's conception, and exhibited the peculiar flesh-like effect for which his best engravings are so justly celebrated. We doubt if he felt quite as contented over his bank-note plates after having produced so artistic a work —for, although he was employed for years in copying portraits, especially those for Longacre's "National Gallery," we soon find him in Virginia, transferring to the canvas the venerable features of Madison, and gradually abandoning portrait for landscape. Indeed, the confined position incident to the life of an engraver, weakened too much a constitution never robust, and the free air which he breathed while exploring scenery, had become as requisite for health as a wider range for his mental development. Before abandoning his early sphere of labor, however, he placed the seal to his merit in that department by his admirable engraving of Vanderlyn's "Ariadne." It has been said that an engraver is to a painter what a translator is to an author. The inference is obvious that the original, especially if an ideal work, can never be worthily reproduced, unless its spirit is felt and its conception realized by him who would translate into a form for general circulation what could otherwise be only partially enjoyed. These exacting conditions were amply fulfilled in the present instance, and, as a natural consequence, no work of the kind is more justly celebrated.

Perhaps we cannot more appropriately close this notice than with the following sketch of a visit to his rooms some years since:

Those fine old Roman heads!—who can forget them? For years have their possessors lived as models, drawing a more certain subsistence from the outside of their craniums than most authors do from their brains. The thick locks of "sable silver," the white flowing beards, the strongly marked sun-burnt faces and keen eyes—how venerable and prophet-like! What an absurd profession is that of a barber? The man who first pro-

posed clipping and shaving had no sense of the beautiful. Look at that handsome brigand—how his embrowned visage is set off by the full, curving moustache! Razors are a vile invention. Not satisfied with arraying man in a way the best calculated to make him appear ridiculous, deprived of every thing like a becoming costume, to the deformities of tail-coat and round hat, there must needs be added a gratuitous curtailment of "nature's fair proportions." We are infinitely obliged to artists for preserving such semblances of primitive, or, if you please, uncivilized humanity. But we are forgetting Durand—one of those men who are living illustrations of the saying that "modesty and merit always go together." His landscapes are faultless. Scan ever so minutely that view of the Lake of Geneva, and it seems the mirror of reality. How perfect the aërial perspective! There is a singular tone about the atmosphere of the Swiss mountains. Allston has caught it in his "Alpine Scenery." It gives the idea of the neighborhood of snow, as the peculiar blue of the water indicates its birth from the melted ice of the hills. In this picture Durand has, with rare fidelity, represented this local characteristic. It is sufficient of itself to identify the scene. In his late visit to Europe, this unpretending and skilful artist has communed with the old masters, to good effect. Observe that girl with the parrot. Every detail is finished with a marvellous exactitude. It is perfectly Titian-like! What clearly-defined eyes, and yet how liquid! What round, palpable flesh! The complacent freshness of the south broods over every feature, and glows in the sunny hair.

There is great individuality in Durand's trees. This is a very desirable characteristic for an artist who deals with American scenery. No country boasts more glorious sylvan monarchs; and not only in the shape and hue of the foliage, the position of the branches, and the indentation of the trunks, do they offer peculiar features, but each genus presents novel specimens eminently worthy of accurate portraiture. Some of the noblest elms in the world grace the villages of New England. The scarlet color of the maple in autumn is as brilliant a tint as the vegetable creation anywhere possesses. Here majestic willows turn their silver lining upward in the swaying breeze, and there the vivid emerald of the oak glistens in the sun. The delicate white blossom of the locust and the orange-berries of the ash float on a sea of verdure, and the firs on the mountain-side hold the snows in their evergreen boughs. A rich variety of magnificent forest trees have survived the demolition of the wilderness, and their felicitous introduction constitutes one of the most effective points in American landscape. One of Durand's recent pictures is admirable in this regard. In the foreground are two noble trees, a beech and a linden—the latter with a fine mossy trunk, and from beneath the shade of these woodland patriarchs the prospect is supposed to be visible. Down a dusty path a farmer is loitering behind his flock of sheep. A river, calm and lucent, slumbers in the midst of the scenery, and beyond are groves, meadows, and a village; a mountain range forms

the background. Such is the outline of the landscape, but its charm consists in the atmosphere. The artist has depicted to a miracle the brooding haze noticeable in our climate at the close of a sultry day during a drought. There are some verses of Bryant's which convey in words a remarkably just impression of the scene thus depicted, and the coincidence of feeling in the poet and painter indicates how truly native is the composition of each.

"The quiet August day has come,
A slumberous silence fills the sky,
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

"And mark yon soft white clouds at rest
Above our vale, a moveless throng;
The cattle on the mountain's breast
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

"And now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens and wraps the ground—
The blessing of supreme repose.

"Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade,
And on the silent valleys gaze,
Winding and widening, till they fade
In yon soft ring of summer haze.

"The village trees their summits rear
Still as its spire, and yonder flock,
At rest in those calm fields, appear
As chiselled from the lifeless rock."

The details of the two pictures differ somewhat, it is true, but in spirit they are identical. It was a bright thought of the Sketch Club (a small private society in New York), that each of its members should contribute an illustration to Bryant's poems. We hope the design may yet be realized. Few American poems, for instance, are susceptible of finer illustration than the "Fountain." In the hands of a competent artist it would form a most graphic emblem of our civilization, from the primeval wilderness, through the lives of savage, hunter, and settler, to the thriving homes of a populous and extensive city. The best hints towards the object in view were those suggested by the faithful pencil of Durand, whose eye for quiet scenery is correct and discerning. In color, too, whatever may be his natural perception, he evidently aims at harmony. This, to a discriminating observer, is no small praise. Nature so blends her tints as to produce a genial but not dazzling impression, which gratifies without disturbing the vision. A celebrated author, speaking of moral experiences, has observed that "the unconscious is the only true." An analogous fact pertains to the natural world, where every variety of hue is so admirably disposed as to contribute to a general and pleasing unity, so that we do not note each in our sympathy with all. Durand has

not ventured on any very brilliant experiments in color; his tone is subdued.

Of late years the public have enjoyed comparatively few opportunities of examining a fresh landscape by Durand, for the reason that his works pass at once from his studio to the fortunate owner. One of the latest of his pictures is called a "Summer Afternoon," and represents a quiet landscape, with water, meadow, trees, and cattle, all bathed in the soft, calm, and mellow light of a warm day, after the fierce heat of noon has subsided, and before the breeze of evening stirs the foliage. The sky and atmosphere, the vegetation, and especially the noble groups of trees, all breathe an air of quiet, brooding warmth and repose. All Durand's rare faculty appears in the latter, which are full of local character; the details of the scene are exqusitely true, but the surpassing charm is that delicate and deep feeling which revives, as we gaze, the absolute sensation, and above all the *sentiment* of nature, under this aspect—a quality and a distinction which none of our scenic artists possess in so high a degree as the venerable friend of Cole, and, with him, the founder of an American school of landscape which has, at home and abroad, shed a peculiar renown upon the art of this country. We rejoice to find that Durand's powers of execution and tone of feeling are as vivid and pure as ever; this picture has all his most endeared characteristics. These are evident in his more recent delineation of the "Clove" in the Catskills; that lofty and umbrageous gorge is clad in the verdure of its summer glory. The peculiar fidelity and sentiment of nature with which Durand always depicts trees, is eloquently manifest. The aërial perspective, the gradations of light, the tints of foliage, the slope of the mountains—in a word, the whole scenic expression is harmonious, grand, tender, and true. Some of the artist's old friends of the Century Club combined to purchase this noble and characteristic work to adorn the walls of their gallery, and serve as an artistic memorial of the genius of their endeared associate—a deserved and beautiful compliment.

Durand's landscapes are widely scattered; one of the earliest admirers of his genius was Luman Reed; and Jonathan Sturgis, Esq., of New York, owns several of his early and of his best works; such as "In the Woods," "A View near Saugerties," four "Roman Heads," "The Bride," a portrait, a copy of one of Titian's "Graces," and a Monk after the same master, "The Knight and Lady," and the "Music Lesson," after Metz, and a fine copy of Rembrandt's portrait of himself. "The Beeches," illustrating Gray's line "At the foot of yonder beech," belongs to A. M. Cozzens, Esq., of New York; "On the Pemmigewassett," to George L. Stephenson, Esq., of Brooklyn, L. I.; "Lake George," to Geo. R. Melhekars. Another of "The Beeches," to W. T. Walters, Esq., of Baltimore, Md.; his portraits of Presidents Adams, Munroe, Jefferson, and Jackson, are in the collecionn of the New York Historical Society; Governeur Kemble, Esq., of Cold Spring, New York, has one of his finest tree-groups; "Sancuskill, Livingston Manor," belongs to James Lenox, Esq., of New York; his illustration of Goldsmith's metaphor "As some tall cliff," etc., belongs to

Mr. Olyphant, and J. Taylor Johnston, Esq., of New, has one of his Swiss Views; a Claude-like Summer Scene from his pencil was sold with the Wright Collection in New York; Marshall O. Roberts, Esq., of New York, has his "Morning of Life," "Scroon Lake," and "The Rescue"; his "Classic Italy," and "Travellers' Home," were purchased at the Wolfe sale for four hundred and ninety dollars each, by Mr. Emoray; his "Thanatopsis" brought at the Artists' Fund Sale, 1865, thirteen hundred and fifty dollars; and a lake scene from his pencil on the same occasion was sold for fourteen hundred.

His brother-artists testified their respect for his character and admiration of his talent by electing him President of the National Academy of Design, an office he held several years, and at length resigned because of enfeebled health, which made it requisite to concentrate all his energy upon his art, and to seek the repose and independence of domestic retirement. Seldom has an honor been more justly awarded, for Durand's views of art are of that elevated and refined kind which make him a noble representative thereof. His pictures best illustrate his theory; but we have also some pleasing and precious written testimony in the shape of a few letters on landscape-painting, which he contributed to the "*Crayon*," an art journal, edited by his son. "The great law," he observes, "that provides for the sustenance of the soul through the ministry of spiritual things, has fixed an irresistible barrier between its own pursuits and those which supply our physical wants; for this reason we cannot serve God and Mammon; and I would sooner look for figs on thistles. than for the higher attributes of art from one whose ruling motive in its pursuit is money." He is an advocate of that originality which we recognize as characteristic of our best landscape-painters. "Why," he asks, "should not the American landscape-painter, in accordance with the principles of self-government, boldly originate a high and independent style, based on his own resources?" As to the method thereof, he remarks, "Go first to nature to learn to paint landscape; and, when you shall have learnt to imitate her, you may study the pictures of great artists with benefit." How much wisdom is there in the following definition: "If you ask me to define conventionalism I should say, that it is the substitution of an easily-expressed falsehood for a difficult truth." His reverence—a sentiment essential to the pure interpretation of nature—is manifest in his style and tone of painting, and give personal emphasis to his declaration that "the external appearance of this, our dwelling-place, apart from its wondrous structure and functions that minister to our well-being, is fraught with lessons of high and holy meaning."

W. E. WEST.

WHEN Scott was asked what he deemed the chief benefit derived from his literary reputation, he replied—the social privileges attending it. This is a striking illustration of the superior interest which truly gifted minds attach to character and genius. Nature is everywhere, and one of her genuine lovers has declared that a single blade of grass is amply suggestive; the machinery of life, too, varies but slightly, and the goods of fortune have but a limited relation to enjoyment; but the lovely and the wise, the prominent spirits in art and literature, in science and adventure, in natural endowment and generous culture, yield gratification at once to our highest curiosity and noblest affections. Those who are conscious, as the best natures ever are, of attaining satisfaction chiefly through their sympathies, may congratulate themselves if their profession, talents, or fame, if any grace of manner or of soul, has given them the golden key to this delightful intercourse. Such is one of the incidental blessings which redeems an artist's destiny, and especially that of a successful portrait-painter. Reynolds enjoyed the intimacy of the choicest spirits of his day, and Stuart's associations are traditional on this side of the water. The relation between an artist and his sitter, the motives which exist in each for a pleasant self-development, and the mere opportunity afforded for mutual confidence, favor open and intelligent communion. Few strangers are brought together under circumstances better adapted for the display of character. We have known the deficiencies of an indifferent early training quite compensated in an artist, by the frequent and familiar contact with highly cultivated minds induced by his vocation. If the adventurous enter the army and navy for no other purpose than to see the world, an ardent humanitarian, with any chance of renown, might be forgiven for embracing this department of the fine arts in order to reap the social harvest it affords. The diary of a favorite portrait-painter, written in the right vein, would be at least as attractive a chronicle of his times as that of an author or a physician. The scenes upon which our eyes have rested with admiration may fade from the memory; the physical sensations that have thrilled or agonized our frames may have left no conscious trace; the picture, the book, or the song that enraptured our fancy may be recalled with but vague and light emotion—but the human

being crowned by genius, loveliness, or moral beauty, whom we have once known, becomes a part of ourselves; the acquaintance is an epoch in our mental history, and the reminiscence ever fresh because associated with what is most endearing and satisfactory.

Some anecdotes of his artist-life that we gathered in conversation with Mr. West, agreeably revived these ideas.

While in Italy, Lord Byron sat to him for a portrait, which was much esteemed by the poet's friends. "On the day appointed," said the artist, "I arrived at two o'clock, and began the picture. I found him a bad sitter. He talked all the time, and asked a multitude of questions about America—how I liked Italy, what I thought of the Italians, etc. When he was silent he was no better sitter than before; for he assumed a countenance that did not belong to him, as though he were thinking of a frontispiece for Childe Harold. In about an hour our first sitting terminated, and I returned to Leghorn, scarcely able to persuade myself that this was the haughty misanthrope whose character had always appeared so enveloped in gloom and mystery, for I do not remember ever to have met with manners more gentle and attractive.

"The next day I returned and had another sitting of an hour, during which he seemed anxious to know what I should make of my undertaking. While I was painting, the window from which I received my light became suddenly darkened, and I heard a voice exclaim, '*è troppo bello!*' I turned and discovered a beautiful female stooping down to look in, the ground on the outside being on a level with the bottom of the window. Her long golden hair hung down about her face and shoulders, her complexion was exquisite, and her smile completed one of the most romantic-looking heads, set off, as it was, by the bright sun behind it, which I had ever beheld. Lord Byron invited her to come in, and introduced her to me as the Countess Guiccioli. He seemed very fond of her, and I was glad of her presence, for the playful manner which he assumed toward her made him a much better sitter.

"The next day I was pleased to find that the progress which I had made in his likeness had given satisfaction, for, when we were alone, he said that he had a particular favor to request of me—would I grant it? I said I should be happy to oblige him, and he enjoined me to the flattering task of painting the Countess Guiccioli's portrait for him. On the following morning I began it, and, after, they sat alternately. He gave me the whole history of his connection with her, and said that he hoped it would last forever; at any rate, it should not be his fault if it did not. His other attachments had been broken off by no fault of his."

It was West's custom, while engaged upon the portrait of Lord Byron, to leave Leghorn daily, soon after mid-day, for the poet's villa at Montenero, and apply himself to the picture for two or three hours. On one occasion while thus occupied, the servant announced Shelley, who was immediately invited to enter. At that time he was almost unknown to fame, and the painter observed him in a perfectly unexaggerated mood. We therefore

listened with avidity to his first impressions. The day was sultry, and Shelley was clad in a loose dress of gingham, very simple and appropriate. His open collar, beardless face and long hair, as well as thin and slight figure, gave him the appearance of a stripling. He advanced gracefully, raised the hand of Madame Guiccioli, after the custom of the country, to his lips, and assuming an easy posture, immediately entered into a lively conversation with the party. "Never," said the artist, "have I seen a face so expressive of ineffable goodness." Its angelic benignity and intelligence were only shadowed by a certain sadness, as of one upon whom life pressed keenly, at touching variance with the youth indicated by his contour and movements. Enthusiasm, however, soon wonderfully kindled his countenance and quickened his speech, as he described, in the most vivid and glowing terms, a cave that he had discovered while coasting along the Mediterranean the day previous. The description was so eloquent that his auditors could not but share the delight of Shelley, as he dwelt upon the azure light, the mysterious entrance, the stalactites and transparent water, amid which his boat had suddenly glided as if by magic. Those acquainted with his poetry will recognize a favorite subject in this cavern-talk. What struck Mr. West most forcibly in Shelley's conversation, was its complete self-forgetfulness. His consciousness was lost in his theme. In this respect he presented an entire contrast to Byron. They were suddenly interrupted by a wild cry from the adjoining hall. The illustrious sitter hastened towards the door at the same moment with Shelley, the countess, pale and terrified, vainly entreating and holding him back. It will be remembered that Byron was at this period regarded with suspicion by the Tuscan government, and his residence had been threatened with violence by some of the local authorities to whom he had given offence. Under an idea that the disturbance grew out of these circumstances, the whole party entered the saloon. The instant they appeared, a man rushed past, followed by another with an uplifted dagger; the weapon grazed Byron's cheek, and at the sight of blood, his companion, still more alarmed, strove to drag him towards the great staircase. Before reaching it, Count Gamba, who had heard the tumult in his chamber, was seen running down with half a score of pistols, which he distributed among the party. They all ascended and locked themselves in a room over the front entrance of the villa, where a council of war was held. Meantime the house had resumed its wonted stillness, and Byron expressed his determination to explore the premises. The countess protested with tears against the design, and Mr. West,—who as an American had nothing to fear from the police, and had lived too secluded to be an object of animosity,—in order to calm the lady's fears and enable his friends to solve the mystery, volunteered to reconnoitre. Accordingly, he left the excited group and descended to the *primo piano*. It appeared entirely deserted. He looked into various rooms and threaded several corridors, but the echoes of a closing door or his own footsteps alone gave sign of life. At length he ventured to remove the fastenings of the

ponderous door, which at the first alarm had been carefully barricaded. In the midst of the weed-grown area was kneeling a villainous-looking but evidently frightened Italian, with the moustaches and eye of a brigand, but the air of a penitent—vociferating, gesticulating, tearing his hair, shedding torrents of tears, and invoking either Heaven or some intermediate saint. Our painter stepped forth upon the gravel-walk and looked up to the window. At a more tranquil moment it would have charmed his artistic perception. Byron's pale brow, Count Gamba's ardent gaze, his sister's golden locks, and Shelley's spiritual form, were there all clustered together, and each looked and listened with bewildered attention to the suppliant wretch below, whom Mr. West now approached in the hope of obtaining some key to the enigmatical scene. It was long, however, before his impassioned volubility could be soothed, or his mortal terror quieted. It then appeared that he was a servant—the man who had rushed by them with a dagger—and he vowed never to rise from his knees until his declaration was believed that he was in pursuit of one of his fellows who had grossly injured him, and that he had wounded his master quite accidentally, to whom he swore eternal loyalty and devoted attachment. When Mr. West made all this plain to the group at the window, the tragedy immediately became the richest of comic adventures over which to laugh at dinner. But it was not destined to end without the entrance of another famous personage on the stage. The noise of a horse's tread near by, caused the artist to turn his eyes down the avenue, where he saw a gentleman with an olive complexion and dark, lustrous eye, seated in a carriage, and glancing from the window to the still gesticulating servant, and then to himself, with an expression of amusing wonderment. It was Leigh Hunt, who had just arrived from England, thinking at the moment that he had only come to find his long expectant poet-friends in a lunatic asylum. We may imagine, with such a reunion and after such a series of dramatic incidents, how the breezy evening of that summer day was spent at the Villa Dupoy.

At the period when West painted Byron and the Countess Guiccioli (the engraved copies of which pictures in this country are positive libels upon the originals), the poet's thoughts were directed towards America. He had not then resolved upon his Grecian expedition, his sojourn in Italy had become annoying from various causes, and he was more than ever disaffected towards his native land. One of our vessels of war was lying in the harbor of Leghorn, and among her gallant officers were some warm admirers of Childe Harold. They sought his acquaintance, and invited him to visit the frigate. When he went on board he received a salute, and few compliments ever gratified him so much. He had read in some periodical a review of Wirt's "Life of Patrick Henry," and begged Mr. West to procure a copy of the book, which he declared one of the most interesting biographies he ever read. One trait of his intercourse with the artist is so thoroughly characteristic that it deserves mention. As usual, he was very curious to know what the painter thought of him, and finally induced

the latter to confess that he did not think him a happy man. Byron was eager to ascertain wherein the contrary was evident. "I asked him," said West, "if he had never observed in little children, after a paroxysm of grief, that they had at intervals a convulsive or tremulous manner of drawing in a long breath. Whenever I had observed this, in persons of whatever age, I had always found that it came from sorrow. He said the thought was new to him, and that he would make use of it."

Another interesting association of Mr. West's foreign residence, is his visit to Rhyllon, where he had been invited to paint Mrs. Hemans. "There never was a countenance," says her sister, "more difficult to transfer to canvas, so varying were its expressions, and so impossible is it to be satisfied with the *one* which can alone be perpetuated by the artist. The great charm of Mr. West's picture is its perfect freedom from anything set or constrained in the air, and the sweet, serious expression so accordant with her maternal character. In her own lines to this portrait, the poetess exclaims—

> "Such power is thine!—they come, the dead,
> From the grave's bondage free,
> And smiling back, the changed are led
> To look in love on thee."

An unfortunate speculation with one of his inventive countrymen, whose mechanical genius had brought him to London, induced Mr. West, many years since, to return to this country, where he afterwards long resided, chiefly in New York, mingling little with younger artists, but the favored guest of a few attached families, until the infirmities of age induced his return to his nearest living kindred at Nashville, Tennessee, where he died on the 2d of November, 1857. Within three days of his death he was engaged upon portraits. Some of his more recent works are admirable in their way. He excelled in cabinet fancy portraits, and not a few of his efforts of this kind are quite unsurpassed, at least among us. His ability in portrait on a broader scale is evidenced by that of G. H. Calvert. The light and shade are managed with a Rembrandt effect, and the expression and air reminds us of Vandyke. A picture called "The Confessional," a favorite of his friend Irving's, is in the collection of the New York Historical Society; a cabinet likeness of a young and lovely girl, in Greek costume, belongs to Dr. J. G. Cogswell; his portrait of Thomas Swan belongs to Governor Swan, of Baltimore. Several of his pictures are in the possession of F. H. Delano, Esq., of New York.

The analogies between literature and art are more numerous and delicate than we are apt to imagine. The former is ever yielding themes to the latter, while the essential charm of many popular writers is purely artistic. This is the case to a remarkable degree with Irving, and the principal reason of the enthusiasm his early writings excited among his countrymen was, that they were the first which possessed any native grace and finish of style. The thoughts and sentiments of Geoffrey Crayon are not original

or profound, though sweet and natural, but they are uttered in chaste and refined language—in sentences that win the ear, in words chosen with a tact and taste derived from innate perception and a genuine sense of beauty. It is said that Irving in his youth contemplated the profession of an artist; his writings are the best proof of his adaptation to such a life. His pictures are not sublime, dramatic, or vivid, but they are dreamy, graceful, and quiet—exactly such as would afford a painter like Mr. West genial subjects for his pencil; for his taste was also fastidious; he delighted in exquisite details, and it was a labor of love to him to work over some pleasing design, and bring it to perfection. He was a loyal disciple of the English school, somewhat of a conservative and partisan in art, and one of those students of painting that never travel without a copy of Sir Joshua's Discourses. Hence he had little sympathy with his American cotemporaries, and lived chiefly in himself and the past. We find no difficulty, on the catholic principle in which Allston delighted, that of being a "wide liker," in fully recognizing the claims of this class of artists, of which we believe Mr. West was the best representative in this country. They are of the same fraternity in painting as was Gray in poetry, aiming chiefly at high finish and minute effect, exact, dainty, and fanciful. Among the first successful pieces of this artist were illustrations of Irving's "Pride of the Village," and "Annette de l'Arbre." The latter, when exhibited at the Royal Academy, drew the attention of the poet Rogers. It represented the deranged girl at her lonely vigil on the beach, watching in vain for her lover's return. The appreciation of the bard of memory drew general attention to the picture; his ever-ready sympathy with talent secured the artist his friendship, and this was the auspicious commencement of a long and prosperous residence in London, cheered by the richest companionship. It is not surprising that, after an arduous career as a portrait-painter in the West and South at home, and several years of study in Italy, the social advantages and professional success he enjoyed in England, should have rendered Mr. West very partial to her school, and that Wilkie and Leslie should have been among the names he most fondly cherished.

WEIR.

TO be thoroughly appreciated, the scenery of the Hudson should be viewed in mid-winter as well as at more inviting seasons. When the ice shivers before the prow of the steamer, and the high and lonely hills on either side are snow-clad ; when the only hues that relieve the surrounding whiteness are the pale blue of the sky and the dark green of the firs and cedars, a scene is presented more striking to the imagination, from the reverse it affords to the same picture when alive with the freshness of spring, or mellowed by the glow of autumn. Analogous to such a contrast is that between the phases of Weir's destiny when he sailed up the noble river in a sloop, fifty years ago—exiled, by the misfortunes of his father, while yet a child, to the home of an ungenial relative, his young yet already troubled eyes bent on the cold features of that wintry landscape—and when he now looks from his romantic abode upon the wild umbrage of Cro'nest, the honored teacher of West Point, and the artist of established fame.

Burns immortalized a sentiment common to all men of genius when he declared independence to be the "glorious privilege" for which alone money was desirable. It is a trait of artist-life, evidenced in countless biographies, to chafe under a sense of obligation, and contemn all interference unauthorized by sympathy. It is in this spirit that Hamlet enumerates, among his other reasons in the famous soliloquy, for indifference to life, the "spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes." In boyhood, Weir sacrificed his inclinations to filial duty, and postponed the indulgence of his aspiring tastes rather than be the occasion of needless solicitude to those interested in his welfare. Even they acquiesced in the expediency of securing an education, however limited, and after a year's vain attempt to reconcile himself to the home offered by his kinsman, he returned to New York. It has often been remarked that very slight circumstances affect the destiny of those who possess marked characteristics. It happened that the house where young Weir attended school was directly opposite the rooms of Jarvis, the painter. At that period studios were by no means common, and this one—associated as it was with a popular name, and enshrining the mysteries of an art comparatively litttle known and less practised—became a sort of enchanted spot to the schoolboy. Day after

day he loitered about the door, and at last summoned courage to enter. The painter was absent, but several of his pupils were at work, and they became interested by the ardent curiosity of their visitor, and kindly replied to his many questions. Here for the first time he saw Inman, little imagining that after years would unite them so cordially in the glorious brotherhood of Art. This episode of his early youth, while it awakened the latent desires of the artist, did not beguile him from the stern duties of the man. A situation was obtained for him in a respectable French mercantile concern at the South, and in eighteen months a branch was established in New York, of which he was made head clerk. It was then that he formed the resolution gradually to emancipate himself from a pursuit which required either capital or life-long drudgery to accomplish its ends, by cultivating his own powers until they should become available resources both for subsistence and fame. From six to eight in the morning he studied with a painter in heraldry, and then entered upon his daily task. After the usual trials of patience, he produced, in 1821, a copy of a portrait which obtained for him a liberal commission. Thus encouraged, he turned his entire attention to painting.

Robert W. Weir was born at New Rochelle, N. Y., June 18, 1803. Both his name and native place indicate a Huguenot descent, a fact still further attested by the painstaking, patient, and conscientiously intelligent method of his art-studies and practice, and the genial probity of his character. Until the age of nineteen he was engaged in commercial occupations; and then, under the influence of a strong personal bias and evident ability, exchanged them for the profession of an artist, which he practised for several years in the city of New York, having, with a view to improvement, visited Europe. In 1832 he succeeded Leslie as Professor of Drawing in the United States Military Academy at West Point. Among the works whereby Weir established a wide reputation, are: "The Antiquary introducing Lovell to his Womankind"—in illustration of Scott's novel; "The Bourbon's Last March;" "The Landing of Henry Hudson;" "Columbus before the Council of Salamanca;" "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims," and "Indian Captives." These subjects indicate a love of, and their execution no common skill in, historical and *genre* painting, both of which branches are happily combined in his best pictures; he is also akin to the Flemish school in his faithful and effective rendering of accessories and still life; landscape and portrait have auspiciously engaged his versatile pencil, and in religious Art he has manifested ability and feeling.

Before visiting Europe, Weir sought effect in art through a bold and rapid style. The great advantage he derived from the study of masterpieces abroad, was a conviction of the need of careful and elaborate finish. Like most American painters, he learned that he had commenced where he should have ended, that he had bodily launched upon an adventurous career without due preparation. He now understood what lasting and brilliant triumphs could be realized through patience. There is a spirit of calm, progressive labor essential to great success in Art, to which the very atmos

phere of our country seems unfavorable, and faith in this influence is perhaps the choicest blessing which our artists acquire in the Old World. Weir naturally reverenced truth; he needed but to see her light in order to accept it; and as he beheld the trophies of his beautiful profession in the galleries of Italy, and recognized the tranquil, painstaking, and earnest labor to which alone can be ascribed their enduring fame, he determined to acquire habits of care and precision, and learn to express his ideas without vagueness, and in the clear, well-defined, and highly-finished manner that he now knew to be the genuine language of art. There is no more excellent test of character than a revolution of habits. Weir brought all his energies to this task. He became for a short time the pupil of Benvenuti, who was then adorning the Pitti Palace with the life of Hercules in fresco. From the figures of the Grecian mythology he turned to the simplest natural objects in the fields and by the roadside, and practised drawing from the models and casts of the academy, while he enlarged his ideas of color by the study of Titian and Paul Veronese. For him as well as for other strangers, it was impossible to reconcile the enthusiasm of the modern Italians for the warm tints of the Venetian school with their own cold and monotonous hues, and the proficiency of their best painters as draughtsmen with their inadequate notions of color. After painting two sacred themes—"Christ and Nicodemus," and "the Angel relieving Peter"—at Florence, one rainy day in December, 1825, he entered Rome. Greenough and himself occupied rooms together on the Pincian hill, opposite the house of Claude Loraine, and between those known as Salvator Rosa's and Nicolo Poussin's. Weir's account of his life at Rome resembles that of other students who go thither for improvement—exhibiting the same quiet habits, intense application, occasional holidays, and cheerful economy. Early in the day he studied at home, or drew from the antique at the French Academy; after breakfast it was the custom to go to the Sistine Chapel, the Vatican, or some private palace, and work until three o'clock, when they were closed. He then either sought his own studio, or the adjacent campagna, to sketch from nature. With an appetite sharpened by exercise, he repaired towards evening to a favorite trattoria—once the painting-room of Pompio Bassoni, whose boundless egotism Reynolds has recorded—and after dining, joined his brother-artists at the Caffé del Greco. From the fragrant smoke and light-hearted chat of this unique rendezvous, Weir hastened to the life-school; and at nine o'clock, when the nights were fine, went amid the moonlight to enrich his portfolio with views of the ruins, and his memory with dreams, whose touching solemnity melts the heart and exalts the fancy. It is a characteristic anecdote of artist-life, and at this period he lived a month upon ten cents a day, in order to atone for the extravagant purchase of a suit of armor. The basis of all real mental aptitude and power is, doubtless, good sense, and Weir evinced his reliance on this quality by the judicious use he made of his experience abroad. He saw and condemned the slavery of the Italians to the past, their bigoted adherence to a certain manner, and their want of sympathy with nature;

and while he availed himself of what was really desirable in schools, kept his attention fixed chiefly upon truth, wherever discoverable. In cherishing this independent spirit, he was true to his birthright, and because he loved the beautiful, as illustrated in Italy, ceased not to be faithful to the free principles of thought and sentiment he had brought from America.

It is curious to note how the ideal and prosaic sometimes meet in the lives of artists. Their pursuits ally them to the world of imagination, to the domain of the beautiful, to the contemplative and abstract sphere ; while their actual existence, like that of other men, is environed by Circumstance, which some poet justly calls the unspiritual god. The pecuniary reverses of his father obliged Weir, in the very heyday of his youth, to enter a cotton factory, but in a few months he was dismissed for having so carelessly attended the spinning-jennies, and so aptly caricatured one of his supervisors. In the midst of influences so opposed to his instincts, one naturally wonders that they should have asserted themselves. Yet there is no truth better established than the supremacy of nature and character over conventionalism and accident. It may be long before the "electric chain" is struck, but when once the spark ignites, the promptings of destiny are conscious and permanent. "What then is taste?" says Akenside—

> "What then is taste, but these internal powers
> Active and strong, and feelingly alive
> To each fine impulse?
> This, nor gems nor stores of gold,
> Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
> But God alone, when first his active hand
> Imprints the secret bias of the soul."

That secret bias was revealed to Weir in the course of his desultory reading. He fell in with a copy of Dryden's translation of Du Fresnoy's poem. The triumphs of the art so melodiously set forth in those heroic couplets, stirred the very heart and drew tears from the eyes of the enthusiastic boy. In such a peaceful field he longed to win the laurel, and already beheld in fancy the hallowed trophies, and felt the magic gifts commemorated by the poet:—

> "See Raffaelle there his forms celestial trace,
> Unrivalled sovereign of the realms of grace ;
> See Angelo, with energy divine,
> Seize on the summit of correct design ;
> Learn how at Julio's birth the muses smiled,
> And in their mystic caverns nurs'd the child ;
> Bright beyond all the rest, Correggio flings
> His ample lights, and round them gently brings
> The mingling shade : in all his works we view
> Grandeur of style and chastity of hue.
> Yet higher still great Titian dared to soar ;
> He reach'd the loftiest heights of coloring's power:
> His friendly tints in happiest mixture flow ;
> His shades and lights their just gradation know ;
> His were those dear delusions of the art
> That round, relieve, inspirit every part.

From all their charms combined, with happy toil,
Did Annibal compose his wondrous style;
O'er the fair fraud so close a veil is thrown,
That every borrow'd grace becomes his own."

The illness of a countryman and fellow-student induced Weir to relinquish his project of a tour in the north of Italy and a brief sojourn in France. His cheerful abandonment of designs so ardently cherished and fitted to enlarge his views of art, for the purpose of fulfilling his duties as a friend, indicates a true nobility of heart. Indeed, we have seldom known more loyal and disinterested vigils than were those kept by the generous painter beside his suffering companion; nor did his assiduous kindness terminate until he had conveyed the invalid in safety to his distant home. Those who have known what it is to meet illness and death in a foreign land, when every pang is rendered more acute by the desolate sensation of exile, can alone realize how precious are ministrations such as these. In a spirit worthy of a true artist, Weir yielded his personal objects, ceased his winsome studies, and turned aside from the attractive scenes around him, to watch over his countryman. He left the shores of Europe with the regret which his limited acquaintance with her treasures of art would naturally excite in such a mind. He was cheered, however, by the satisfaction of having saved the life of a gifted brother, and the hope of subsequently revisiting the scenes of their mutual studies. Circumstances soon led him indefinitely to postpone the realization of this idea. "I feel myself," he observes in a letter written a few years after, "anchored for life, especially as I have some little kedges out which have moored me to the soil."

We have alluded more than once to the discouragements which obstruct artist-life in America, its comparative isolation and want of sympathy, and the necessity of sacrificing large designs to immediate exigencies. In view of these shadows in the common lot of artists, Weir may be considered as more than usually fortunate. The immediate successor of Leslie, he has for several years filled the office of instructor in drawing at the U. S. Military Academy at West Point. It is a field of eminent, though unpretending usefulness, and its duties occupy only a certain portion of the day, so that ample leisure remains for the artist's private labors. The choice of Weir was most happy for the institution. His tone of character, habits of method, and personal bearing, not less than his high reputation as a painter, give a dignity to the situation; and, as might have been confidently predicted, both officers and cadets regard him with the greatest pride and affection. As to the success which attends his instructions, it is enough perhaps to say, that the average degree of merit evinced by the drawings exhibited at the examinations quite astonishes those who have been accustomed to think that proficiency in this branch depends upon a special endowment. It is true, there are obvious grades of ability, but few institutions, even where drawing is learned from choice and not as a requirement, can furnish such examples of freedom, accuracy, and skill.

At West Point, Weir painted his "Embarkation of the Pilgrims." This

work was undertaken in accordance with a resolution of Congress, as one of the historical series designed to adorn the rotunda of the Capitol. The subject was adopted as illustrative of what has ever been deemed the event of greatest moral significance in our annals. Local feeling, and the complacent fluency with which New England writers and speakers dwell upon home themes, have doubtless exaggerated its value; and it is not quite just to accept without reserve the motto which partial eulogists have recognized in behalf of that stern little band of dissenters, "with these men came the germ of the republic." As an element of civilization and national growth, the inflexible qualities of the Puritan character possess high claims to admiration; yet that such a form of human development lacks much that is essential of grace, beauty, comprehensiveness, and the generous sympathies, cannot and ought not to be denied. Spiritual pride and selfish aims mingled with the zealous faith of the Pilgrims. Their virtues were more stoical than spontaneous. They fostered a tyranny of public opinion as blighting as that of kings. The urbane conservatism of the New York colonists, and the frank enthusiasm of the Virginia cavaliers, are at least requisite contrasts in the moral picture. Yet the subject was well chosen. It was desirable that one of the panels should be occupied by an illustration of our eastern history, and its peculiar and memorable incident is the landing of the Pilgrims. "They sought a faith's pure shrine," we are told by the ardent muse of Mrs. Hemans; and this is the grand moral of Weir's picture, in the light of which it is to be viewed. Divorced from such an idea, and regarded simply as affording materials for picturesque or ideal scope, the subject is far from promising. The truth is (notwithstanding Milton), there has never been any natural alliance between Puritanism and poetry. They are moral antipodes. Romanism is the religion of Art. With all her errors, she has ever met the native sympathies of the heart, and obeyed the great law by which the True is sought through the Beautiful. Puritanism represents Christianity as an opinion, Catholicism as a sentiment; the former addresses the intellect, the latter the feelings and imagination. Accordingly, there is a certain barrenness and cold atmosphere in Puritan history which is the reverse of inspiring to the artist; and we trust it is not violating the privacy of the accomplished painter of "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims," to allude to the fact that his researches incident to the enterprise, resulted in making him an earnest churchman. For the accuracy and extent of those researches, Weir deserves more credit than he has received. He elaborated his design in a conscientious spirit, which the most exacting member of the group on the "Speedwell's" deck could not fail to approve. Every face is depicted according to the most authentic hints which have come down to us of individual character; the costumes and accessories—such as the screw and cradle—are matter-of-fact copies. A descendant of the Pilgrims, who considered himself no tyro in the knowledge of New England antiquities, at first, called in question the presence of a prominent individual in the picture, and attempted to prove an *alibi*, citing historical evidence that Carver was far from Delft

Haven when the vessel sailed; but to his surprise, the artist met his testimony with earlier and more authentic data, of the existence of which he was ignorant.

In addition to his fidelity to history in detail, a great merit of the picture is the felicity of its grouping. The drawing and composition have been warmly praised by the most judicious critics. The holy representative of a despised and persecuted sect, kneeling on that crowded deck in prayer; the calm elder, the intelligent and honest ruler, the careless mariner, the resolute soldier, over whose rough shoulder peers the sweet features of his fair wife, to soften and cheer the gravity of the scene; boyhood and age; expressions of parting sorrow and lofty faith; the lady of fashion and the poor woman with her sick child—all mingle together in effective positions; and by their eloquent features make the spectator feel the self-denial, the wounded affection, and the solemn purpose involved in that high but dreary enterprise. It may be a somewhat humble epithet, and yet, considering the subject, not inapplicable, to say of this work that there is an air of thorough respectability about it—by which we mean, a most obvious good taste, and a wise avoidance of everything fantastic, extravagant, and incongruous. Such we conceive is the best spirit in which such a picture could be executed. It may be objected that, as a painting, viewed without reference to the subject and moral impression, too much of the artist's toil has been given to the material details, and that the tone of the whole is dry and cold. This latter objection seems to us so much in harmony with the subject as to become the highest praise. Would not the rich draperies and glowing hues of Titian, the spirited figures of Salvator, or the ideal beauty of Raphael and Correggio, be singularly out of place here? In fact, does not this canvas breathe the correct and firm, and at the same time the frigid spirit of the Puritans? If we adopt the German maxim of judging every work by its own law, such a result must be deemed remarkably successful. As life presented itself to the minds of these men, and as it still displays itself, though modified by circumstances, to their descendants, so it is portrayed by Weir—perhaps unconsciously in a great measure, yet none the less truly. As the climate and verdure of the New England coast differ from those of the Bay of Naples—as will differs from sympathy, opinion from sentiment, mind from heart, calculation from impulse, faith from charity, reason from love, so should the reflection of life, the art of the north differ from that of the south; and on this ground, however "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims" may affect the imagination, it cannot fail to gratify our sense of the appropriate. A few years since the artist executed an elaborate cabinet-sized copy of this work, which, in color and some of the details of execution, is an improvement upon the original. Greenough rigorously criticised this picture; had he seen the small copy by the artist, he would have found his objections modified, if not removed, and his praise confirmed:

"The general aspect of this picture," he writes, "is striking. The idea

of representing these heroes of our history, engaged in prayer on the deck of the good ship that was to waft them to these shores, was an ingenious and a happy one. The composition of lines is worthy of Mr. Weir, and shows a profound study of that very difficult branch of his art. There is no clap-trap or vulgar effect in the arrangement—all are in their places, and a pleasing variety has been created without any theatrical makeshift. The subject has been treated with due reverence—conscientiously. It is a work of good omen.

"The arrangement of the *chiaro-oscuro* is a puzzle to my understanding. I see a circle of light inclosing a broad mass of half shadow. In this half shadow lies the pith and marrow of the subject-matter of this composition. He who prays—he who holds the sacred volume—the mother with her ailing child—all these are in twilight, while the evidence and flash of day are reserved for figures half averted—piebald silks, and gleaming armor, with other objects essentially accessory.

"If any deep-laid train be here to rouse the attention and chain it to the important features of this page, it has missed its object with me. I long to haul a sail aside, if sail it be that makes this mischief, and let in a shaft of light upon that prayerful face. I am out of humor with that dress, so real, which mocks my desire to see men. The armor is true Milan steel. The men are foggy. The sail is real—the maker would swear to his stitches. The hobnailed shoes are so new and actual that I smell leather as I stand there. To balance the execution, the hair should be less conventional—the flesh, too, more transparent and life-like. I see no gleam from any eye in all that company; but the iron ring in yonder foot of the sail twinkles ambitiously. This inversion of the true law of emphasis is unaccountable to me in this master. Had I any hope of influencing him, I would beg of him, while yet it is day, to modify the effect of this work. If I despaired of bringing the heads and hands up to the still-life, I would put the latter down, not only in light but in elaboration and illusion, until it kept its place.

"Light in a composition is like sound and emphasis in delivery. You may make a figure or a group tell darkly amid a glare for certain purposes; not when the *nuances* of physiognomy and emotion are essential. Awfully have I seen in a broad, illuminated group, a cloud darken Judas as he gave the traitor kiss to our Lord. The masters of Venice have more than once succeeded in giving to figures in shadow all the roundness, glow, and reality admitted in the highest light; where that power of pencil is, who could deny the right *quidlibet audendi?* To my sense, here are figures more important than these on the foreground, which are flat, and cold, and dim.

"Who can doubt that Mr. Weir, had he lived in an age and country where art was prized, would have wrought many great, instead of this one very respectable picture? I mean for the government."

While in Plymouth, making studies for this picture, Weir was taken to see a bedridden old lady, who remembered sitting on Elder Faunce's

knee,—who had seen Peregrine White, the first white child born in the colony; thus the artist seemed to be brought directly into association with the "Pilgrim Fathers;" he made a drawing of the old lady with chalk and vermilion, the only materials then obtainable there,—on the top of a table. There curious encounters with the past through family or local association, are among the singular experiences of artist-life. One occurred while on a sketching excursion at Toppan, in crossing a field, Weir saw a very old man hoeing; entering into conversation with him, he remarked, "You must remember well incidents of the Revolutionary war?" "Oh! yes," replied he, scraping his hoe on an adjacent rock, and pointing across the river, "I stood on that stone and saw Major André hung, over there."

Weir's isolated position, and the confinement for most of the year incident to his office, have tended for some time past to keep him from the public eye. Yet a late visit to his studio impressed us with the conviction that there are few of our resident artists to whom commissions may be more satisfactorily given. He is less interrupted in his vocation, and his attention less distracted than is the case with metropolitan limners. His portfolios are rich in promising designs, from which most desirable selections for finished pictures may easily be chosen. One in particular struck us as most happily conceived. It represents our Saviour and the two disciples in their walk to Emmaus, after the resurrection, when their hearts burned within them, as he talked to them by the way. The postures and drapery of the three figures are very fine, the atmosphere oriental, the heads noble and expressive; and, what stamps the design with beautiful meaning, there is a most impressive contrast between the lively, quick, and intent air of the disciples, and the serene abstraction of Jesus. This sketch would make either an interesting cabinet or an effective church picture. There is a Flemish vein in Weir, and he has remarkable tact in managing still-life. "An Old Philosopher showing the Microscope to two Boys" was the subject of a painting on his easel, which evinced his ability in this way delightfully.

His "Child's Evening Prayer," "Old Merchant," and "View of the Hudson from West Point," are in the possession of J. Tuckerman, Esq., of New York; a duplicate of the former, and "Faith holding the Sacramental Cup," belong to Jonathan Sturgis, Esq., of the same city; his portrait of Governor Thorpe, is in the City Hall, New York; also his portrait of Mayor Lee; "Pæstum by Moonlight," is in the collection of J. Taylor Johnston, Esq.; "A View on the Hudson," in that of R. L. Stuart, Esq.; and "Niagara Falls," in that of R. Olyphant, Esq., of New York; "A Pier at Venice," belongs to Henry A. Coit, Esq.; and one of his happiest efforts, "The Greek Girl" and "La Baretta," originally belonged to the late Philip Hone, Esq.; Marshall O. Roberts, Esq., has his fine cabinet repetition of the "Embarkation of the Pilgrims;" and his "Rebecca," from "Ivanhoe," belongs to the estate of Robert Gilmore, Esq., of Baltimore, Md.

One of the most interesting incidents in Weir's career at home, was his painting the venerable chief of the Senecas. A professional gentleman,*

* Dr. J. W. Francis, of New York.

whose patriotic sympathies were ever alive to the interests of literature and art, had been much attracted by the expressive visage and the extraordinary cranium that rendered the person of Red Jacket so eloquent of his history; and felt, both as a philosopher and an American, how desirable it was to perpetuate the lineaments of the old forest king. Accordingly, he ingratiated himself by occasional gifts of tobacco, and when the chief's friendship was obtained, induced him to sit to Weir for his portrait. Special models of greater utility are doubtless obtainable at Rome and Florence—a broader chest for a Hercules, a more graceful contour for an Antinous, and a more venerable head for a Saint Peter; but no foreign academy could furnish such a noble physique, associated with circumstances and qualities of such peculiar interest. The last of the Senecas, with characteristic yet brave egotism, when complimented upon his deeds of blood, exclaimed—"A warrior! I was born an orator!" When denounced in early life by a prophet, he came forward at a great Indian council, and by his powerful eloquence, in a speech of three hours, turned the tide of popular feeling and triumphed over his enemies. He drew tears from his audience on every occasion when he depicted the wrongs of his race, and was elected from the mere influence of his natural gifts chief of his tribe—for, according to our poet,* whose vivid numbers will preserve his mental, as our painter has his bodily features, he possessed—

> "The monarch mind—the mystery of commanding—
> The godlike power—the art Napoleon,
> Of winning, fettering, moulding, wielding, banding
> The hearts of millions, till they move like one."

He determined to resist civilization, in order to maintain the shadow of power and individuality that his nation could still boast. It was a vain though a heroic attempt. By jealously opposing the trading, missionary, and even friendly association of the whites, by advocating the rites and glory of his people, and keeping fresh in their memories the natural distinctions of the Indian, he trusted to postpone, if not avert, their impending ruin. He is supposed to have begun his career as a warrior during the Revolution. General Washington, whom the chief used to call "the flower of the forest," presented him with a silver medal, which he never ceased to wear. In 1812 he took part in several warmly-contested engagements; and after a life of political toil—savage though it was—venerable from years and fame, the champion of his waning tribe both in council and in arms, Red Jacket visited the Atlantic cities for the last time in 1829, and was the object of general attention. His bearing was still proud and his step firm; he wore his forest costume, and on all public occasions was mindful of the dignity appropriate to his reputation. He was then seventy years of age, and his death soon after occurred at the Seneca village near Buffalo. His funeral was largely attended and his deeds eloquently rehearsed by his survivors, who then recalled with sad

* Halleck.

ness his own prophetic words—"Who shall take my place among my people?" The sitting of Red Jacket to Weir would have afforded no slight material for the speculative observer of human nature. The savage monarch, whose piercing eye beheld the gradual but certain destruction of his race, as it had already that of his immediate family, always entered the artist's studio with his suite, dressed in all the finery of his office; his companions, with their dark faces and unrestrained air, threw themselves carelessly upon the floor, and smoked their pipes, while their leader ever and anon rose from his seat to gaze with admiration upon the growth of the portrait, deigning occasionally a word of encouragement to the painter. The whole scene was one of those combinations of the extremes of savage and civilized life—of the picturesque and the conventional—of the refinement of art and the wildness of nature, only to be encountered in this country. And it was but a kind of poetical justice thus to snatch an aboriginal exemplar from oblivion, and for bard and limner to join in enshrining the name of Red Jacket in human remembrance, as a specimen of Indian character, one distinguishing trait of which he so remarkably exemplified—the union of outward calmness and indifference of aspect with tumultuous passions:—

"With look, like patient Job's, eschewing evil;
With motions graceful as a bird's in air,
Thou art in sober truth the veriest devil
That e'er clenched fingers in a captive's hair.

"And underneath that face, like summer ocean's,
Its lip as moveless and its cheek as clear,
Slumbers a whirlwind of the earth's emotions—
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all save fear."

Weir excels in cabinet *genre* pictures. We recall one representing a child saying its evening prayer at its grandmother's knee—a most graceful, simple, expressive little work—the still-life of Flemish authenticity. Some of his landscapes and portraits are excellent, and among his latest and most characteristic pictures is "The Taking of the Veil."

Early in the winter of 1826 great interest was excited among the nobility and foreign residents at Rome by the announcement that Catrina, the young and beautiful daughter of the Lorenzana family, was about to enter upon her novitiate, preparatory to taking monastic vows in the Ursuline convent. The ceremony attending this act, as is well known, is one of the most picturesque and affecting in the whole range of the Roman Catholic ritual, and when the subject of these holy vows is young and fair, and of high social position, the occasion is anticipated and attended with no ordinary emotions of curiosity and sympathy.

Among those who were attracted to the church of San Giuseppe on this occasion was our countryman Robert W. Weir, then studying his art at Rome, and domiciled with his friend Horatio Greenough, to whom he had been a faithful nurse during a long and painful illness. The novel effect

of the scene, its beauty of grouping and light, deepened by the pathos and piety which it naturally excited, made a strong impression on the young American artist, and he carefully sketched it on the spot, resolved, when better equipped for such an experiment, to reproduce it on canvas.

He began the picture several years ago, and has worked upon it at intervals since, but only within a few years has he found time and inclination to put the finishing touches to a work which, we think, in an artistic point of view, is the best of his productions. He calls the picture "The Taking of the Veil." It is of what is called cabinet size, and represents, with remarkable architectural truth and effect, the altar, choir, and part of the nave of the church of St. Joseph. So correct is the drawing, so excellent the finish of the details, so fine the aërial prospective, and so real the whole impression, that the spectator has but to exclude surrounding objects from his vision, and gaze earnestly and exclusively at the picture, to imagine that he hears the low music of a chant and inhales the odor of incense. A few steps from the crimson canopy of the altar stands the Cardinal Bishop, of a tall stature and venerable and devout mien, arrayed in mitre and robe, casting the white veil over the beautiful head and figure bowed before him; her graceful attitude, sweet and solemn expression, and bridal array, win sympathy at a glance; just behind and on one side stands the officiating priest, bareheaded and in a white surplice, with benign countenance and a look of softened age, about to lay upon her virgin brow a garland of roses; one young acolyte holds up the skirt of the Bishop's robe, another holds a lighted taper, and another swings a censer. Near the kneeling novice is the mother, by her looks and attitude prayerfully giving her child to God's service and Christ's house. In the background a tall ecclesiastic uplifts the cross; high over their heads, far down the nave, are the organ and gallery filled with choristers; without the altar railing kneel and gaze a crowd of spectators, peasant and noble, lady and domestic, strangers and kindred; a statue of Faith rises in the centre; on the top of the distant organ, dimly defined in the twilight, may be traced a little group evidently designed in compliment to Greenough's Chanting Cherubs; a light mist hangs round the vaulted roof and clings thinly to the massive pillars; athwart the scene falls a glow of radiance through the stained glass windows; and over the marble floor are scattered roses and myrtle leaves. As the picture was arranged at Goupil's gallery—seen in a hushed and darkened room,—it transports us, by magic, to Italy, and the contrast of light and associations, when fresh from Broadway, fairly charms the imaginative spectator, and laps his senses in tranquil refreshment; the picture is historically suggestive, and there is a mellowness and maturity in its execution, and an exquisite truth and harmony in its effect, which give a new and most pleasing idea of the artist's skill, grace, and sensibility.

Weir's professional duties at the United States Military Academy were sadly interrupted in the winter of 1866 by an organic disease, from which

he was relieved in the early part of the following year through the surgical skill of Dr. Van Buren; and he returned, in June, comparatively re-established in health, to West Point,—where the picturesque little church of the "Holy Innocents," erected chiefly through his efforts, is a beautiful memorial of his religious sympathies.

CHAPMAN.

THERE is an old house at Albano, near the lake, that has been used from time immemorial by artists who frequent the vicinity as an inn, although it makes no pretensions to the character. The successive families, or rather generations to the same family, who have occupied the domicil, do their best to make the guests comfortable, and it is a piece of traditional wisdom to let them have their own way. The freaks, convivialities, Indian talks, and continental extravaganzas resulting from so liberal a rule, may be easily imagined. Doubtless if the old walls could speak, the tales they might unfold would equal the "Decameron" in the richness of their flavor, and "Boz" in humorous zest. As it is, they are not altogether silent, being covered with all kinds of sketches, impromptu landscapes, and grotesque portraits—the hasty but suggestive autographs of the long train of visitors who have stolen thither from the studios and galleries of the Eternal City, for a month's *villegiatura*, or a day's picnic. One fine spring afternoon a knot of these graphic adventurers were inspecting the several designs, with more curiosity than reverence, when a young American of the party drew the attention of his companions to a female head, the exquisite beauty of which at once changed their sportive comments to earnest admiration. The host was summoned, and in answer to their inquiries offered to show them the original. With high-wrought expectations they followed him to a neighboring farm-house, and beheld an infirm, silver-haired woman of eighty or ninety propped up in an arm-chair. They looked at their guide incredulously, but all present confirmed his assertion. It seems that sixty years before, a German youth—one of the most promising students of the Roman Academy—had roamed thither, like themselves, to breathe the fresh air of the hills, and enrich his scrap-book with views of the lake. The decrepit creature before them was at that period a beautiful girl, the very one so sweetly portrayed on the walls of the venerable dwelling they had just left, of which her father was proprietor. The ardent boy from the Rhine had not finished his sketch before he found himself deeply in love. In a few weeks he married her; they established themselves at Rome, and six months after, he was stabbed one evening near his own door. The fair being whose dream of happiness was thus horribly broken, returned to Albano, and never left the

farm-house or was seen to smile, from that hour. Such is one of the anecdotes of Chapman's sojourn abroad. It is interesting as indicative of the romantic associations which so often invest the life of an artist, and to which their unconstrained habits and affinity with all that is picturesque and adventurous are so favorable. Arrayed in the goatskin and untanned shoes of a peasant, Chapman and his comrades wandered over the greater part of Calabria. Every well-defined outline in the mountain ranges, each graceful shrine, the effective attitude of monk or vintager, the tower of the middle ages, the isolated cornice or pillar, whose true proportions survive the corrosion of time; the vine-laced terrace or the rocky headland, afforded an idea or illustrated an effect which they sketched for future use; while cloud and breeze, storm and sunshine were ever around, inviting them to study, in a loving mood, that wondrous and inexhaustible Nature which is the source and inspiration of all that is true and lasting in the trophies of art. It is astonishing how materials multiply to the observant eye; and the very by-ways furnish pictures for the artist and lessons for the moralist. We remember one among many of Chapman's memoranda of this pilgrimage, which conveys a sweeter hint to the imagination than half the elaborate compositions that crowd the canvas. It represents an old man, in the garb of a pilgrim, asleep beside the road, his head resting in his daughter's lap, who sits under a tree, and as the sun approaches the horizon, shades his beams with her hand from the father's eyes. The action is simple and effective, and as thus caught by the passing artist, makes as natural a vigil of love as poet or painter could wish.

De Tocqueville observed that in science Americans seek the immediate. The remark is equally true, in no small degree, of art. Even ideal pursuits are wrested into the service of utility, in a country where the good of the greatest number is so earnestly proposed. There is a tendency to make art and literature subservient to temporary ends, and render them popular agents, which few men whose lot is cast in this republic can resist. Nor is it always desirable they should; for, although elaborate works are not as likely to be created, it is no ignoble office to take an efficient part, either as a writer or an artist, in the education of the people. In the Old World art is a luxury, but one open to the enjoyment of all. It is no uncommon thing to see a beggar and a prince contemplating the same statue in the Vatican, while architecture and music in their highest forms are still more accessible. In this country, where no such facilities are enjoyed, art necessarily takes a popular form, and cheap literature answers instead of public libraries. Necessity, too, obliges the artist and *littérateur* to consult the immediate; and those who in Europe would have been engaged for years on a philosophical work or an historical painting, become in America writers of newspaper paragraphs and magazine articles, and portrait-painters, or illustrators of annuals. Thus, as in many other ways, the individual is sacrificed to the many. He seldom leaves an adequate or tangible monument of his genius behind him; his mind has been diffused

in its career over a wide space, and has exerted a quickening rather than a permanent influence; his labors have met the exigency of the hour, and been tributary to the great stream of intellectual life that fertilizes the broad arena of republican industry. The energy of his mind, to use an expression of the author before quoted, has been more animated than dignified in its development, and he has been compelled, as it were, to do his fellow-beings more justice than himself. How far it is well for Art thus to adapt herself to the temporary, is, indeed, a great question. We know that her loftiest results can only be obtained through that individuality of purpose and feeling, which is one of the distinctions between genius and talent; and there are men so endowed that, like Michael Angelo and Milton, they must be true to themselves, or be guilty of apostasy from what is most dear and noble in humanity. This, however, need not prevent us from regarding with complacency the labors of those who have made the arts of design instruments of common good, who have disseminated ideas of the beautiful, and illustrated the popular taste.

This train of reflection is very naturally suggested by the name of so popular an artist as Chapman. He does not remember the time when he did not sketch; and as this native readiness continued to display itself, he determined to adopt the profession of a painter, and after some preliminary study, went abroad to carry on his education. From the superior copies he executed in Italy of such pictures as Guido's "Aurora" and Titian's "Flora," it was evident at once that he had not mistaken his vocation. Many of his subsequent works are distinguished by felicity of design and brilliancy of coloring. They are so various in kind, from the simple rural to the elaborate fancy composition, that it would be difficult to designate them under any one term. The point, however, mainly characteristic of Chapman as an artist, is his facility in drawing, and we know of no individual who so rarely combines mechanical ingenuity with artistic taste. He is familiar with all the processes of the artisan as well as those of the artist; now at work on a mezzotint and now on a woodcut; to-day casting an iron medallion, and to-morrow etching on steel; equally at home at the turning-lathe and the easel, and as able to subdue plaster and bronze, as oils and crayons, to his uses. Perhaps it is from his acquaintance with so varied a range of operations that Chapman owes his intelligent sympathy with mechanics. As a class he thinks them the most original and deserving among the people; and when we remember how many useful inventions have sprung from their ingenuity in America, and the thoroughly respectable social position they have acquired, it is singular that their claims have been so seldom recognized. Chapman once conceived a very happy manner of indicating the real importance of their labors in a series of graphic illustrations of Whittier's "Songs of Labor." The artist and poet, by mutually extending the design, might readily execute a work that would be vastly popular and highly creditable.

Color is apt to fascinate the inexperienced at the expense of drawing, and few really admire the cartoons of Raphael compared to the number

who are enchanted by the splendid hues of the Venetian school. On this subject a late writer justly observes—"A finished work of a great artist is only better than its sketch, if the sources of pleasure belonging to color and *chiaro-oscuro* are so employed as to increase the impressiveness of the thought. But if one atom of thought has vanished, all color, all finish, all execution, all ornament, are too dearly bought." Such is the essential importance of drawing, as the alphabet of expression. How desirable is a mastery over such an element of art! Without considering what it may be to the artist as means of pleasure, as a language it is invaluable. There is reason for its becoming more and more, as is the case, a branch of liberal culture. It is true that progress beyond a certain point in drawing seems very dependent on organization; and we know of no better test whereby to decide between imitation and originality of mind, than the use made of this vehicle of expression, when once acquired. But its early and correct acquisition, the education of the hand and eye, is the first step in an artist's course. It is true that when this mastery is attained there must be feeling and intelligence to inform it with meaning, otherwise it is of no more efficiency than skill in the use of weapons to the soldier who is destitute of the valor to wield them in battle. Yet the pencil is ever a delightful resource. How it cheers the languid hours of the invalid, and what a graceful pastime it affords the social circle! To an imaginative traveller it is a means of preserving such effective hints of scenes he explored with enthusiasm, that in after years his portfolio becomes the sibylline leaves of memory, any one of which excites far-spreading and vivid associations. Happy the art that can thus

> "——— arrest the fleeting images
> That fill the mirror of the mind, and hold
> Them fast."

Chapman has prepared a work designed to simplify the teaching of drawing. These manuals hitherto have been written by mere teachers, whose interest rendered it undesirable to unfold very clearly all the mysteries of the subject; and treatises on perspective, as a general rule, do not impart any adequate practical knowledge. The work in question is philosophical in design, and brings out the whole subject, from its simplest to its most complex relations, illustrating the process at every stage with great felicity. It cannot fail to be eminently useful, and will serve as a standard authority in this department of education.

The studio of Chapman in New York used to be very artist-like. We always think of Jonathan Oldbuck, upon entering such an apartment, and feel vexed at the idea of its elegant confusion being formalized by "the womankind." It would be a treat for a rainy evening, to draw together the two nice arm-chairs before the grate, and look over those portfolios with the right kind of companion. Imagine the thing. No sound but an occasional crackle of the coal disturbs the quietude. Above the mantel-piece hangs a suit of armor, perhaps worn by John de' Medici, for Chapman bought it in

Florence, and it corresponds with the array of that dark chieftain, as represented in his portrait. Whoever has seen the picture will not fail to remember it. The face is like Napoleon, and along the projecting points of the steel-clad figure glimmers the light, as it does at this moment, on the mail overhead. What associations does that one object awaken!—the middle ages, with their pomp and feuds, chivalric devotedness, the tournament, Palestine, Richard of the Lion-heart, Ivanhoe, Sir Walter, and his hall at Abbotsford! The books on the table in the corner look singularly inviting;—not stiffly ranged on shelves, like symbols of pedantry, but lying here and there, as if waiting to be taken up. There is a deerskin and antlers, to waken thoughts of woodland freedom, and blue lakes; and fine casts from the antique, to stir memories of the Vatican. You glance around with a feeling of self-respect, for the emblems of genius and beauty suggest thoughts of heroism and joy. With a more noble interest you turn from that spirited sketch in your hand. That unfinished little scene on the easel, he calls "On the Fence, or Town and Country." A fair maiden is seated upon the rail; on one side stands a rustic youth, on the other a city loafer. Their respective dogs are quite characteristic. Which of the suitors will carry the day? That is the very question in process of solution. How plainly it appears! Besides the excellent landscapes, to many of which an historical interest is attached, what a number of admirable copies from valuable originals. There is Rembrandt, Rubens, and Sir Joshua;—and Columbus, with his white hair and thoughtful visage, looking the devoted pilgrim of vast and unexplored seas,—the patient and lonely enthusiast. Well contrasted with him are the intelligent, practical features of old Peter Stuyvesant, more like those of a wise cardinal than a Dutch Governor.

Chapman was indefatigable; early and late he was at work, and seemed to overcome fatigue rather by changing his occupation than abstaining from labor. The booksellers constantly employed him in illustrating Bibles, histories, poems, and even grammars. At intervals, he made ingenious toys for his children, attended a club-meeting, or went up the Hudson to rusticate and fish. Like most artists of ready talent, he has an eye for the humorous. One hot August day a party of his friends, including several ladies, made an excursion on the Potomac, from which, through accident or wisdom, he chose to abstain. When they reached the middle of the river, their boat was stranded by the falling tide, and left high—but not dry—on an extensive mud-flat, of such a consistency that to tread upon it was to risk suffocation. The hapless passengers had no alternative but to remain exposed to the intense heat of a Virginia sun, without refreshment or shelter of any kind, and devoured by mosquitoes, until evening, when the rising water enabled them to land. Chapman stood comfortably on the umbrageous banks of the river, and made such an admirable sketch of the affair, that the "party of pleasure" found when they came on shore that their awkward mishap was not likely soon to be forgotten.

John Gadsby Chapman is a native of Alexandria, Va. He exhibited, when quite young, a decided talent for design, and was so fortunate as to enjoy an early opportunity to study, under great advantages, being furnished with the means to reside several years in Italy; returning to America highly accomplished in many of the requisites of pictorial art, he opened his studio in the city of New York, where he was lucratively employed in portrait-painting, composition, fancy heads and figures, and illustrative designs. Among the latter may be mentioned his popular drawings for Harper's Illustrated Bible, and Schmidt's Tales. He painted as a government commission, for the Rotunda of the Capitol, "The Baptism of Pocahontas," and is the author and illustrator of one of the most complete and beautiful Drawing-Books ever published. In 1848 Chapman returned to Rome, where he has since resided; and, besides many characteristic pictures, has executed several admirable copies of famous originals, and found constant and profitable occupation for leisure intervals, in etching, with grace and truth, favorite local subjects—especially Italian peasants—cherished souvenirs of countless American and English travellers. His vivid coloring and facility of execution enable him to profitably supply visitors at Rome with local illustrations, and his talent seems to be inherited by his son, who is active and successful in the same sphere. Chapman's "Israelites Spoiling the Egyptians," "Etruscan Girl," and "A Donkey's Head," are in the collection of Jonathan Sturgis, Esq., of New York; his "Rachel" belongs to Marshall O. Roberts, Esq., of the same city; his copies of "Teniers" and "Mentz," to the Boston Athenæum; "The Last Arrow" to Mr. McGuire of Baltimore, Md.; his "Pifferini," and "First Italian Milestone," to James Lenox, Esq., of New York. A recent letter from Rome thus alludes to the pictures in Chapman's studio:—

"There are a large and fine picture of the 'Valley of Mexico,' displaying the mountain ranges and the city, which are the house of the American 'sick man,' whose complaint differs from that of his relative in Europe, in being of the frantic and delirious rather than of the somnolescent type; a 'Sunset on the Campagna,' very rich in coloring, the higher clouds perhaps a trifle hard; a 'Harvest Scene,' also on the Campagna, full of bright light and life, and of the expression of Italian customs and character centuries behind the age; a brilliant 'Vintage Scene;' a group of 'Stone Pines in the Barberini Valley,' fine in perspective, and in what I must venture to term silent color, the light which sleeps, as it were, on every object in a still summer noon; 'Views out of the Porta Salara and over the Lake of Albano.'"

We have alluded to the utility, in such a country as our own, of diversified labors like those which, for the most part, employ this artist. It is to be regretted that others reap so unfair a proportion of the gains incident to such industry. In many cases, works that owe their circulation almost entirely to the illustrations, have brought great returns to the publishers, who have allowed the merest stipend to the artist. In such cases the

latter is justly entitled to a copyright remuneration. A single instance of the manner in which a popular design may be appropriated, occurs in regard to that of the "Landing of Columbus," by Chapman. It was originally sketched for a drop-curtain, and then furnished as a vignette for a newspaper for sixty-five dollars. In a few months it was reproduced in a London work, on bandboxes in the Bowery, in a tableau at the Olympic, and as a heading to the diplomas of the Madrid Historical Society.

COLE.

FEW native localities are more endeared to the lovers of scenery where beauty and grandeur are happily combined, than the Catskill mountains. The view, indeed, from the lofty plain called Pine Orchard, whither enervated citizens repair in summer, has been deemed too extensive for definite impression. Yet it is impossible to look abroad on a clear day, from that glorious observatory of Nature, without a thrill of delight. The noble Hudson winds, like a silver thread, as far as the eye can reach, and countless meadows, groves, and villages are spread out like a vast chart, eloquently significant of natural productiveness and human well-being. Fleecy clouds, of mottled gold or saffron, pass below the spectator, and cast their moving shadows upon ravine and hillside. A pure and cordial air plays gratefully around him; and near by are the fine cascades of the Katerskill, a mountain stream fed by two diminutive lakes higher up the range. Nestled near the river, and about twelve miles from this favorite point of view, is the town of Catskill, the vicinity of which was long the residence of Cole. We can imagine no more desirable home in the country for a landscape-painter. The variety of mountain, stream, foliage, and sky ever offered to his observation, furnish exhaustless materials for study; and he is doubtless indebted in no small measure for his acknowledged fidelity to nature, to these familiar opportunities.

"The Catskill, Katskill, or Cat River mountains," says Irving, "derived their name in the time of the Dutch domination, from the catamounts, with which they were infested. The interior of these mountains is in the highest degree wild and romantic; here are rocky precipices mantled with primeval forests; deep gorges walled in by beetling cliffs, with torrents tumbling as it were from the sky; and savage glens rarely trodden except by the hunter. With all this internal rudeness, the aspect of these mountains toward the Hudson, is eminently bland and beautiful. The Catskills form an advanced post or lateral spur of the great Alleghanian or Appalachian system of mountains, which sweeps from Alabama to the extremity of Maine. They are epitomes of our variable climate, and stamped with all its vicissitudes. In summer, during the heat of the day, they almost melt into a sultry haze; as the day declines they deepen in tone; their summits are brightened by the last rays of the setting sun

and later in the evening their whole outline is printed in deep purple against an amber sky. The Indian superstitions concerning the treasury of storms and sunshine, and the cloud-weaving spirits may have been suggested by the atmospheric phenomena of these mountains."

In the course of these papers we have had occasion to note that vicissitude seems to mark the early career of artists. The same fact is true of Cole. He was brought to America while a child, as was the case with Leslie, by English parents who sought to revive their crushed fortunes in the New World. His father established a paper-hanging manufactory in Ohio, and it was by designing and combining the pigments in this establishment, that the son learned the rudiments of his art. He also had his day-dreams in the magnificent woods that skirted the Ohio; he read, and dallied somewhat with music, until his young spirit awakened, and this isolated life acting upon a sensitive temperament, rendered him so keenly alive to impressions, that he declares he could hear his heart beat in the presence of people neither distinguished nor talented. At length a portrait-painter came to the obscure village where he lived, and soon initiated him into a higher sphere of art than he had yet attempted; so that one frosty morning, he started off, like Goldsmith, with his flute, his palette, brushes, and a little clothing in a green bag, and played his way over many a weary league, eating his crust by the road-side brook. His father soon entered upon a new species of business, where his services were again required; but from time to time, he prosecuted his art—studying the picturesque along the Monongahela, wandering in cold and heat among the Alleghanies, and thus inuring a frame naturally delicate to exposure and deprivation. Finally he made his way to Philadelphia, and was bewildered by his first view of the trophies of art at the Academy in that city. From painting bellows, and a transparency to celebrate Lafayette's arrival at the Quaker metropolis, he came to New York, and set up his easel in a garret. But here Durand and Trumbull appreciated his talents. His views of the Hudson charmed some wealthy Knickerbockers, and Cole received substantial encouragement. Besides two eminently profitable visits to Europe, he afterwards followed his art at home, with unremitting assiduity and distinguished success. When his autumnal landscapes were first seen in England, their gorgeous hues were regarded as an extravagant Yankee invention, so unaware were foreign amateurs of the brilliant freaks of the early frost on this side of the water. His allegorical pictures are perhaps the most celebrated of his works—and as compositions they display uncommon genius; but he does not excel in the figure, and sometimes his masterly atmosphere, rocks, and foliage exhibit a remarkable contrast to this deficiency. It is on this account, perhaps, that Cole is chiefly admired for his landscapes from nature, which often exhibit an authenticity and feeling as rare as it is attractive. No American painter has so completely identified himself with his land's features; his pencil having fulfilled the same office to our scenery as Bryant's verse.

Thomas Cole, the son of a woollen manufacturer of Lancashire, was born

at Bolton le Moor, England, on the first of February, 1801. Deriving through his imaginative tendency a vivid and somewhat romantic idea of America, he was glad to accompany his father's large family thither in 1819. Steubenville, Ohio, was the place chosen for their residence. The scenery of that picturesque State developed his native love of beauty; but his early years were marked by more than the usual vicissitude and privation attending the pursuit, not only of knowledge but of subsistence, in a new country by a youth of great sensibility and high aspirations: a journey to the South, a sojourn at Zanesville, at Clairville, Chillicothe, and Pittsburg, gave rise to many thrifty experiments, to many serious discouragements, and not a few dreamy episodes: scene-painting, music, writing verses, attacks of illness, alternate energy and depression, some humorous adventures, and much moral courage, diversify and emphasize the record of his probation as an artist. Like so many others of the fraternity among us, he caught the first permanent insight and purpose from the casual acquaintance of an itinerant portrait-painter. He was "at home with difficulties." Obliged to take likenesses for support, his sympathies were all with landscape art; his first attempts were crude, but his observation and love of nature were instinctive and habitual; and at length in Philadelphia he met with recognition and encouragement. The impression Cole made on the public was novel and auspicious. To him may be directly traced the primal success of landscape painting as a national art in the New World; his truth and feeling excited enthusiasm: all who had ever enjoyed the aspects of nature peculiar to this continent, were, to use the language of Bryant in his discourse on Cole's career and character, "delighted at the opportunity of contemplating pictures which carried the eye to a scene of wild grandeur peculiar to our country, over our aërial mountain tops, with their mighty growth of forests never touched by the axe, along the banks of streams never deformed by culture, and into the depths of skies bright with the hues of our own climate; such as few but Cole could paint, and through the transparent abysses of which, it seemed as if you might send an arrow out of sight." Trumbull, Dunlap, and Durand, his early friends, beheld in him and his works the dawn of a new and benign sphere of native art. From a storm-composition to a tree-study, from a battle-piece to a river-scene, from a mountain to a wild, his pencil was busy; and as his art became more lucrative, his ambition grew more exalted. His "Fort Putnam," and "Falls of the Katerskill," were followed by elaborate compositions wherein an allegorical significance varied and heightened the intrinsic claims of scenic art. As soon as the requisite means were obtained, he went abroad; the rural beauty of England, by its quiet and cultured contrast with the wild scenes at home, delighted him; he made numerous studies of landscapes in his ancestral land, examined, with critical interest, the best pictures there, wandered among the lakes of Cumberland, made copious notes of what he saw in the Paris galleries, and enjoyed to the utmost a long visit to Italy, where, cheered by the friendship of Greenough, he delineated the most striking views around Florence, studied the mediæval architecture and

mountain scenery of Volterra; passed a most instructive and congenial season at Rome, where the Campagna, Tivoli, and the skies and ruins afforded new subjects for his pencil; and returned home enriched with old-world sketches, to expatiate in the realm of landscape art, with a poetic scope. A second visit to Europe included the tour of Sicily, where he found the most picturesque ruins; and at last he took up his abode at Catskill, where the vicinity of grand mountains, a noble river, and every kind of sylvan beauty yielded the materials and inspiration his art required.

It was not until death had hallowed his name, and his best works were collected, that even the admirers of Cole realized the extent and variety of his excellence as a painter. Those who knew the man, lingered with love and sorrow, with pride and pleasure, amid these trophies; tracing his assiduous and progressive career, following his reverent steps through the untamed wilderness, amid the chastened and subdued scenes of English rural life, along the broken aqueducts of the Roman fields, under the shadow of Etna, and across the umbrageous ravines of the Highlands of the Hudson. It was thought by many that the style of Cole lost somewhat of its bold freshness by his familiarity with Southern Europe; but, taking the range and variety of his subjects into view, comparing the local truth of those drawn from special scenes, and recognizing the combinations of his elaborate compositions, the impression of truth, beauty, skill, power, and tone embodied from first to last, was as comprehensive, gracious, and pure, as ever came from the pencil of a single artist. Nor is it possible for one who is familiar with his landscapes, to ignore the spirit he was of—to divide the man from his work. Unaffected and earnest, a religious sentiment underlaid his vocation; full of sensibility to truth and beauty—the feeling for Nature which pervaded his delineations, appealed to her lovers with irresistible authority. The record of his life and thoughts, as preserved in his letters, journal, and occasional contributions to literature, as well as by the memorial of his friend and pastor, the Rev. Louis Noble, and the reminiscent eulogium of Bryant, confirm all that his pictures convey of "the depth of his emotions, and the greatness of his thoughts." No artist ever more deeply felt the inadequacy of art, more truly revered its high ministry, or derived from affection and faith such inspiration in its pursuit. "I have seen," he writes, "no picture that represents the Alps truly; and words are incapable of describing them. The imagination searches in vain for comparisons. They are unearthly things, of the texture of the moon as seen through a fine telescope, beaming with a sort of liquid, silver light—folds of heaven's drapery fallen to the earth." "How I long for you," he writes to one he loved, "to walk with me in the grounds of the Villa Borghese, to see the warm sunlight streaming through the stately pines upon the rich grass;" and yet with this ardent love of foreign scenes, he never lost his attachment to home: "Neither the Alps nor the Apennines, nor even Etna itself,' says one of his letters, "have dimmed in my eyes the beauty of our own Catskills." "The Mountain Ford," "The Hunter's Return," "The

Home in the Woods," or "Schroon Lake," have, with all their diversity of natural aspect and association, an identical truth to fact and feeling with the "Temple of Agrigentum," and the "Voyage of Life." In his simplicity of manners, the frank yet modest spirit, the low voice, the cheerful laugh, the sensitive moods, the alternate tenderness and humor, the poetry, the affection, and the faith of Cole, were recognized at once a child and a votary of nature. There were times when he felt isolated and discouraged by indiscriminate criticism, and the want of sympathy. "There is little real art in our atmosphere," he wrote, "and to me but few congenial minds." Whoever, with the latter qualification, accompanied Cole on any of his excursions to the White Mountains, Mount Desert, the Adirondacks; wandered at his side along the Arno, or through the Campagna, or was his companion as he went to study the sunset from a favorite knoll of the Catskills, cannot fail to confirm the declaration that "to his near friends there were few higher pleasures than to go with him upon these walks." Dante, Milton, and Wordsworth were his favorite poets: he was deeply attached to the Episcopal Church; his habits were religious; he died at his Catskill home in the maturity of his powers and the plenitude of his faith.

"Among my pleasant recollections," says a venerable reminiscent, "stand clearly forth those opening exhibitions of the National Academy, when Morse's benignant countenance was seen at the head of the long table, surrounded by artists and their friends, and when, late in the evening, Mapes's face was radiant with humor, and the 'Souter tauld his queerest stories.' Then, too, those monthly and quarterly meetings which it was my privilege to attend; the academicians seated around their table, each illustrating in his own way the subject given for the evening. It was an interesting study to watch the characteristic working of each mind.

"I remember on one occasion the subject given for illustration was, 'Just in Time.' One artist drew a bull in chase of a boy, who reached a fence just in time to draw himself up by the topmost board, and so escape the horns of the infuriated animal.

"Another represented a poor half-starved fellow entering a room where a happy family were seating themselves to an abundant dinner, he, of course, just in time to share the meal of which he stood so much in need.

"I was anxious to see what Mount was at, for he looked very mischievous. I never shall forget Cole's sad look as Mount's drawing was placed upon the table for examination. Cole was a man of great religious sensibility, which he showed in that beautiful series of pictures called the "Voyage of Life." In the last of these pictures he represents the old man, whom he has carried from childhood, watched over by his good angel, to presumptuous youth, flushed with hope; then through early manhood, surrounded by all the demons of destruction, down to old age; now entering the ocean of eternity, his oars of self-reliance broken, his splendid bark shattered, sitting helpless and repentant, when the good angel returns once more to open before his upward gaze the bright path of heaven.

"Mount, with his irresistible propensity for humor, had sketched the angel lifting the old man by his collar from the coat, while the Devil stretched his claws from below in a vain effort to seize the man saved just in time by the angel. The illustration was irresistible, but it made us all feel sad to see Cole take the joke so seriously.

"Up to 1828 there was not to my knowledge a school of landscape art in this country. It is surprising what progress this school of art had made before Mr. Reed died, in 1836. Those who were in the habit of visiting his gallery at No. 13 Greenwich street will remember what delightful reunions took place there; what a mingling there was of artists and literary men, such as Morse, Cole, Weir, Inman, Durand, with Cooper, Irving, Bryant, etc.; we miss from our number Dr. Wainwright, Luman Reed, Philip Hone, Thomas Cole, J. Fenimore Cooper, and many others.

"There is a touching coincidence connected with Cole's three series of pictures which I have never seen mentioned. The "Course of Empire," his first series, was painted for Luman Reed, who died just before the completion of the last picture. His second, the "Voyage of Life," was painted for Samuel Ward, whose own voyage of life was over before Cole had brought his traveller safely through the waves of Time to the ocean of Eternity. His third, the "Cross and the World," was painted for himself, and the picture representing his pilgrim of the cross entering heaven was scarcely finished, when his own spirit took its flight to those regions of bliss, in contemplation of which his whole soul was filled."

Cole painted a few portraits; among them two studies—one of an old monk, the other of a young peasant, which used to hang in his Catskill studio; they evinced a power in that department unsuspected by many. His study of "The Dead Abel" is a clever one, far beyond the average of landscape artists; one of his smallest and most finished works, "Titan's Goblet," was painted in 1833, and originally belonged to Luman Reed, who afterward gave him a commission for the "Course of Empire;" it is now in the possession of J. M. Falconer, of New York.

Of the first ten years of his artist-life, Cole says: "The first three were spent amid the deepest privations and poverty. For some weeks I lived on bread and water, until a painful sickness came upon me; this was in part in Philadelphia. Our large family at this time was, in a great measure, dependent on me, an only son: I was bound for a debt contracted by my father, whose health had been bad for many years. Nearly four years I spent in Europe, in the earnest endeavor to acquire the means of supporting an affectionate family, and of paying those debts which crushed my very soul to think of."

"Young Cole," writes a law-student, the frugal companion of his toil, "was employed in engraving on wood for a publisher of school-books. He had his little work-bench put up in our room, under the window-sill, for the benefit of light. We sat with our backs to each other; while he plied the graver, I studied Blackstone. At intervals he took up his flute,

his constant companion, and played some sweet air. He was an admirable performer, and many a time brought tears into my eyes. I had good opportunity of studying his character. I had not been long with him before I discovered that his was a mind of no common order, and his morals pure and spotless. Artless and unsophisticated, he was without the least hypocrisy. The more I knew him the better I loved him."

"It was now a great thought came to Cole," says his biographer, "and told him he had gone to work wrong. Hitherto he had been trying mainly to make up nature from his own mind, instead of making up his mind from nature. This now flashed upon him as a radical mistake. He must not only muse abroad in nature and catch her spirit, but gain for his eye and hand a mastery over all that is visible in her outward material form, if he would have his pictures breathe of her spirit."

His description of the Catskills, White Mountains, English scenery, Volterra, the Campagna of Rome, and of Etna; of the impressions made by works of art, of incidents of travel and professional aspirations and disappointments, social and domestic amenities, are full of artistic feeling; and his discriminating observation of scenery, his sense of the modifying influence of human associations and historical remains; his definite yet elaborate conception of scenic composition as unfolded in confidential and familiar intercourse—all betoken the philosophical and poetical aspirant.

"Next to home itself, Florence was to Cole the happiest place in which he ever lived." *

"There is little real art in our atmosphere," he writes after his return home, "and to me but few congenial minds. I languish sometimes for the intercourse I enjoyed last winter, and feel that there is little to bind me here but my family and my own dear Catskills."

"Taking it the year round, Niagara to Cole, was, by his own declaration, far less than the mountains. They were symbols of the eternal majesty, immutability, and repose which no cataract could ever be."

He wrote on the cover of a sketch-book, soon after his first visit to Europe in 1829:

> "Let not the ostentatious gaud of art,
> That tempts the eye but touches not the heart,
> Lure me from nature's purer love divine;
> But, like a pilgrim at some holy shrine,
> Bow down to her devotedly, and learn
> In her most sacred features, to discern
> That truth is beauty."

Needless as natural and charming was Bryant's fond warning when his painter-friend went abroad:

> "Thine eyes shall see the light of distant skies,
> Yet, Cole, thy heart shall bear to Europe's strand
> A living image of our own bright land,

* The Life and Works of Thomas Cole, by Rev. Louis L. Noble. Third edition. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. 1856.

Such as upon thy glorious canvas lies :
* * * Thou goest—fair,
Fair scenes shall greet thee there
But different, everywhere the trace of men—
Paths, homes, graves, ruins, from the lowest glen
To where life shrinks from the fierce Alpine air ;
Gaze on them till the tears shall dim thy sight,
But keep that earlier, wilder image bright."

In the winter of 1832, after his return from Europe, Cole occupied a studio at the corner of Wall street and Broadway. "There came in one day," writes Mr. Noble, "a person in the decline of life, took a hasty turn round the room serving for a gallery, and went out without a word. There was that, however, in the appearance of this silent visitor, as he looked quietly but intelligently from picture to picture, which could not readily be forgotten. Cole had a rare power of judging of character correctly at once. The favorable opinion instantly formed of this person was soon happily confirmed by an introduction and acquaintance. In the course of the winter Cole received from him a commission for a large Italian landscape, and conversed with him about pictures for a private gallery he was then contemplating ; this was Luman Reed." Cole's "Primitive State of Man," a wild landscape with a hunter, belongs to E. L. Rogers, Esq., of Baltimore, Md. ; "The Mountain Ford," and "Kenilworth Castle," and the fine series of the "Voyage of Life," to J. Taylor Johnson, Esq. ; "Tornado in an American Forest," to R. M. Olyphant, Esq. ; the "Expulsion from Paradise," to James Lenox, Esq. ; "The Old Mill," and "A Landscape," to Marshall O. Roberts, Esq., a large landscape and "View on the Thames," with a smaller landscape, to Jonathan Sturgis, Esq. ; a "View of the Roman Campagna," and "Catskill Creek at Sunset," to A. M. Cozzens, Esq., all of New York city ; "The Angels appearing to the Shepherds," belongs to the Boston Athenæum ; "A Cascade in the Catskills," "A View of the N. W. Bay on the Winnipiseogee Lake," and "A View of the White Mountains," are in the Wadsworth Gallery, Hartford, Ct. ; where also is Cole's large picture of "Mount Etna," view taken from Taormina, Sicily.

The scene from which the artist took this picture, is considered as one of the finest in the world. In the distance rises Mount Etna, clad in snows, which the fires of the volcano never entirely dissolve. Its height is about eleven thousand feet above the Mediterranean, which on the left of the picture is seen to indent the eastern coast of Sicily. In the middle distance of the picture, forming part of the vast base of Etna, is a varied country, broken yet fertile, and interspersed with villages, olive groves, and vineyards. Crowning a hill on the right of the picture may be seen part of the village of Taormina, anciently a city of consequence, and now interesting to the traveler from the numerous remains of Grecian and Roman buildings. The time is soon after sunrise. The landscape series of "The Course of Empire," is in the gallery of the New York Historical Society ; it consists of five pictures illustrating "a nation's rise, progress, decline, fall, and the consequent changes

in the landscape;"—first, the Savage state; second, the Arcadian or Pastoral; third, the consummation of Empire; fourth, Destruction; and fifth, Desolation.

The exhibition of this artist's works soon after his decease in 1848, made evident the fact that they are widely distributed among our most liberal and tasteful citizens; among the names of owners, in the catalogue, are those of Austin, Betts, Colden, Hone, Laight, Stuyvesant, Sturges, Van Rensselaer, Verplanck, Ward, etc. The scenes depicted indicate an extensive range of landscape studies, including the coast of the Mediterranean and the wilds of North America, English castles and Tuscan cities, the ruins of Sicily and the memorable fields around Rome, Etna, and the Catskills, Feudal and Pastoral, Swiss and Italian, Lake George and Segesta, the White Mountains and the Roman Campagna—in all sixty-three works—alike remarkable for imagination, composition, and the most refined and picturesque truth to the details, as facts and influences of nature.

Among his more recent pictures are two beautiful illustrations of Italian scenery. They represent the extremes of the cheerful and the sombre, which make the contrasts of view in Southern Europe so impressive. One of these pictures, to which we believe the artist gave the name of *l'Allegro*, has a fine perpendicular cliff in the background, arched by a serene and lucent sky. The light plays richly through a weed-grown arch, peasants dance on the bright sandy shore; the verdure is fresh and vivid, and the atmosphere transparent and exhilarating in its tone. The piece is a composition, and sparkles with the buoyant nature of Parthenope, "touched to finer issues" by the picturesque ruins. The companion picture (*Il Penseroso*) represents a lake near Albano, in the Roman territory. The shores rise abruptly to a great height, and are covered with dense and shadowy foliage. A dash of Salvator's gloom broods over the scene, and an ancient shrine, before which a single peasant kneels, increases the religious solemnity of the landscape.

Of his American views, one of the most attractive is "The Hunter's Return." It is a composition, with the exception of one noble mountain in the background, which is copied from a remarkable spur of the White Hills. The scene is an opening in the forest, where, beside a transparent lake and beneath the impending hillsides, appears a settler's log-hut, with its adjacent cabbage-garden. From the opposite thicket approach two bluff hunters, with a deer slung on a pole, and borne on their shoulders. One waves his cap to the wife, who stands by the hut door, and holds up her infant to greet his return. In advance hurries the eldest son with the dog. There is a rustic bridge, the stumps of a clearing, two or three prostrate birch trunks, and all the objects incident to such a scene; while around tower the evergreen firs, maples, oaks, and beeches,—their foliage kindled with all the splendid dyes of an American autumn; and far above, serenely arching the misty hill-tops, spreads the clear blue sky, mottled with gold. It is altogether a beautiful and most authentic illustration of American life and nature.

One of the most highly finished works of this artist is an oval landscape —the light radiating from the centre—an experiment which proves entirely successful in his hands. The tone of this picture is quite Claude like. The foliage is autumnal, and in the painter's best style, and the whole effect is poetical in the highest degree. This gem illustrates the well-known verses of Mrs. Hemans, entitled "The Cross in the Wilderness." Cole has put upon canvas the picture described in the two following stanzas, in a manner that would have charmed the delicate taste of the sweet poetess :—

"Silent and mournful sat an Indian Chief,
In the red sunset, by a grassy tomb;
His eyes, that might not weep, were dark with grief,
And his arms folded in majestic gloom,
And his bow lay unstrung beneath the mound,
Which sanctified the gorgeous waste around.

"For a pale cross above its greensward rose,
Telling the cedars and the pines that there
Man's heart and hope had struggled with his woes,
And lifted from the dust a voice of prayer.
Now all was hushed, and eve's last splendor shone
With a rich sadness on th' attesting stone."

His Roman aqueduct breathes the very loneliness and sublime desolation of the Campagna. It is not a few barren fields and arches of decaying brick that we behold, but the silent arena of a vanished world. "There are certainly fewer good landscape pictures," says one of Cole's letters, "in proportion to their number, than of historical. In landscape there is a greater variety of objects, textures, and phenomena to imitate. It has expression, also; not of passion, to be sure, but of sentiment—whether it be tranquil or spirit-stirring; its seasons, sunrise, sunset, storm, the calm, various kinds of trees, herbage, waters, mountains, skies. And whatever scene is chosen, one spirit pervades the whole—light and darkness tremble in the atmosphere, and each change transmutes." There spoke the poet, and his canvas gives the same dreamy impression, the same pensive or bright mood, that the best verse inspires. How well the vivid green, the Arcadian fertility of the vale, contrasts with the shadowy mist around the base of Etna! The lateral sunbeams warm the floating vapors, and light up the olive-clumps and broad leaves of the aloe to an Eden freshness. We involuntarily sigh to be in that *lettiga* (comfortless vehicle that it is) now winding down the mountain. One thin light stream of smoke is slowly wreathing upward from the cone, and about its dark sides how beautiful are the snow-drifts! Never was a mountain more faithfully portrayed. It comes back to us like a wondrous dream. The whole is conceived in exactly the mood to which an imaginative mind is lured by the unequalled scene.

INMAN.

AFTER the exhibition of Allston's paintings we had no feast of native art comparable with that of this artist's works. As we surveyed the various evidences of taste and genius which adorned the walls, associated as they were with one of the most genial and kindly characters it has been our lot to know, a thousand pleasant memories and grateful thoughts sprang up "as at the touch of an enchanter's wand." At a meeting of the committee to whose exertions the public were indebted for this exhibition, one of Inman's sanguine friends urged with no little eloquence the propriety of inviting our citizens to hear an oration in honor of his life and labors. The proposition was deemed inexpedient by the majority present. It was felt that the works of an artist speak more justly his praise; and we think no discerning visitor failed to realize this in regard to Inman.

There are few more interesting processes than to trace the development of a nobly-endowed man, as we often can in written productions, but seldom, as in the present instance, through the offspring of the pencil. Let any one turn from the crude execution of his paintings, at the age of eighteen, to the exquisite finish and delicate tints of "Rydal Water"—which seems to deepen in crystal tranquillity as you gaze, until the very spirit of the delicious landscape passes into your mind as it often did into that of Wordsworth, who himself conducted Inman to the very point of view whence the picture was taken. In portraiture, too, compare the artist's brother—his first likeness in oils—so comparatively without vigor, to the strong, massive head of Lord Chancellor Cottenham.

The collection of his works was, of course, limited to the few which could be readily obtained; the object of the exhibition having been to provide something for his family, rather than completely to illustrate the ability of the painter. The works thus brought together—all the products of the same mind—were more valuable and attractive than many exhibitions we have seen comprising twenty times as many pictures by fifty different hands. It would have been quite easy to have gathered many more by the same pencil, but it was deemed advisable to improve the occasion without delay, and avoid the risk and expense consequent upon the transportation of works from a great distance. Accordingly, the Art-Union

room having been gratuitously offered for the purpose, one hundred and twenty-six of Inman's pictures were arranged upon its walls. As a matter of course the greater number were portraits—but such portraits, for the most part, as have an artistic interest which renders them attractive, independent of all personal associations. Indeed we venture to claim for Inman, in this department, the highest rank. He was unequal, it is true; but when the subject was propitious and the artist himself, that is, in health and the right mood for his task, the result may challenge admiration from the lovers of Vandyke and Lawrence. If this praise should be deemed extravagant, we point with confidence to the heads of Dr. Chalmers, Lord Chancellor Cottenham, Wordsworth, and Macaulay, as examples of vigorous, characteristic, and masterly portraiture; to the "Artist's Daughter," as an instance of the perfectly successful transfer of expression to the canvas without adventitious finish; and to the pen and crayon sketches of Porter and Hoffman, and the painting of Jacob Barker, as proofs of facility of execution. The portrait of an infant was one of the most remarkable things in the exhibition. We are informed that it was painted after the child's death, entirely from the father's description of its lineaments; and is a satisfactory likeness. A painter's life abounds in significant passages, and one of the most touching we ever heard, is that of a parent sitting for hours beside an artist engaged in transferring the beloved features from his memory. The quotation from Moore's "Lake of the Dismal Swamp," appended in the catalogue to a view of the scene, reminds us of the dramatic effect with which the departed was wont to recite that poem, after the manner of a well-known elocutionist, for the amusement of his friends. How benign an air broods over the massive forehead of Chalmers! We see in his face the power of thought, and the heat of enthusiasm tempered by age. It has been well said that Wordsworth's brow, eye, and mouth, perfectly accord with the tranquillity and diffuseness of his muse; there is a passionless contemplation about the picture, so true to the poet's nature as exhibited in his writings that, without having seen the original, we feel assured his portrait is authentic. Macaulay was not a promising subject. His temperament and tone of complexion would prove very ineffective in the hands of an inferior painter. Inman has given so well the noble outline of the head—the swelling curve where phrenologists locate the perceptive organs—and chosen the position so admirably, the eye slightly lifted, that the heavy features have a quiet eloquence which grows upon the spectator. Their rugged, honest strength would, however, leave us without any outward sign of the great reviewer's mental refinement, were it not for the hand, the beautiful moulding of which completes the insignia with which nature has stamped the casket whose gems have so often scintillated from the pages of the "Edinburgh." The unfinished portraits attracted much attention from every painter who visited the exhibition, for the reason that they gave no inadequate notion of the process which the limner followed. It was observed that the peculiar and characteristic expression of the face—that quality, indeed, which

alone gives individuality to the features, was already caught and embodied. This method is precisely what distinguishes genius from mechanical dexterity. Any one with a command of language can versify, and a little practice will enable the clumsiest hand to combine color and trace forms; but to vivify language with genuine emotion, so that it adequately represents a state of the soul, and to make outlines and tints convey the very personality of a countenance, are achievements requiring a special endowment, and not attainable through mere skill or industry.

Henry Inman was of English ancestry; and some of his distant kindred still reside in Somersetshire; he was born in Utica, N. Y., October 28th, 1801. When he was eleven years of age his parents removed to the city of New York. As the boy advanced in years he exhibited the vivacious, intelligent and genial qualities which, long after, endeared him as an artist and companion; and it seems natural that with his generous and active nature he should at first have inclined to a military career; he had even secured a commission to enter the West Point Academy, when the accidental sight of a master-piece of pictorial Art won him to her service and love. This was the "Danaë" of Westmuller, one of the most exquisite pieces of flesh-painting which has emanated from the French school, of which the Swedish artist was essentially a votary. It is a singular coincidence that this work, so vividly associated with the commencement, should also be identified with the latter years of Inman's artist-life; for it was in his studio that I first saw it, while temporarily in his possession: after his death it was again exhibited to almost a new generation and obtained the same, if not greater popular admiration, than when originally before the public. Inman first saw this famous picture at the studio of Jarvis; and it was to this eccentric painter that he introduced himself as a candidate for artistic instruction. No one who knew Inman and can imagine what must have been his aspect and manners as a youth, can feel surprised that Jarvis was instantly conciliated by his frank address; indeed he at once declared that his new pupil "had just the head for a painter"—an inference which Inman used humorously to say was nearly extinguished by his first "infernal attempts." Jarvis was by no means a flattering master; on the contrary he spared no severity of criticism, and roused ambition more by challenging than cheering. Inman remembered some mortifying comments which he and his fellow-students had to endure from Jarvis, even before strangers; but the discipline was wholesome; it prevented all complacent repose on what was acquired, and stimulated to constant effort in the right direction.

A letter dated in 1822 says: "Jarvis and his pupil, Inman, came to Boston, to seek employment, but did little. Henry's beautiful little water-colored likenesses were a source of some profit."

Many years after, Inman reverted to his studies with amusing zest; and had countless anecdotes of the stories, talk, and adventures of his eccentric master, which he could relate with remarkable *naïveté* and dramatic effect. Seven years of successful devotion to portrait-painting, with occasional landscape and compositions, followed his probation in the studio of Jarvis;

he married, and in 1832 removed to Philadelphia. His established reputation now obtained him several large public commissions; among them full-lengths of William Penn, Judge Marshall, and Colonel Varick, for each of which he received a thousand dollars. For some years he executed miniatures, cabinet and life-size portraits, practiced lithographic drawing, and sketched scenery with rare assiduity and success. A diary which he kept at intervals shows how constantly he was employed: his portraits of Ingersol, McIlvaine, Wirt, Bishop White, Colonel Johnson, Dr. Hawks, Biddle, Professor McVickar, Halleck, Hoffman, Judge Betts, and others, are well known and highly estimated. Inman was a sufferer from periodical asthma for many years of his life; every autumn he was attacked with more or less severity, and obliged to lay aside his pencil; in his latter years this disease was complicated with that of the heart. Among his prevalent tastes was that for natural history; Buffon was one of his favorite authors; he was a true sportsman; and could discourse charmingly of birds and animals; he also had a love of scenery and a skill in its delineation, which, under favorable circumstances, would have made him celebrated in landscape painting; and all these circumstances and traits combined to make him a lover of the country where, in the height of his metropolitan success, he determined to make his home; and took up his abode at a beautiful rural estate at Mount Holly, N. J. As a general thing, exclusive country life is not favorable to artistic success; the social element is wanting, and the popular sympathy. Cole used to come to the city with a fresh landscape, and hunt up his friends; and Weir has often felt at West Point the need of companionship in art. Inman's studio had long been the rendezvous of the eminent and gifted of the land; he enjoyed his trout-fishing, his sketching from nature, the birds, flowers, and domestic pleasures of his rural home; but the exigencies of his art, and a strong social instinct drew him more and more to town life; and, at length, pecuniary reverses obliged him to dispose of his country seat. Yet no one of our artists has achieved greater prosperity by his labors in portraiture than Inman; the misfortune is, and always has been, that this branch of art is a precarious resource, owing to the caprices of fashion and of fame.

In 1838 Inman enjoyed an income from his pencil of nearly nine thousand dollars; the following year was the last of his prosperity; his health became worse; he made unfortunate investments; and, with the decline of work, anxieties pressed upon him. He returned to New York, and renewed the pleasant intimacies of his youth enhanced by new and interesting social acquirements. In 1841 he had a worse attack of his old disease than he had ever suffered; and compared his agonized respiration to the vulture of Prometheus. When free from illness, and freed from immediate care, his charming vein of cheerful wit and companionable intelligence returned in full force: like all true artists he had strong literary affinities, and on the occasion of the Dickens dinner in New York, made a most graceful and suggestive speech on the Attributes of the Picturesque, in which he defined the relationship between Art and Letters, claiming

ior the honored guest, the most remarkable artistic power and insight In 1843 successive attacks of illness, and lack of regular and profitable employment, with the solicitude incident to a large family, had brought to Inman days of deep depression; his friends gave him commissions, but felt he required an absolute change of scene and life to renew his health and hope. His friends, James Lenox, Edward L. Carey, and Henry Reed, induced him to visit England and portray Chalmers, Macaulay, and Wordsworth, for them respectively. It was a happy expedient. He had a delightful sojourn in Westmoreland and an encouraging visit to London, where the most flattering inducements were held out to him to establish himself as a portrait-painter. Had he done so, there is reason to believe that a new and prosperous career would have revived his fortunes and his life; but domestic claims and precarious health obliged him to return to America; not, however, before he had enjoyed a charming episode of experience in the society of British artists, the hospitalities of London celebrities, and the opportunity to examine the latest achievements in art; for the first time in many years he had escaped the asthma; the Elgin marbles, the National and Royal Academies, and the kind companionship of Leslie, Mulready, Stanfield, Maclise, and others, congenially occupied his leisure; while the portraits he executed abroad more than renewed the highest success of his best days in art. And to these satisfactions should be added that of the most interesting personal intercourse with his illustrious sitters. "You would have laughed to-day," says one of his letters, "could you have stood by and heard the courteous battle-royal of words between me and Macaulay." In April, 1845, Inman returned home; he was most affectionately received by his friends; but younger aspirants occupied the sphere he once filled; anxious for the future welfare of his family, waiting vainly for adequate employment, and attacked with heart disease, in the autumn of this year he put the last touch to his last picture—a sweet, pensive, mellow, landscape, appropriately called "An October Afternoon." He lingered a few months: "It is hard to part with you, fellows," was one of his characteristic sayings to a friend; kindly fellowship and genial talent were strong within him to the last. Inman died in New York on the 17th of January, 1846. His funeral was attended by several hundred persons of all ranks and vocations, and deep and heartfelt was their tribute of sorrow and of praise.

In his happiest efforts at portraiture, wherein there was great inequality viewed as a whole, Inman has been compared to Sir Thomas Lawrence: his rapidity of execution was uncommon; a "delicate mottling" was often admired in his color, a completeness and neatness of style in his landscapes, and skilful manipulation in the works undertaken *con amore;* while it is conceded that he was the first American artist who attempted *genre* with success. Inman had much felicity and facility in pen-craft, not only as a draughtsman but as an author; though he seldom, and only casually, indulged the latter vein; his taste and sympathies with men of letters and literature were strong and individual, his love of poetry genuine, and

his discrimination as a critic wise and genial. I remember how it annoyed him that, for some time, he was unable to sympathize in the appreciation of Wordsworth, expressed by a circle with whom, on most æsthetic points, he was in accord. He referred to this exception to me with surprise. I attributed it to the fact that he had never seriously placed himself in relation with the bard of Rydal Mount, and that the hurried, anxious, fevered life he was leading, at the time, was quite opposed to the calm, receptive mood indispensable to the recognition of a philosophic poet of Nature, who abjured all conventional means; the incompatibility of a worldly state of mind, and the feeling Wordsworth inspires and to which he appeals, has been finally illustrated in one of the lectures of Frederic Robertson. Not long afterwards, during a slow convalescence, when body and mind were subdued to a mood of patient and thoughtful repose, and when the moral sensibilities were quickened by relief from suffering and the placid self-possession incident to leisure and tranquillity realized, Inman requested me to bring him Wordsworth; for days he was absorbed in the perusal thereof, gleaning with delight every high thought and deep sentiment, enjoying the grand simplicity of language, and gradually entering into and thoroughly assimilating the pure and precious food of fancy, reverence, and faith. He became a most intelligent lover of the poet so long neglected; and when sojourning with him and engaged on his portrait, quoted and commented on his verse, in a manner that satisfied even so fastidious an auditor.

The versatility of Inman's talent as exhibited in congenial social intercourse, was remarkable. An Englishman newly arrived, who was my neighbor at table, when he entertained a few friends at supper, exclaimed, after listening to his conversation, his recitation, and his vocalism, that, once known to the wits of London, he would become a perpetual diner-out, so rare did his gifts and companionship, in scope and quality, appear. During his visit abroad he thus fondly recurs to these pleasant meetings:

"London, Dec. 15, 1844.

"My Dear T.: —

"A rainy Sunday and the *débris* of a headache keep me at home; and in the solitude of my lodgings (Mary is on a visit in another part of this great Babylon) I turn for society to the perusal of my letters from friends on your side of the Atlantic. I find among others your pleasant epistles; I read them; every word helps to open wide the floodgates of memory, and awaken a host of goodly recollections of memorable suppers, of mesmeric confabulations, of poetical enthusiasms; and chivalry and poetry and conviviality, and that last joyous feast, where verse, wit, and music flung their triple radiance; all, all come thronging upon me at this moment, and urge me to bestow a page of friendship's tediousness upon you. I must not forget to say, that in these visions of the past, P. M. I., and G. H., and Lieut. M., make one of the sunshiny groups; do not fail to tell them of my most kindly remembrance. I am quietly 'lorking on

in Vienna ; ' and I see here plainly the two extremes of the social system, and only the extremes,—plethoric wealth and luxury in most ungracious contrast with squalid poverty : in short I have arrived at this result—that England is a paradise for the rich, and a purgatory, not to use a warmer epithet, for the poor ; an aristocracy revelling in surroundings of hereditary and barbaric splendor, grudging with unwilling and remorseless hands a refuge for the poor, in the shape of minor workhouses, by courtesy, so-called ; but which may be more aptly termed prisons. The "cottage homes of England," according to the muse of Mrs. Hemans, no longer exist, and I could only find in their stead the hovels of destitution. As to the arts, the British school stands, I think, very high. I see by the papers that my sanguine friends at home are ascribing all sorts of success to my pencil, but you are all premature. I am only executing the orders I brought with me from America. This friendly inkshed has done my headache good already. Give my love to Charley, and hand him from me the following verses of a Dutch drinking-song. He will perhaps remember my singing the two first verses of it. I got these from my brother, Capt. Inman. I dare say Lieut. M. has often heard him sing them, and he can give the air. They are the production of some dunderhead, multobreeched Anacreon from the backwoods of Pennsylvania. I have added out of my own 'calf's head' the concluding stanzas. There, my dear friend, I have let off a little steam. God bless you, and all our set ; write as often as you can. I shall go to the continent in February, I think. I am your most assured friend in all places. H. I."

Soon after the date of this letter, Inman so won the sympathy and esteem of an influential and wealthy friend of art, that a promising London career in portraiture opened to him ; an establishment was projected, and desirable orders promised ; those he had brought from home being for portraits of eminent persons, their excellent execution secured his reputation, and there was every prospect of success ; his talents seemed revived to their best activity, while his social attractions, in the new sphere thus granted him in the hour of need and the prime of his life, warranted sanguine hopes of a new and long artistic triumph. But failing health, and domestic duties and disappointments, compelled him to forego the flattering prospect and return home.

Another illustration of his apt and graceful manner of treating the incidents of social intercourse is worth quoting. After a long discussion in regard to the expediency of introducing an exceptionable person into a genial circle, of which the artist was one, his arguments prevailing, but in the end proving fallacious, he acknowledged his mistake in an allegory. It gives an idea of his resources and fancifulness in social intercourse. A beautiful pen-drawing of the scene described accompanied the "fable."

"26th March, 1843.

"MY DEAR T :—

"I send you the following fable, trusting you will duly ponder the moral.

"Cordially yours,

"H. I."

The Panther and the Young Gazelle.

In the days of Æsop, when animals possessed the gift of speech, a certain painter of renown kept in his studio a tame panther. One day, when a friend of the painter, a famous poet of Greece, was standing behind his easel, a conversation ensued, in which panther, who had been trimming his whiskers, in a corner, took part: said the painter, at the same time patting the sides of his four-footed companion, "How completely has education eradicated from my poor Pandus here, all the ferocious impulses of his early nature! Observe the mildness of his expression. How full of human feeling and refinement!" The poet, who rather doubted the animal, replied, "It may be so, but I should not like to bring my pet gazelle within the neighborhood of his clutches." The panther here interposed, and quickly sheathing a row of enormous claws, which the remark of the poet had caused him slily to disclose, at the same time meekly dropping his silky eyelashes, he said, "How can you say so, master poet? Have I not seen my master's picture of your beautiful gazelle? Have I not heard you recite in glowing strains your own praises of her love-lit looks? Do not think so unworthily of me! Only favor me with the honor of an introduction to her, and see how tenderly I will behave to her. No! no! I appreciate too well your love of sentiment and my master's love of beauty, to let the slightest peep of my long nails ruffle for an instant her charming tranquillity." The poet, won by his entreaties, seconded by the earnest wishes of the painter, at length consented; and accordingly, a few days afterwards, brought his dear gazelle to the house of his friend. The "dark-eyed one" was with great formality presented to the panther, who put on his most insinuating looks for the occasion, and at last completely overcame the shock of apprehension which the beautiful gazelle could not help betraying at the first sight of him. The painter rejoiced at the good behavior of his favorite, and the poet consented, but with some slight misgivings, to leave them together; but, alas! on returning, after a short absence, they found that the ravenous monster, under all the specious show of tenderness, concealed the devouring appetite of the wildest of his tribe. The wretch had torn the innocent creature limb from limb, and fled to the forest, leaving behind him nothing of the poor victim of a too-confiding belief, but the deepest sorrow for her fate, and a half-devoured and fragmentary fore-shoulder of very tender gazelle venison.

Cheerful as he was in society, and prone to bid dull care begone, when with his friends,—elastic as was ever the rebound of his spirits from the pressure of illness and anxiety, like all artistic organizations, he knew the throe as well as the thrill; and when fortune ceased to smile, while wearing a brave exterior, often yielded to melancholy forebodings, as witness a record

in his diary in January, 1843: "Stayed at home all day; the zest and cream of life are gone: $20,000 and travelling would save me; fine prospect of starving this year! not a soul comes to me for pictures: my ambition in art is gone." It was under the influence of this hopeless mood that the following lines were written and sent with the note to one of his friends, whose reply is annexed:—

"On my return last night after helping you at that delightful 'Feast of Shells,' my fancy, emboldened by its recent poetic collision, hatched from out my pipe's smoke-spirals the accompanying very foggy attempt at rhyme. Though the picture is a vile daub, it is drawn from my own sunshine and shade of feeling:

"Now listless o'er time's sullen tide,
My barque of life floats idly on;
Truth's incense-laden breeze has died
And passion's fitful gusts are flown.

While sadly round her aimless course
Now lowering brood the mental skies,
The past but murmurs of remorse,
And dim the ocean future lies.

And must this be? My soul, arouse!
See through the passing clouds of ill,
How Fame's proud pharos brightly glows,
And gilds thy drooping pennant still.

Stretch to thine oar, yon beam thy guide,
Spread to ambition's freshning gale;
Friendship and love are at thy side,
While glory's breathings swell thy sails.

"H. I."

"TO H. I.

"Oh! let not one so blest as thou
Prate of an aimless, dim career,
Dash every shadow from thy brow,
And bid Hope's smiles thy vision cheer.

Old Time is baffled when he throws
His spells round such a heart as thine;
Its native warmth dissolves his snows,
And makes his very frown divine.

If clouds will darken o'er thy way,
They cannot settle on thy heart,
For thou the limner's wand doth sway
To tinge their gloom with rainbow art.

Despond not, while with master hand
'Tis thine such life-like scenes to trace,
And mirror ocean, sky, and land,
Features beloved, and forms of grace.

Despond not, while thy presence lends
Wings to the hours of social joy,
And to pure gold, for all thy friends,
So oft transmutes life's base alloy.

Despond not, while in accents deep,
And looks with earnest meaning fraught,
'Tis thine to waken fancy's sleep,
And breathe the poet's wildest thought.

Despond not, while a bond so fair
Endeared by Nature's holiest tie,
Lures thee from weary thoughts of care,
And with love's glances meets thine eye.

Perennial youth the gifted know,
And there is one whose spirit's tone
By filial instinct taught to glow,
Seems the dear echo of thy own.

Then trim thy gallant barque with glee,
And haunt Doubt's listless stream no more,
Steer bravely through Fame's open sea,
And rear thy home on Glory's shore!"

Fifty years ago Inman's best miniatures were considered equal to Malbone's; he relinquished that branch to Cummings, and devoted himself to oil portraits. Like all artists in this department, inequality marks his career; but when subject, sympathy, and mental condition united harmoniously, the result was memorable. Among his most characteristic works are portraits of Chief-Justice Jones, of Mrs. Inman, Van Buren, Colonel Johnson, President Duer, Sully, Colonel Fish, Mr. Rawle, Professor Mapes, General Morton, his daughter, Henry Eckford, Audubon, Chief-Justice Nelson, Manager Simpson, Bishop Delancey, Horace Binney, Clara Fisher, Captain McKenzie, and Mr. Ingersoll. His landscapes and *genre* compositions include "Scene from the Bride of Lammermoor," "Birnam Wood," "Rydal Water," "The Newsboy," "Mumble-the-Peg," "Family Groups," "The Brothers," "The Sisters," Sterne's "Maria," "Woodland Scene," "Boyhood of Washington," "Trout-Fishing in Sullivan County," "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," "Landscape," "Rip Van Winkle Awaking," and numerous pen, crayon, and lithographic studies, sketches, and portraits.

His portraits of Dr. Chalmers and of Mrs. Lenox are in the collection of James Lenox, Esq., of New York, who also has his "Group of Heads after Reynolds," "The Dismissal of a Country School on an October Afternoon," and "Dundreman Abbey." His portrait of Wordsworth is in the possession of the Reed family, and that of Macaulay in the collection of H. C. Carey, Esq., of Philadelphia; his portrait of Judge Savage, of Utica, N. Y., is in the possession of his daughter; his portrait of Lafayette is in the Governor's room at the Capitol, Albany; that of De Witt Clinton belongs to J. H. Prentice; that of Mr. Lefferts, a fine specimen, to C. Carson Brevoort, of Bedford, L. I.; that of Mrs. Thomas McKean belongs to H. Pratt McKean, of Philadelphia, and that of Bishop White to Mr. McMurtrie, of the same city; his portrait of William Wirt is in the Boston Athenæum; Dr. Parmlee, of New York, has three of his miniatures; his

portraits of Van Buren and Seward, and of Mayors Lawrence, Clark, and Varian are in the Governor's room, New York City Hall,—where that of Mayor Harper is the joint work of Huntington and himself. His picture of Hackett as Rip Van Winkle, and his portrait of Bishop Moore, are in the collection of A. M. Cozzens, Esq., of New York; his copy of the portrait of Penn is in Independence Hall, Philadelphia; that of Fanny Kemble belongs to Jonathan Sturgis, Esq., of New York.

The following is a sketch of a visit to his studio three years before his death:

Now let us go to Henry Inman's. Would you not know him for a man of genius at a glance? His air and smile, the lines of mental activity in his face, the very fall of his long hair, would stamp him in a crowd as a weaver of "such stuff as dreams are made of." His countenance has that interest which lies in expression, an interest far transcending mere regularity of outline or beauty of individual feature, because we always associate it with character. It seems less the offspring of accident, has a more intimate relation with the soul, and is a characteristic over which time has no power. An artist of some sort we could safely aver him to be; whether in the sphere of language, sound, colors, or marble, would be a subsequent question. His, however, is no confined ability, but rather the liberal scope of an intellectual man. He converses delightfully, recites with peculiar effect, has a discriminating sympathy for literature, the drama, and "the comedy of life," with genial social instincts, and a warm appreciation of whatever appeals to the imagination, or involves any principle of taste. In his own particular art, Inman is one of the most versatile of American limners. We remember an anecdote of some lover of Art, who visited a public gallery, and after surveying numerous pictures, selected a landscape as especially worthy of his future attention; he next was attracted by an Indian group, then by some historical figures, and at last by a portrait. Upon referring to the catalogue to identify the painters of his favorites, what was his surprise to find all four to be the work of Inman! There was a charming example of his pleasant invention, at one of the Academy Exhibitions. It represented two boys playing mumble-peg, or stick-knife, on a green bank in summer. Such exuberant juvenility as their faces and attitude displayed! It was a most happy touch of nature, the work of three afternoons,—such a one as stirs a pulse in every heart. It brings back the days of boyhood, like magic—the "unchartered freedom" of that bright age, and its buoyant air of careless enjoyment. The freshness of their looks, like the verdure on which they are stretched, is as the smile of the blest spring that preceded the manhood "of our discontent,"—gleaming through the long vista of years. Benign old gentlemen used to stop before the little gem, and smile, and then grow thoughtful.

We are fortunate in our visit. There is one of the first trophies of Inman's genius—a youthful production, but most felicitous and promising. Even now he may contemplate it with satisfaction. It illustrates Irving's delightful story. Look at those still, tall trees, the sunrise glimmering

through that opening which reveals a sweet glimpse of the Hudson, with a sail gliding by. See yon eagle sailing through the air. Comes there not the almost oppressive tranquillity of a summer morning over your senses? Do you not long to fling yourself upon the turf, and repose amid the balmy woodland silence, broken only by the song of birds? Do you not recognize a knoll of the Catskill? And there, just raising himself, with a bewildered stare and a constrained elongation of his stiff limbs, is Rip Van Winkle himself! There are his old-fashioned breeches, his long beard and hair, his rubicund and wife-subdued countenance. Beside him is the antique gun, with rank grass waving over it. The lock is green and mouldy, and the poor fellow's hat actually has assumed a half-vegetable aspect. Capital,—is it not? And what think you of this picture—those two boys gazing at each other with angry, bullying faces (a patrician and a rustic), erect, full of pluck and combativeness, yet awed into a kind of dogged reconciliation by the third youth who has stepped between them? There is something familiar in the latter's countenance. Dignity blends even with its childlike expression. The supremacy of character already exerts itself not only in act but look. You feel that he is born to command. The serenity of conscious rectitude and moral energy, with the sweetness of benevolent purpose, all mingle in the features. Is it not a pleasant conception of Washington as a boy?

Inman excelled in cabinet pictures of the school, though not in the manner, of Leslie. His tact and grace in this sphere would have insured his success in England, had not ill-health and domestic claims prematurely induced his return to the United States. "Mumble-the-Peg," and "The Boyhood of Washington," before alluded to, are very charming evidences of the artist's talent in this way. Each explains itself with simplicity and truth. These scenes will bear careful examination; the costumes, figures, and atmosphere, are all combined with singular beauty; and there is a certain felicity of combination about them, which convinces us that Inman could have developed the same vein of art to a great extent, and with uncommon versatility. The landscapes, especially "Rydal Water," "Trout-Fishing," and "Birnam Wood," are very pleasing and effective. The foliage is not depicted as minutely as some painters like, but at a short distance the impression is more like nature. The water is admirable; it glints in the light, or gurgles over shallows delightfully. The atmospheres, too, abound in feeling. Compare the crystal serenity of that of "Rydal Water," with the purple glow of an "October Afternoon;" we not only recognize different seasons of the year, but different countries of the world; and yet the living soul of Nature breathes with delicate loveliness through both, intimating that the artist was in relation with her when he thus transferred to canvas such attractive landscapes. As we study them, we can almost feel the woodland breeze, and hear the gurgle of the water. There is, to us, a peculiar charm in the two little sketches to which we have before alluded. They were both, it seems, executed off-hand, and yet they are admirable as "counterfeit presentments," and to a mind versed

in the technicalities of art, suggest Inman's readiness and ability more significantly than highly-finished and elaborate productions. To those who are familiar with the countenances of the subjects, we need not praise their fidelity; but they are interesting in another point of view—as indications of that fine social instinct that endeared Inman to his friends. The inscriptions beneath are very characteristic of the man: "* * * will please accept this *leaden* counterfeit of the genuine coin, which never rings false to any test of its metal," etc. The autograph under the other head runs thus: "Presented to * * * by H. I.

> "Farewell! but whenever you welcome the hour
> When the 'smoke-wreaths' of mirth," etc., etc.

Such was the genial manner in which Inman associated with his friends. With a freshness of spirit that neither time nor illness could subdue, he ever cherished most kindly and noble sympathies, the exercise of which strews the pathway of life with flowers, lends wings to hours of social joy, and redeems human intercourse from the selfish inanity that so often makes society a wearisome, instead of a soul-cheering influence.

In concluding this imperfect tribute, we should be false to our sense of duty and the memory of the departed, did we not urge upon our countrymen to receive the lesson thus afforded, and act wisely upon its teaching. We have always regarded one characteristic of our nation with regret and surprise. It is their slow appreciation of native merit Innumerable facts prove that there exists a singular want of confidence in the genuine worth of the intellectual fruits of the soil. Take literature, for instance. What reflecting observer doubts that the foundation of Irving's success was laid in England? No general approbation was awarded the ethical essays of Channing, until his transatlantic fame awoke an echo in the minds of his countrymen. One of the greatest historical painters of the age died a few years ago in an obscure village near Boston. While abroad, his society was deemed a treasure by men of wealth and rank; at home he was scarcely noticed, save by some accomplished foreigners, who sought out his retreat to do homage to his genius. Metaphysicians in the Old World say that Edwards on the Will is the ablest work in its department which has been produced in a century. Its merit has scarcely been recognized by American philosophers. Again, experiment proves that it is difficult to support a single native Review, wherein the topics of the day may be discussed by our own critics (and we have as good as the world can furnish), while the coarse and partisan views of foreign Quarterlies are eagerly adopted. But it is needless to multiply instances. We consider recent social organizations as indications that this suicidal temper in our people has created alarm, at least in relation to our political interests. We hope this truly patriotic spirit will be diffused, and penetrate at length all the latent agencies of society. Then will an honest pride and a fostering enthusiasm guard and cherish the literature, science, and art indigenous to the land. Let us not wait for death to canonize our men of genius, ere

we appreciate and encourage them. Let us hail their advent as the greatest blessing to the Republic, and suffer not indifference or avarice to blind us to the claims of rare endowments, to the humanizing and sacred mission of the poet, the artist, the gifted of whatever sphere. Ere it be too late, let the fostering hand be stretched out, the cordial recognition vouchsafed, the warm sympathy bestowed. Thus shall the great problem of life find beautiful and enduring illustrations here ; and the sensitive mind of genius be quickened and strengthened into more complete and lofty development.

GREENOUGH.*

ALTHOUGH the creations of the artist are his best monument, when the spirit in which he works transcends the limits of a special vocation, and associates him with the progress of society and the happiness of his friends, a catalogue *raisonné* of what he has left in marble or colors, we feel to be an incomplete record of his life. The death of our earliest sculptor caused so wide and sincere a grief, that it becomes not less a sacred duty than a melancholy pleasure to trace his career, gather up the tributes to his genius, and endeavor to delineate the features of his character; and it is at the request of those most dear to him, as well as from a vivid sentiment of affection and regret, that I have prepared this inadequate memorial of

> A life that all the muses decked
> With gifts of grace that might express
> All-comprehensive tenderness,
> All subtilizing intellect:
>
> Heart-affluence in discursive talk
> From household fountains never dry;
> The critic-clearness of an eye,
> That saw through all the Muses' walk:
>
> No longer caring to embalm
> In dying songs or dead regret,
> But like a statue solid-set,
> And moulded in colossal calm.†

In the retrospect and the impression of the man, it is as an American artist in feeling, thought, and influence, rather than as exclusively a sculptor, that he claims our admiration and sympathy.

Horatio Greenough was born in Boston, Massachusetts, September 6, 1805. His father belonged to that respected class of merchants whose integrity, enterprise, and intelligence, half a century ago, justly gave them a degree of consideration which is almost unknown at the present day. Comparatively few in number, and active in the political and social life of

* From the Author's Memorial of Horatio Greenough, consisting of a Memoir, Selections from his Writings, and Tributes to his Genius. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 1853.

† Tennyson's In Memoriam.

the town, they almost created public opinion, and were remarkable fo individuality of character, not less than a tone of mind above and beyond the mere spirit of trade. This was evinced in the careful manner in which their children were brought up, and the intellectual privileges afforded them, the sacred interest attached to home, and the superiority of the local schools. The mother of Greenough was a native of Massachusetts, endowed with the conscientious affection and vigorous intellect that are so honorable a distinction of the genuine New England matron. He was one of several children, and shared with them the education both of public and private seminaries, and of the domestic circle.

The instinct of genius discovers, amid circumstances apparently inauspicious, the means and incentives for its development. In the community where Greenough was born and passed his early years, there existed a prevalent taste and more than one noble example to encourage the votary of letters; Stuart's masterpieces, family portraits by Copley, a few choice originals and many fine copies from the old masters, as well as the presence of native artists of more or less skill and fame, offered a stimulus to the cultivation of drawing and painting; the system of popular education, and the intellectual tone of society, were also highly favorable to individual culture in its general relations; but the art of modelling in clay was rarely if ever practised, the specimens of sculpture were few, and only a strong natural bias could have so early directed Greenough's aspirations toward the art. Having a decided sense of form, a love of imitating it, and a mechanical aptitude which kept his knife, pencil, and scissors continually active, he employed hours in carving, drawing, and moulding toys, faces, and weapons, by way of amusing himself and his comrades. I have seen a head evidently taken from an old Roman coin, executed upon a bit of compact plaster about the size of a penny, admirably cut by Greenough with a penknife and common nail, while a schoolboy, seated upon the door-step of one of his neighbors. The lady who observed this achievement, preserved the little medal with religious care; and was the first to give the young sculptor a commission. It was for her that he executed the beautiful ideal bust of the Genius of Love. This propensity soon took a higher range. It was encouraged by the mechanics and professional men around him, whose good-will his agreeable manners and obvious genius propitiated. One kind artisan taught him the use of fine tools; a stone-cutter of more than ordinary taste, instructed him to wield a chisel; benevolent librarians allowed him the use of plates, casts, and manuals; a physician gave him access to anatomical designs and illustrations; and Binon, a French artist, known by his bust of John Adams in Faneuil Hall, Boston, encouraged him to model at his side. Thus, as a mere school-boy, did Greenough glean the rudiments of an artistic education without formal initiation. With eclectic wisdom he sought and found the aid he required, while exploring the streets of his native town; one day he might be seen poring over a folio, or contemplating a plaster copy of a famous statue; and, on another, exercising his

mechanical ingenuity at the office of Solomon Willard, whose family name yet stamps, with traditional value, many an old dial-plate in New England; now he eagerly watches Alpheus Cary as he puts the finishing touch to a cherub's head on a tombstone; and, again, he stand a respectful devotee before Shaw or Cogswell, waiting for some treasured volume on the process or the results of his favorite art, from the shelves of Harvard and the Athenæum. Some of his juvenile triumphs are still remembered by his playmates — especially a pistol ornamented with relievo flowers in lead, a series of carriages moulded in beeswax, scores of wooden daggers tastefully carved, a lion couchant, modelled with a spoon from a pound of butter, to astonish his mother's guests at tea, elaborate card-paper plans for estates, and, as a climax to these childish yet graceful experiments, a little figure of Penn cut in chalk from an engraving of his statue in the "Port-Folio."

There is no truth more sustained by the facts of consciousness, than that the mind assimilates only its legitimate nutriment. The artist, the hero, and the lover seem hardly conscious of any element of life, save that which ministers to their idiosyncrasy; and it is in these laws of character, and not in any external appliances, that we must seek a true philosophy of life. The real-estate broker, as he passed the home of the young sculptor, saw but a certain number of feet of ground, and perchance speculated on its value; but the ardent gaze of the boy was only conscious of a statue of Phocion that stood in the garden. The mystery of that figure, the process of its creation, the law of its design, were the great problems of his dawning intelligence; he was sensible of a relation to the sphere of human activity represented by that image. It was more to him than the animated forms in the street, more than the printed characters of his hornbook, more than an academic degree. It was a nucleus for his reveries, a hint to his ingenuity, a prophecy of his life. It kept bright and palpable to his young imagination the idea of being a sculptor; and though the language of State street, Long Wharf, and even the Old South Church, gave no confirmation to the oracle, to him its silent eloquence was none the less impressive, for his nature had an element of the Greek as well as the Puritan, which asserted itself in spite of time and place.

This strong tendency for art did not, however, alone characterize his mind. The graces of scholarship were equally native. At school and college he excelled in the classics, and exhibited a command of language and perception of the beauties of expression, such as usually indicate the future orator and poet. It is recorded that no classmate excelled him in verbal memory; and when quite a boy, he used to recite a thousand lines of English verse, at a time, without error or hesitation. Fortunately, too, his physical development kept pace with his mental activity. He was a proficient in all manly exercises. Indeed, that peculiar zest of action which belongs to organizations at once nervous and muscular, never ceased to inspire him. A good horseman, swimmer, pedestrian — he seemed to enjoy his sensitive and athletic, not less than his mental being; and when, at the

age of sixteen, he entered Harvard University, in appearance and intellectual promise, he was the ideal of a gifted youth. It is remarkable that while his family had given no direct encouragement to his artistic plans, and made it a condition of their future realization that he should pass through the usual academic training, he found at Cambridge the highest and most valuable inspiration as a votary of art yet experienced. There, at the house of Mr. Dana, he became acquainted with Washington Allston, who soon, and, as it were, by the law of nature, became his master; not that there was any recognized connection of the kind between them, but an affinity of genius, a mutual worship of the beautiful, and an earnest purpose quite apart from and above those around them,—bound together in the highest sympathy, the mature, religious artist, and the enthusiastic youth. Long afterwards when applied to for some biographical data, he answered: "A note to Allston's Life might tell all of me that is essential." In one of his letters from Italy, at a later period, he declares—"Allston was to me a father in what concerned my progress of every kind. He taught me first how to discriminate, how to think, how to feel. Before I knew him I felt strongly, but blindly; and if I should never pass mediocrity, I should attribute it to my absence from him, so adapted did he seem to kindle and enlighten me, making me no longer myself, but, as it were, an emanation from his own soul;" and on his last return to America, he said with emotion to a friend, that the only thought which cast a shadow over his heart, was that Allston was no more.

A classmate with whom he was intimate intended to become a physician, and, while an undergraduate, began his medical inquiries. The two young men, one for a professional and the other for an artistic object, engaged with zeal in anatomical investigations. The sister of this college friend of Greenough, remembers the ardor and mutual interest with which they carried on this pursuit—often bringing anatomical preparations to the house, and always impatient to return to Cambridge before the evening of their weekly holiday, in order to hear Allston's conversation. It was a habit with him to visit his friend Edmund Dana on Saturdays; the two students occupied rooms in the house of the latter gentleman, whom they always called "the master," on account of his serene wisdom and fine perception in art and letters; and to hear the two men, whom they most deeply revered, talk, was to them at once inspiration and knowledge beyond the teachings of the University—the invaluable episode of their academic life.

It was rare in those early days and in that latitude to find a genuine lover of art; as a career the practical and commercial spirit of the people repudiated it; and among the educated, professional life combined with the honors of literature and statesmanship, yielded almost the only prizes of ambition. Artists were, therefore, comparatively isolated; and we can readily imagine the pleasure with which a painter at once so benign and highly endowed as Allston would welcome to his own sphere another, with a mind so finely tempered and prophetic of excellence, as Greenough. Accordingly the best hours of the latter's college-life were those passed with

Allston ; from him he caught the most elevated ideal of art, a sense of its dignity, a courage to face its inevitable discipline, and a faith in its great rewards. This intercourse gave consistency to Greenough's aims and new vigor to his resolution ; it was also a source of the highest immediate enjoyment. A few perhaps of the friends of either yet recall the scene presented, on a moonlight evening of summer, when they were the central figures of a charmed group on the piazza—around them the glimmering foliage, dark sward, and bright firmament ;—the spiritual countenance and long silvery hair of Allston, wearing the semblance of a bard or prophet, and the tall agile figure and radiant face of his young disciple,* both intent upon a genial theme. Those hours were memorable to the casual auditors ; and to Greenough they were fraught with destiny. His nature was essentially sympathetic ; example and personal communion taught him infinitely more than books. He required heat as well as light to inform and mould his mind, and the friendship and conversation of such an artist as our great painter, at this most susceptible epoch of his life, could not but give a new impetus and a sanction to his genius.

There was an exuberance and variety in his youthful mind that charmed elder companions, and awoke in them a prophetic interest. The routine of college-life was, indeed, subordinate, in his estimation, to the practice of art and the enjoyment of gifted society ; and yet, by virtue of a natural aptitude and an honorable spirit, he fulfilled the allotted tasks with eminent fidelity, and excelled in all branches save mathematics, for which he had an instinctive dislike. In the intervals of these studies he cultivated his private tastes with an assiduity that surprised his most intimate associates. One of these, now a venerable man, has told me, with a glow of affectionate pride, of a landscape that Greenough painted while an under-graduate, of some beautiful sonnets he then composed, and of an excellent *fac-simile* he wrought of a bust of Napoleon. While such evidences of genius won for him the high regard of his own, a handsome person, animated conversation, and graceful manners, rendered him a favorite with the other sex ; yet amid the calls upon his time, and the constant exercise of his powers, incident to such a position, the primary direction of his mind never wavered. Sculpture was the art to which he had long resolved to dedicate his life ; and to this were given the hours not absorbed by his college duties and his friends. He modelled, at this period, a bust of Washington from Stuart's portrait, and others of his own contemporaries, from life. A proposal for designs for the monument on Bunker Hill having been issued, Greenough constructed a model in wood which was at once selected by the committee, although the prize they offered the successful competitor was never bestowed upon him who was fully entitled to it. The interior ar-

* One who knew him well later in life remarks : "Greenough was one of the best looking men I ever met. He had a heroic figure, fashioned for the triumphs of the ancient games. He was full six feet high, and perfectly symmetrical. Partial baldness prevented his fine features from leaving, at first, the impression which they were sure to make upon those who had the good fortune to become familiar with them."

rangement of the work was planned by another, but the form, proportions, and style of the monument were adopted from Greenough's model; and the simple, majestic, and noble structure that designates the early battle-field of the American Revolution is thus indissolubly associated with his name. His preference for the obelisk seems to have been confirmed by subsequent observation; and the reasons he assigns for this choice, in one of his papers on Art, are certainly not less forcible than just. In anticipation of his residence abroad, he also began, while at college, the study of the Italian language, and could speak it with considerable fluency months before he embarked for Europe. Another instance of this facility in acquiring a foreign tongue occurred many years later, when, on the occasion of a visit to Graefenburg for the health of his family, he became an excellent German scholar, Italian, however, continued to be his favorite language, and during the last few days of his life, only its soft vowels escaped his fevered lips.

From diffidence, he wished to avoid the delivery of his part, which had not only been awarded but written; and towards the close of his senior year, with the approbation of the college government, he availed himself of a favorable opportunity, and embarked for Marseilles. Thence he proceeded to Rome. It was at that period uncommon for an American student of art to take up his residence there; and Greenough was the pioneer of his country's sculptors. He engaged with zeal in the usual course of observation and practice, drawing and modelling from life at the Academy, and from the antique at the Vatican. His habits of self-denial and simple tastes were confirmed by this systematic discipline. "I began to study art in Rome," he observes; "until then I had rather amused myself with clay and marble than studied. When I say that those materials were familiar to my touch, I say all that I profited by my boyish efforts. It was not until I had run through all the galleries and studios of Rome, and had under my eye the genial forms of Italy, that I began to feel Nature's value. I had before adored her, but as a Persian does the sun, with my face to the ground." Hence he enjoyed the friendship of Thorwaldsen, and his companion at this time was R. W. Weir, the painter; they occupied rooms in the house known as Claude's, on the Pincian Hill. After long and severe application, a severe illness, induced by the malaria, so prostrated Greenough as to induce his return home; and his faithful brother-artist not only watched over him abroad, but accompanied him to the United States. The voyage completely restored his health, and a visit of several months among his friends was not unprofitably occupied in executing several busts of his distinguished countrymen. At Paris, also, he remained awhile to execute a bust of Lafayette. "The bust of David," says Cooper, in allusion to this work, "is like, it cannot be mistaken, but it is in his ordinary manner—heroic or poetical; on the other hand, the bust of Greenough is the very man, and should be dear to us in proportion as it is faithful. As Lafayette himself expressed it, 'one is a French bust, the other an American.'" On his return to Italy, Greenough passed many weeks at the quarries of Car-

rara, a fine school for the practical details of statuary; and then proceeded to Florence, where he took up his abode. It was here, in the autumn of 1833, that I first met him, and I quote from impressions soon after recorded:—

"On one of the last afternoons preceding my embarkation, I had sat a long hour opposite a striking, though by no means faithful portrait of Greenough, while one of the fairest of his kindred spoke fondly of him, and charged me with many a message of love for the gifted absentee. On a table beneath the picture stood one of the earliest products of his chisel. I glanced from the countenance of the young sculptor, to the evidence of his dawning genius; I listened to the story of his exile; and thenceforth he was enshrined high and brightly among the ideals of my memory. With rapid steps, therefore, the morning after my arrival in Florence, I threaded the narrow throughfare, passed the gigantic cathedral, nor turned aside until, from the end of a long and quiet street, I discerned the archway which led to the domicile of my countryman. Associations arose within me, such as the time-hallowed and novel objects around failed to inspire. There was a peculiar charm in the idea of visiting the foreign studio of a countryman devoted to the art of sculpture, to one who was fresh from the stirring atmosphere of his native metropolis. Traversing the court and stairway, I could but scan the huge fragments of marble that lined them, ere entering a side door, I found myself in the presence of the artist. He was seated beside a platform, contemplating an unfinished model, which bore the impress of recent moulding. In an adjoining apartment was the group of the Guardian Angel and Child—the countenances already radiant with distinctive and touching loveliness, and the limbs exhibiting their perfect contour, although the more graceful and delicate lines were as yet undeveloped. One by one I recognized the various plaster casts about the room—mementos of his former labors. My eye fell on a bust which awakened sea and forest pictures—the spars of an elegant craft, the lofty figure of a hunter, the dignified bearing of a mysterious pilot. It was the physiognomy of Cooper. And yon original, arch-looking gentleman? Ah! that can be no other than Francis Alexander. Surely those Adonis-like ringlets, so daintily carved, belong to one whom it is most pleasing to remember as the writer of some exquisite verses under the signature of Roy. No one can mistake the benevolent features of Lafayette, or the expressive image of the noble pilgrim-bard; or fail to linger in the corridor, over the embodiment of one of his fairest creations —the figure of the dead Medora. In other studios of the land I beheld a more numerous and imposing array; but in none could I discover more of that individuality of design and execution which characterizes native intellectual results.

"Coleridge's favorite prescription for youthful atheism was love; on the same principle would we commend to the admiration of the scoffer at a spiritual philosophy, the unwavering and martyr-like progress of genius towards its legitimate end. In this characteristic, the course of all gifted

beings agrees. They have a mission to fulfil; and lured betimes, as they may be, by the flowers of the wayside, and baffled awhile, as is the destiny of man, by vicissitude—from first to last the native impulse, the true direction, is everywhere discernible. In the case of Greenough, this definiteness of aim, this solemnity of determination, if we may so call it, is remarkably evident. Often did he incur the penalty of tardiness, by lingering to gaze at a wooden eagle which surmounted the gateway of an old edifice, he daily passed on his way to school—thinking, as he told me, how beautiful it must be to carve such a one.

"When he arrived in Genoa he was yet in his minority. He entered a church. A statue, more perfect than he had ever beheld, met his eye. With wonder he saw hundreds pass it by, without bestowing even a glance. He gazed in admiration on the work of art, and marked the careless crowd, till a new and painful train of thought was suggested. 'What!' he soliloquized, 'are the multitude so accustomed to beautiful statues that even this fails to excite their passing notice? How presumptuous, then, in me, to hope to accomplish anything worthy of the art!' He was deeply moved as the distance between himself and the goal he had fondly hoped to reach widened to his view; and concealing himself among the rubbish of a palace-yard, the young and ardent exile sought relief in tears. 'O genius!' I mused, going forth with this anecdote fresh from his lips, 'how mysterious thou art! And yet how identical are the characteristics of thy children! Susceptible and self-distrusting, and yet vividly conscious of high endowments—slow to execute and quick to feel—pressing on amid the winning voices of human allurements, or the wailing cry of human weakness and want—as pilgrims bent on an errand of more than earthly import, through a night of dimness and trial, and yet ever beholding the star, hearing the angel-choir, and hastening on to worship!'

"On one of the most beautiful evenings of my visit, I accompanied Greenough to the studio where he proposed to erect his statue of Washington. It was a neat edifice, which had formerly been used as a chapel; and, from its commodious size and retired situation, seemed admirably adapted to his purpose. The softened effulgence of an Italian twilight glimmered through the high windows, and the quiet of the place was invaded only by distant rural sounds and the murmur of the nearest foliage in the evening breeze. There was that in the scene and its suggestions, which gratified my imagination. I thought of the long and soothing days of approaching summer, which my companion would devote, in this solitary and pleasant retreat, to his noble enterprise. I silently rejoiced that the blessed ministry of nature would be around him, to solace, cheer, and inspire, when his energies were bending to their glorious task; —that when weariness fell upon his spirit, he could step at once into the luxurious air, and look up to the deep green cypresses of Fiesole, or bare his brow to the mountain wind, and find refreshment;—that when doubt and perplexity baffled his zeal, he might turn his gaze towards the palace roofs and church domes of Florence, and recall the trophies of art, wrought

out by travail, misgivings, and care, that are garnered beneath them; that when his hope of success should grow faint, he might suspend the chisel's movement, raise his eye to the western horizon, and remember the land for which he toiled."*

Greenough then occupied the wing of a somewhat dreary *palazzo* near the Porta Pinti; the window of his studio, however, commanded views of an extensive garden; and one of the rooms was fitted up in the American style. Here, beside a wood fire, on winter evenings, it was his delight to greet two or three friends around the tea-table, speculate on the news from home, criticise works of art, and tell stories. I recall, with melancholy pleasure, many of these occasions. He would often occupy himself with pen or crayon while thus enjoying a social hour; sometimes covering a sheet of paper with the remembered faces of the absent and the loved; and, at others, making elaborate and carefully wrought designs for a *basso-relievo* or statue. He had studies enough for twenty years' use partially sketched at the time of his death. A fine specimen of his facility and precision as a draughtsman is before me as I write—his parting gift when I left Florence. It represents Orestes tormented by the Furies; the clear, fine outline and statuesque effect, as well as the relief of the figures, are given with the finish of an excellent engraving. Not less pleasant in the retrospect, are the walks we used to take, some years later, during a remarkably fine autumn. He beguiled the way with humorous anecdotes, descriptions of men and places, and remarks on art and letters. There was a vivacious, liberal, and often brilliant tone in those by-way conversations that indicated a mental affluence in the highest degree winsome and satisfactory. We were usually accompanied by a remarkably fine English greyhound, a great pet of Greenough's, called Arno, whose intelligent gambols always amused him; this favorite dog lived to a green old age, and his marble effigy, in an attitude peculiar to him, from the chisel of his master, long ornamented the library of the Hon. Edward Everett.

Comparatively isolated, however, in the pursuit of his art, at a distance from home, and destitute of that encouragement which the natives of Europe bestow upon their artistic countrymen, Greenough's first years in Florence were passed with little but dreams of hope, and the consciousness of improvement, to sustain him. There were periods, at this time, when the young sculptor was depressed and nervous;—as month after month flitted by and brought him no commissions. The Americans who visited Italy, delighted in his society and respected his self-devotion; but few had the means, and very few the taste and liberality to give him substantial aid. He occupied himself upon busts, designs, and studies; and realized that in art, as in life, "they also serve who only stand in wait."

It was about this period, however, that his heart was cheered by the reception of anonymous pecuniary aid. He never discovered the source of this kindly benefaction; but circumstances justified him in the conviction that it was sent from his native city. To evince his gratitude

* Italian Sketch Book.

he had recourse to an artistic device worthy of his genius. He sent to a friend in Boston a *basso-relievo* in marble, representing a student intent upon his book; a lamp burns before him, and a hand mysteriously thrust from the cloud above, is feeding it with oil. The design is well executed; and the unknown benefactor must have thrilled with pleasure at so graceful an acknowledgment. He always referred with graceful emotion, also, to the gleam of sunshine which encouraged him, at this crisis, in the friendship of our late renowned novelist—Cooper. The American sympathies of this distinguished man, as well as his personal affection, were excited by Greenough. One day they paused in one of the saloons of the Pitti palace, before a *capo d'opera* of Raphael, and the artist pointed out to his companion the fine drawing exhibited in two little angelic figures in the foreground, in the act of holding an open book, and singing. Cooper inquired if a subject like this was not well adapted to sculpture; afterwards, one of his daughters copied the figures; and the result of their mutual interest in the design, was an order from Cooper for a group, which in a few months Greenough executed in marble. It was afterwards exhibited in America, under the name of the "Chanting Cherubs;" and not only proved a most acceptable immediate encouragement, but served to introduce the artist to his countrymen. In allusion to this subject, the artist observes in a letter written some years after: "Fenimore Cooper saved me from despair after my return to Italy. He employed me as I wished to be employed; and up to this moment has been as a father to me."

This was the first group in marble executed by an American, and the poet Dana welcomed this first trophy of his young friend's genius with eloquent verse. The scope of the work is obviously limited. It consists merely of two nude cherubs. Yet a careful scrutiny will reveal those niceties of execution which proclaim the true artist. One of the figures is planted on its little feet, and its position is upright; his bosom heaves with a gentle exultation as if inspired by the song; his companion, quite as beautiful, is slightly awed; one has ringlets that suggest more strength than the smooth flowing hair of his brother, whose face is also longer and more spiritual and subdued; he is more up-looking, less self-sustained. A most true and delicate principle of contrast is thus unfolded in the two forms and faces. The celestial and the child-like are blended; we realize, as we gaze, the holiness of infant beauty; a peaceful, blessed charm seems wafted from the infantile forms, whose contour and expression are alive with innocent, sacred, and, as it were, magnetic joy. Here we have the poetry of Childhood, as in the Medora the poetry of Death.

Greenough was naturally disgusted with the prudery which condemned his first nude figures. He subsequently wrote:—

"In founding a school of art, we have an obstacle to surmount, viz., a puritanical intolerance thereof. The first work of sculpture by an American hand exhibited in this country, executed for the illustrious Cooper, was a group of children. The artist was rebuked and mortified by loud

complaints of their nudity. Those infantine forms roused an outcry of censure, which seemed to have exhausted the source whence it sprang, since all the harlot dancers who have found an El Dorado in these Atlantic cities, have failed to reawaken it. I say seemed to have exhausted it—but only seemed—for the same purblind squeamishness which gazed without alarm at the lascivious Fandango, awoke with a roar at the colossal nakedness of Washington's manly breast. This fact will show how easy it is to condemn what is intrinsically pure and innocent, to say the least; how difficult to repress what is clearly bad and vicious. They who speculate upon the corrupt tastes of a public, when they have learned that genteel comedy is neglected, that tragedy is unattractive, that galleries of painting and statuary are unknown in a large and wealthy community, such speculators take their Bayaderes thither as to a sure market. They know that a certain duration of abstinence, voluntary or forced, makes garbage tolerable, and ditch-water a luxury. I do not venture to hope that even high art will abolish 'cakes and ale,' but I trust before many years are elapsed, no *usée* Terpsichore of Paris or Vienna will be able to show half a million as a measure of our appetite for the meretricious."*

The grace, truth to nature, and infantile beauty of the Cherubs were at once and warmly recognized. It was an incidental result of this labor of love that Greenough obtained the government order to execute his statue of Washington. The pledge he had thus given of ability, and the earnest representations of Allston, Cooper, and Everett, were the means of this important enterprise. To the sculptor's honor, these timely services were never forgotten. His last work was a bust of his illustrious friend, the American novelist, which he proposed to cast in bronze, at his own expense, and place in the field where stands the Old Mill in Newport —one of the scenes of his novel of the "Red Rover." He also took frequent counsel with the friends of the departed author in regard to erecting a suitable monument to his name, and among his papers is an elaborate design for the work. The example of recognition thus commenced was soon followed, and numerous orders reached the now prosperous exile. Among the beautiful ideal works he executed, within the few succeeding years, was Medora—illustrative of Byron's memorable description of the Corsair's bride after death; of which the greatest praise is to say that the marble embodies the verse:—

> In life itself she was so still and fair,
> That death with gentler aspect withered there;
> And the cold flowers her colder hand contained,
> In that last grasp as tenderly were strained
> As if she scarcely felt but feigned a sleep,
> And made it almost mockery yet to weep;
> The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,
> And veiled—thought shrinks from all that lurked below;
> Oh! on the eye death most exerts his might,
> And hurls the spirit from her throne of light!

* Memorial of Greenough,—p. 67.

Sinks those blue orbs in that long lost eclipse,
But spares, as yet, the charm around the lips—
Yet, yet they seemed as they forbore to smile,
And wished repose—but only for a while;
But the white shroud and each extended tress,
Long, fair—but spread in utter lifelessness,
Which, late the sport of every summer wind,
Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind:
These—and the pale pure cheek, became the bier—
But she is nothing—wherefore is he here?" *

There is a mingled pathos and delicacy in the shape and attitude of this figure which touches the heart and awes the imagination. The lines of the face have that inflexible repose which indicates the sleep of death; the neck and bosom are eloquent of feminine grace; the peculiar grasp of the hand which still retains the flowers, and the manner in which the drapery folds over the limbs, are in exquisite harmony with the subject. A chaste beauty, entire proportion, and affecting interest characterize the Medora. The "Angel and Child" is another favorite work. Its conception is singularly beautiful, and it is realized to the life. The artist's idea was to represent a child received and guided by its angel companion into the mysterious glories of heaven. The difference between the human and the spiritual is exhibited in the baby outline of the child, rounded, natural, and real—and the mature celestial grace of the angel—his look of holy courage and his attitude of cheer, while the reverence and timidity of his newly-arrived brother are equally obvious. To one who had known the sculptor in Italy their arrival in America awakened the most pleasing associations:

My little ones, welcome! in memory's dream
I've fondly beheld you full long,
Your bright snowy forms as dear messengers seem,
From the radiant land of song.

How could ye depart from that balmy clime,
Where your glorious kindred are?
The sculptured children of olden time,
Your elder brothers are there!

Sweet Babe! wouldst thou speak of that gem of earth,
With thy gaze of wondering fear?
And thou, fair cherub, of him who gave birth
To thy smile of holy cheer?

Oh! we feel how eloquent silence may be,
When before us—all breathing of love—
Is the embodied spirit of infancy,
And its angel guide above!

In these subjects the high imagination and native sentiment of the sculptor are evident. His taste for English poetry caused him to select with discrimination and indicate with facility the most apt illustrations

* The Corsair. Canto iii.

both with pen and chisel. With the latter he imaged the most vague yet effective of Pope's female portraits—Heloise:

> "Dear fatal name! rest ever unrevealed,
> Nor pass these lips in holy silence sealed;
> Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise
> Where, joined with God's, his loved idea lies."

In the portraits of children, whether from actual life or his own fancy, Greenough excelled. Two boys playing with a squirrel, and two others engaged in a game of battle-dore, we recall as remarkable specimens both of spirited portraiture and felicitous action. His earliest ideal work was a statue of Abel. modelled during his first visit to Rome—and his last, "The Rescue." It was executed at Florence for the government, designed in 1837, and completed in 1851. It represents the conflict between the Anglo-Saxon and aboriginal races. The chief figure is an American settler, an athletic man, in a hunting-shirt and cap, rescuing a female and her infant from a savage who has just raised his tomahawk to murder them; the effect is wonderfully fine and noble. The hunter has approached his enemy unexpectedly from behind, and grasped both his arms, holding them back, and in such a manner that he has no command of his muscles, even for the purpose of freeing himself. It is several years since this admirable work was completed. The government ordered that one of the vessels of our squadron in the Mediterranean, when on its return to the United States, should take it on board. Greenough came to this country with the view of superintending its erection. After long delay, a vessel was sent to Leghorn, but on account of the hatchway being too small to admit the group, it was left behind; and subsequently sent on its way in a merchant vessel.

In the mean time his statue of Washington had been finished. It was undertaken with a painful sense of responsibility, designed with great study, and after long deliberation; it occupied the best part of eight years, and was erected under circumstances unfavorable to its immediate appreciation. The just complaints of the artist, in one of his selected papers, as to its present condition, should meet with respectful notice from those in authority.

"Among the most charming creations of Mr. Greenough's chisel," says Edward Everett, in a letter from Italy in 1841, "is the statue of a child of three years old, the daughter of Count Revicksky, the Austrian Minister at Florence. The little girl is represented as seated on a bank of flowers contemplating a butterfly, which has just lighted on her raised forearm. The intentness with which she regards the symbol of the immortal soul, happily indicates the awakening of an infant understanding. So entirely absorbed is she in contemplation of the object which has attracted her attention, and so complete is her repose, that a lizard creeps fearlessly from his hole in the bank of flowers. The gaze of the child is full of that mixture of simplicity and thought, with which children sometimes give us such

startling assurance of the unfathomed mystery of our being." In the same letter he adds, "I regard Mr. Greenough's Washington as one of the greatest works of sculpture of modern times. I do not know the work which can justly be preferred to it, whether we consider the purity of the taste, the loftiness of the conception, the truth of the character, or, what we must own we feel less able to judge of, accuracy of anatomical study and mechanical skill." The *rationale* of this work is admirably set forth in the artist's letter to the government explaining the principles of the design. Another work that amply fulfils all the requirements of a severe taste, and is yet crowned with an ideal beauty, is the head of Our Saviour. It is just enough larger than life to derive from the contour and features a sublimity of effect. The expression is profoundly calm, but the serenity is that of conscious power tempered with a touching benignity. Its characteristic point is an infinitely suggestive charm, at once holy, pure, and majestic. The bust is fixed upon a coiled serpent, whose head is bowed in front; and the whole conception is eloquent with the highest moral significance. It invites contemplation, and is instinct with devout sentiment. The beautiful simplicity of the idea is only equalled by the chaste and noble execution. Greenough entertained, indeed, the highest view of the function of religious art, but, at the same time, recognized its true use. In a letter referring to this work, he says: "I am not aware that any American has, until now, risked the placing before his countrymen a representation of Our Saviour. The strong prejudice, or rather conviction, of the Protestant mind has, perhaps, deterred many. Not behind the most zealous in deprecating the abuse of images in places of public worship, I think, nevertheless, that the person and face of Our Saviour is a legitimate subject of art, because although our conception must fall short of what the heart of the Christian looks for, yet all will allow that we may offer to many an imperfect, instead of a mean or grovelling idea, which they have drawn from other sources. The prayers and hymns of the most pious are as far unworthy the perfection to which they are addressed, as the lights and shadows of the artist; yet both may be accepted as fervent aspirations after the good and beautiful. It is a mistake to suppose that the artist, because he stops working, thinks his task perfect; he says only—behold the subject proposed to me as the art which is in me can give it."

When the time arrived for the United States Government to commission a native sculptor, of approved genius, to execute a statue of Washington for the Capitol, the merits and defects of Greenough's work were fully discussed by tyros and critics, by backwoods representatives and New England scholars, by foreign artists and domestic journalists. Eloquent tributes from writers of the first class as regards experience and taste, have been spontaneously offered; and the most vulgar diatribes were uttered at the seat of government, where it was first exposed to view, by men whose ignorance of art was only equalled by their brutal want of respect both to the subject, the artist, and the just claims of criticism. The best explanation of the design, and the most candid appreciation of the achievement itself,

is the paper on the subject by the late A. H. Everett. A description of Greenough's statue is needless, familiar as it has now become to the country: but those who remember the assurance with which certain members of Congress, wholly unacquainted with what Goethe calls "the law of a production," berated this work, cannot but recognize one of the most prominent traits of American character—that indomitable self-confidence which leads each citizen of "the greatest country on earth," especially when possessed of legislative functions, to deem himself an adequate judge of all subjects from a system of medicine to a principle in mechanics, and from a dogma in theology to a work of art; the right of private judgment is thus found to trench materially upon the authority of professional knowledge in all departments; but in none is this charlatanism of universal self-esteem more grotesque in its display than when the higher branches of art, letters, and philosophy, are thus made the subjects of complacent and superficial comment. In the case of Greenough's statue of Washington, without deprecating criticism, to the need of which none was more sensible than the artist himself, now that death has silenced his eloquent voice and time hushed that of his unauthorized detractors, it may be a lesson to those who have never studied the limits of the art, and the inherent obstacles of the task, to note how the young sculptor thought and felt about his arduous undertaking, and expressed himself on the subject in the confidence of friendly correspondence:

In reference to the proposed transfer of the statue from the Rotunda to the eastern front of the Capitol, he writes:

"Had I been ordered to make a statue for any square or similar situation at the metropolis, I should have represented Washington on horseback, and in his actual dress. I would have made my work purely an historical one. I have treated the subject poetically, and confess I should feel pain at seeing it placed in direct and flagrant contrast with every-day life. Moreover, I modelled the figure without reference to an exposure to rain and frost, so that there are many parts of the statue where the water would collect and soon disintegrate and rot the stone, if it did not, by freezing, split off large fragments of the drapery."

And in another letter alluding to the difficulties of the work:

"A colossal statue of a man whose career makes an epoch in the world's history, is an immense undertaking. To fail in it is only to prove that one is not as great in art as the hero himself was in life. Had my work shown a presumptuous opinion that I had an easy task before me, had it betrayed a yearning rather after the wages of art than than the honest fame of it, I should have deserved the bitterest things that have been said of it and of me. Even Canova and Chantrey never passed the line of mediocrity in their images of Washington."

And again in reference to the expense:

"I beg you to ascertain the amount expended by the government in colonnades, mere displays of material luxury, without one object to justify the outlay beyond the pomp of straight shafts of stone. Compare the

sums with those voted for the monument to Washington, and you will see how far we are from economy on one side, and from true architectural beauty on the other." * * * *

Speaking of its reception, he remarks :

"Allow me to exult a little that, during the months I spent at Washington, while my statue was the butt of wiseacres and witlings, I never, in word or thought, swerved from my principle—that the general mind is alone a quorum to judge a great work. When, in future time, the true sculptors of America have filled the metropolis with beauty and grandeur, will it not be worth $30,000 to be able to point to the figure and say—'there was the first struggle of our infant art.'" *

In a letter to the Secretary of State, written when his statue was embarked, and published among the Congressional documents relating to the work, Greenough apologizes thus eloquently for not having shipped it on board the frigate Constitution, as directed by the government, where it would have been exposed on deck :

"I may be found to have acted without due consideration for the opinion of Commodore Hull, but I beg leave to represent that, although I have been paid for this statue, I have still an interest in it—the interest of a father in his child. It is the birth of my thought. I have sacrificed to it the flower of my days and the freshness of my strength ; its every lineament has been moistened by the sweat of my toil, and the tears of my exile. I would not barter away its association with my name for the proudest fortune that avarice ever dreamed. In giving it up to the nation that has done me the honor to order it at my hand, I respectfully claim for it that protection which is the boast of civilization to afford to Art, and which a generous enemy has more than once been seen to extend even to the monuments of its own defeat."

"Greenough's great work," writes the late Hon. Alexander H. Everett, "has surpassed my expectations, high as they were. It is truly sublime. The statue is of colossal grandeur, about twice the size of life. The hero is represented in a sitting posture. A loose drapery covers the lower part of the figure, and is carried up over the right arm, which is extended, with the elbow bent, and the forefinger of the hand pointed upwards. The left arm is stretched out a little above the thigh ; and the hand holds a Roman sword reversed. The design of the artist was, of course, to indicate the ascendency of the civic and humane over the military virtues, which distinguished the whole career of Washington, and which form the great glory of his character. It was not intended to bring before the eye the precise circumstance under which he resigned his commission as commander-in-chief. This would have required a standing posture and a modern military costume ; and, without an accompanying group of members of Congress, would have been an incomplete work. The sword reversed, and the finger pointed upwards, indicate the moral sentiment, of which the resignation of his commission as commander-in-chief was the strongest evidence,

* Letter to Hon. R. C. Winthrop.

without the details, which were inconsistent with the general plan. The face is that of Stuart's portraits modified so as to exhibit the highest point of manly vigor and maturity. Though not corresponding exactly with any of the existing portraits, it is one of the aspects which the countenance of Washington must necessarily have worn in the course of his progress through life, and is obviously the proper one for the purpose. In expression, the countenance is admirably adjusted to the character of the subject and the intention of the work. It is stamped with dignity, and radiant with benevolence and moral beauty. The execution is finished to the extreme point of perfection, as well in the accessories as in the statue itself. The seat is a massy arm-chair, of antique form and large dimensions, the sides of which are covered with exquisitely wrought bas-reliefs. The subject of one is the infant Hercules strangling the serpent in his cradle; that of the other, Apollo guiding the four steeds that draw the chariot of the sun. The back of the chair is of open work. At the left corner is placed a small statue of Columbus, holding in his hand a sphere, which he is examining with fixed attention: at the right corner is a similar small statue of an Indian chief. The effect of these comparatively diminutive images is to heighten by contrast the impression of grandeur which is made by the principal figure. The work stands upon a square block of granite, which bears upon its front and two sides, as an inscription, the well-known language of the resolution adopted in Congress upon the receipt of the intelligence of Washington's death: 'First in war: first in peace: first in the hearts of his countrymen.' On the back of the statue, just above the top of the chair, is placed another inscription in Latin, which is as follows :—

Simulacrum istud
Ad magnum Libertatis exemplum
Nec sine ipsa duraturum
Horatius Greenough
Faciebat."

My first view of the unfinished statue at Carrara, suggested the following lines :—

WASHINGTON'S STATUE.

The quarry whence thy form majestic sprung
Has peopled earth with grace,
Heroes and gods that elder bards have sung,
A bright and peerless race;
But from its sleeping veins ne'er rose before
A shape of loftier name
Than his, who Glory's wreath with meekness wore,
The noblest son of Fame.
Sheathed is the sword that Passion never stained;
His gaze around is cast,
As if the joys of Freedom, newly gained,
Before his vision passed;

As if a nation's shout of love and pride
With music filled the air,
And his calm soul was lifted on the tide
Of deep and grateful prayer;
As if the crystal mirror of his life
To fancy sweetly came,
With scenes of patient toil and noble strife,
Undimmed by doubt or shame;
As if the lofty purpose of his soul
Expression would betray—
The high resolve Ambition to control,
And thrust her crown away!
Oh! it is well in marble firm and white
To carve our Hero's form,
Whose angel guidance was our strength in fight,
Our star amid the storm!
Whose matchless truth has made his name divine,
And Human Freedom sure,
His country great, his tomb earth's dearest shrine,
While man and time endure!
And it is well to place his image there,
Upon the soil he blest;
Let meaner spirits, who its councils share,
Revere that silent guest!
Let us go up with high and sacred love
To look on his pure brow,
And as, with solemn grace, he points above,
Renew the patriot's vow!

My next meeting with Greenough was in the autumn of 1837. On a bright cool day in October, the Cascine of Florence was thronged. Lines of open carriages extended along the park; under the chestnuts groups of pedestrians sauntered; the dead leaves flew along the turf; the Arno gleamed in the sun. The scene was at once rural and festive. In every barouche were gaily-dressed ladies, and the cheerful hum of conversation was suddenly quieted as all hastened to the inclosed open space between the trees, to witness a race. This was a rare entertainment, originated by the English residents of Florence. The bright tints of the jockeys' costumes, the sleek, elegant, and spirited horses, and the hilarity of the company, accorded with the bracing air and cheerful sunshine. In the midst of the crowd I met Greenough. It was a few days after his marriage with Miss Louisa Gore of Boston. In a subsequent conversation we referred to the prosperous termination of those days of suspense and anxiety which, on my first visit, had shadowed his career. In the brief interval he had received many commissions, achieved a reputation, and was now settled happily in a congenial home. The auspicious change in my friend's prospects identified itself with the gay scene in which our intercourse was resumed; and it struck my fancy as symbolic of the happiness that crowned his life.

Florence continued to be his residence until his final return to this country. In the mean time he frequently visited Germany, Paris, and other places in Europe, and came home to superintend the erection of his statue of Washington. His house at Florence soon became the favorite

resort of Americans ; and all who enjoyed the hospitality of the *Palazzi Baciocchi*, now recall the delightful hours spent there with grateful yet melancholy interest. The *habitués*, indeed, must feel with one of his neighbors who, in a recent letter, alluding to Greenough's death, says, "He was a true, high-spirited, and independent man, and I feel, in losing him, that something is permanently deducted from my life."

Here were passed the happiest years of his life ; and any one who shared, even for a time, his existence in the Tuscan capital, soon realized how just was his partiality for that adopted home. If less rich in the trophies of art than Rome, there is more unity of effect in the architecture, galleries, and scenery. In his daily walks for many years, Greenough here became familiar with the noble relics of the middle ages, sombre but massive ; the grand simplicity of the Strozzi and Pitti palaces, the beautiful cornice of the Ricardi, Bruneleschi's gigantic dome and airy tower, the graceful bridges that span the Arno, and the lovely gates of San Lorenzo ; objects ever fresh and charming to an artist's eye. The memorials of individual genius, too, always suggestive to his cultivated mind, of epochs in the history of art, of long and patient study, and of the loftiest aspirations, were constant themes to him of encouraging meditation and eloquent discourse. In Florence are gathered the most characteristic legacies of Angelo and Cellini, and the city and its environs are intimately associated with Dante, Galileo, Boccacio, Vespucci, Machiavelli, and Milton. A promenade along the river, in view of the unrivalled sunsets that bathe the distant Apennine range with gold and purple, an hour's gossip at the *café*, visits to the galleries and studios, and an occasional evening at the opera, are constant and available recreations.

A few years since a new square was laid out in Florence, on the Fiesole side of the Arno, between the Porta San Gallo and the Porta al Prato. It was called the Piazza Maria Antonia, in honor of the late Grand Duchess. The corner lot was purchased by Greenough, and upon it he erected a studio which was a model of its kind, and unsurpassed in Europe. All the rooms were on one floor, built with great strength and a fine ornamental stone work on the exterior, having in the centre the cypher G. Attached to the structure was a beautiful garden : within was a spacious and admirably lighted exhibition-room—near by the sculptor's private studio, a large apartment for the workmen, a gallery of plaster casts. a vestibule hung with pictures, a noble rotunda, leading by a short flight of steps to the garden, and a charming library. This *studio* was a monument of Greenough's intelligent taste and æsthetic culture ; and it is deeply to be regretted that it could not be preserved as an artistic temple to his memory.

In the autumn of 1851 Greenough returned to the United States with his family. He came ostensibly to erect his group of "The Rescue ;" but his departure from Florence was hastened by the political state of Europe ; the myrmidons of Austria thronged the streets of that beautiful capital; the press was under strict censorship ; and a system of *espionage* interfered

with all freedom of speech, domestic privacy, and social activity—a contrast at once sad and humiliating to the hopeful era which had so recently closed. Upon returning to his residence one day, Greenough found several cavalry soldiers quartered on his premises. He instantly wrote to the American Consul at Leghorn, and obtained a diplomatic office of sufficient consideration to relieve him of this annoyance; but so many instances of despotic injustice daily came under his notice, that they, in a measure, destroyed the charms of a hitherto genial home, and he longed once more to breathe the free air, and hold communion with the free minds of his native country. He believed, also, that he could now be more useful at home, and that circumstances there were more favorable to the artist.

There are certain peculiarities noticeable on returning to this country after a long absence, by all observant minds, which Greenough not only opposed in conversation but practically repudiated. He wondered at the extreme deference to public opinion, at the absurd extravagance in living, and the prevalent want of moral courage. The true artist's simplicity in the externals of life was visible in him always; his individuality was not set aside in conformity to fashion; he manifested reverence for age; he was impatient of the substitutes for comfort, fellowship, and truth invented by what is called society; he contemned that habitual view of general questions and human welfare through the contracting lens of self-interest which pervades a mercantile community; and it was the essential in character, experience, and social economy, and not the temporary and artificial, which he recognized.

I was agreeably surprised to perceive the confidence with which he unfolded his plans, and the generous zeal that led him, at once and earnestly, to advocate so many projects of taste and utility. It was remarkable to what an extent his personal influence acted even upon our most utilitarian and busy citizens. He took me aside one morning in Broadway, and whispered the result of his visit among the leading commercial men of New York, in behalf of a statue of Washington designed to ornament Union Square. The sum of twenty-five thousand dollars was subscribed in sums of five hundred. It may be safely asserted that no other man but Greenough could, in so brief a space, have won the sympathy and "material aid" of so many stern votaries of commerce.

I was interested also in the change produced in him by domestic ties. As he had once talked of art he now talked of life. His affections had led him to reflect upon human destiny; and I found him as eloquent and as ingenious in the discussion of the religious sentiment and educational theories as he was wont to be when intent upon the vocation of the artist. However imaginative in some of these speculations, he was remarkably in earnest, and reverent of Nature as the true mother, whose laws were to be devoutly studied and implicitly obeyed; in her statutes as well as handiwork he beheld the finger of God; and justly ascribed no small degree of existent evil to the system of intervention by which this divine light is obscured or perverted.

His intimate acquaintance with the state of parties, and the course of governments abroad, as well as his decided liberal sentiments, constantly impelled him, at this time, to political discussion ; and whoever engaged with him in these colloquies, whether convinced by his arguments or not, was informed by the array of facts he cited, and charmed by his graphic powers of description and brilliant analysis. He was inspired also by that spirit of enterprise which marks even the speculative opinions and social life of our country. Looking around him with the eye of an artist and the heart of a patriot, he was conscious of a new scope and motive, both for his genius and sympathies. He had matured a system of architecture founded on the idea of the appropriate, and adapted to the climate and exigencies of the country. He was prepared to suggest and illustrate the adornment of our cities with national statuary. In many of the details of social economy he was the advocate of wise and practical reforms ; and had much to say that was fresh and noble, if not available, upon education, hygiene, society, art, literature, and manners. There was a remarkable communicative instinct in Greenough ; and the results of his studies and experience were the property of his friends. A disinterested mental activity was the distinctive and invaluable trait of his character. There is no doubt that if his life had been preserved, he would have proved a most attractive and useful teacher through the rostrum and the press, in departments of thought and action comparatively neglected among us. The principles of art he could unfold with the highest intelligence ; and, without an harmonious and complete system, he had attained to many just conceptions of the philosophy of life.

Greenough's temperament was both sanguine and nervous—a combination more favorable to a receptive and sympathetic, than a self-possessed and tranquil character. Accordingly he was of an excitable nature, and required for the healthful exercise of his mind and wise enjoyment of life, at once a genial, free, and harmonious sphere. Artist-life in Italy, so calm, absorbing, and undisturbed, was fitted to his nature. The amenities of a domestic circle, the pleasant stimulus of intellectual companionship, the wholesome occupation of body and mind, were to him a peculiar necessity. The restless, bustling, ever-changeful existence that invests the very atmosphere of this country were sometimes oppressive and irritating. He felt the absence of that equability and routine, that keeps brain and heart so well balanced in the old cities of Europe. He missed the gradations by which the temperature seems to adapt itself to the sensitive frame. In the climate, the society, the mode of life, he found it almost impossible to escape the hurried, alternating, fitful spirit of the land. It seemed as if the genius of enterprise around had infected his mind with a tendency to action at once impulsive and uncertain. He constantly broached new plans ; and sought to attach others to his own aims. The transition from a serene to an excitable social atmosphere, from a conservative to a progressive country, was too abrupt for a nature both sensitive and aspiring. He caught the spirit of the times, and was eager to throw his energies into the stream

of popular activity. There was soon obvious not so much an inconsistency of thought as a want of correspondence between his avowed sentiments and purposes, and his actions. It was evident that his mind had become unduly excited, as is so often the case with the novice in American life But in this instance the physical result was unusual and inexpressibly sad A brain fever terminated, after a few days' illness, the life of Greenough It may be regarded as a fortunate circumstance, that the attack occurred at his house in Newport, and while he was surrounded by those most near and dear to him. He was subsequently removed to the vicinity of Boston for the benefit of medical treatment. While the life-struggle was going on we can imagine the agony of suspense that brooded over his household at Newport, where severe illness kept his dearest companion. The fatal issue was anticipated by the Italian servants—two Tuscan women who had accompanied the family on their return. With that passionate grief characteristic of the race, they burst forth one wintry afternoon with the declaration, that the *Padrone* would surely die, because a large owl had descended the chimney and was found in the parlor; the incident awakened their latent superstition, and the bird of ill-omen was deemed the certain precursor of death. A few hours afterwards came the sad tidings, but they were mitigated, as far as such desolation can be, by the fact that his sufferings were inconsiderable, and the delusions incident to his malady of a gay rather than a despairing nature. His strength gradually yielded to the cerebral excitement, and he expired on Saturday morning, the 18th of December, 1852.

He had been naturally impatient, on his return to America, to settle himself in an agreeable locality with his studio arranged to his taste, a fine subject in the process of execution, and his family and household gods around him. But owing to the unjustifiable delay of the government in sending for his group at Leghorn, to the uncertainty which obtained in regard to the two or three important works he proposed to execute, and his unavoidable indecision as to a permanent residence—the year which intervened between his arrival in the United States and his death, was passed in various places and occupations, and attended with much care and discomfort. He enjoyed, however, by this state of things, many opportunities of social intercourse; and the intervals spent with his family at Newport, during the last summer, were periods of unalloyed enjoyment.

It was at this time and, as it were, with a prophetic sentiment, that he he wrote:—"I am arrived at that '*mezzo del cammin*,' that half-way house, where a man sees, or thinks he sees, both ways. If my head is not white, it is whitening—I begin to love to sit alone—to look upon the skies, the water, and the soft green—the face of the mighty mother! I feel that she thus sweetly smiles on me, more sweetly than formerly, because she means to call me home to her own bosom. I would not pass away and not leave a sign that I, for one, born by the grace of God in this land, found life a cheerful thing, and not that sad and dreadful task with whose prospect they scared my youth."

It was here, on the beautiful sea-shore, that I once more renewed an association commenced so many years ago in Italy; and never, since the hour of our first acquaintance, did Greenough appear more full of noble aims, more kindled by the inspiration of nature and society, and more abounding in intellectual sympathy. It is difficult to realize that the agile and well-developed form that sported with such grace amid the billows, is now lifeless; that the nervous frame so delicately strung no more responds to vital influences; and that the voice attuned to a key so sympathetic, and freighted with such wealth of mind, is hushed for ever! By a singular coincidence the last time I saw Greenough, he took me home to pass a rainy evening, and as he sat at work upon a crayon head, while smoking a cigar,* we revived together the memories of those happy days in Italy. It was early in autumn. The gay visitors at Newport had nearly all returned to the cities, and the ties of friendship were drawn closer from the more frequent and uninterrupted opportunities of association. Imperceptibly the hours flitted away; and I was surprised to find it near midnight when I rose to depart. I remember, during my homeward walk, to have mused of Greenough's versatility and prolific ideas during that interview—which I so little imagined would be the last. He had, in those few hours, run through every phase of conversation. With the skill of a consummate *improvisatore* he had told a story in the dramatic and artistic way peculiar to him, painting the scene to the eye, giving the very sensation of the experience; he had analyzed, with tact and discrimination, several characters of our mutual acquaintance; he had ably discussed a question of public concern, and he had evolved several *bon-mots*. One of his *jeux d'esprit* was an impromptu translation of a Cardinal's epitaph, while walking with R. H. Wilde one evening at Florence:

Qui giace un Cardinale,
Che fece il bene e'l male;
Il mal lo fece bene,
Ma il ben lo fece male.

TRANSLATION BY RICHARD H. WILDE.

Here lies a cardinal far famed
For doing works of good and evil;
He did his bad work very well,
But spoiled his good work like the devil.

ANOTHER BY HORATIO GREENOUGH.

Here lies a cardinal who wrought
Both good and evil in his time;
The good he did was good for nought,
Not so the evil; that was prime.

* "He was a great smoker," writes a friend. "He told me that he never worked without a cigar in his mouth. Having observed him once or twice twist his cigars into about two equal parts, and then smoke each in succession, I asked him his reason. 'Why,' said he, smiling, 'I got into the habit when I felt I could not afford to smoke whole cigars, and now I break them without thinking.' He explained further, that to half smoke a whole cigar spoils the other half for smoking at any future time—whereas, if broken in two, both halves are equally available."

In a word, his talk was argumentative, picturesque, anecdotical, earnest, philosophic, and humorous ; and this without the least effort or formality, but through the natural suggestions of the moment. He made me realize anew his varied knowledge and his independent mind. I felt that he was capable of the greatest social and artistic usefulness. I recalled the consistency of his friendship, his kind leave-taking, and cheerful anticipation of "another such evening soon ;" and these vivid recollections deepened the sorrow with which, a few weeks later and in a foreign land, I was startled with the news of his death.

The outline I have given of Greenough's career as an artist, affords but an inadequate idea of his genius and character. It is the distinction of the latter, where they possess origionality and power, always to suggest more than they actualize. As a sculptor, his executive ability fell short of his conceptions ; and as a man, his influence was quite as individual and extensive as his artistic fame. Indeed he was endeared to his friends and useful to the world by virtue of larger gifts than belong exclusively to the practical artist. In respect to personal efficiency—that charm and gift that diffuses itself by the magnetism of association and the attrition of mind—Greenough held a memorable place in the estimation not only of a vast number, but of widely different minds. He combined public spirit with the qualities that insure good fellowshlp, and the facility of the man of the world with the attainments of a liberal scholar, to a degree and in a manner altogether rare, even in this age of generalization. His original endowments and his wide experience equally contributed to this result. He went forth in early manhood from a cultivated but formal society, where he had received an excellent domestic and intellectual training, urged by a natural love of art in a special form ; but, by virtue of his broad intelligence and generous sympathies, while mainly devoted to his profession, he became an intellectual cosmopolite.

The classical education he had received, and his early advantages, made him familiar with the historical relations of his art. He could fully realize its indirect value and its characteristic development. As a national language he understood its significance—grand and inscrutable in Egypt, unrivalled in Grecian beauty, primitive in Central America. The fables of mythology, the monumental glory, the poetry and the truth which sculpture embodied in different eras and countries, he knew as a scholar and appreciated as an artist. Contrary to the usual effect of extensive knowledge, this acquaintance with the facts and meaning of sculpture did not make him a devotee of any school ; he thoroughly enjoyed the masterpieces of the chisel, and expatiated, with earnest intelligence, upon each separate trophy of the sculptor, however different in kind. I have heard him alike eloquent over the radiant Apollo of the Vatican and the brooding Lorenzo of the Medici chapel, the Lions of Canova and the Perseus of Cellini, a Bacchante by Bartolini, a group of Gibson's, one of Flaxman's linear wonders, an apostle of Thorwaldsen, and a bust of Powers. It was in the variety of his comparisons and the richness of his illustrations that he evinced the extent of

his culture. The majority of our artists have been self-taught men, chiefly dependent upon a special talent. Greenough's general knowledge proved a valuable and attractive facility in his expositions of art. The remarkable absence of extravagence in all his artistic productions was another result of his disciplined taste. The simplicity that belongs to true superiority had become with him a principle both of judgment and action. During his early studies in Italy, Homer was frequently in his hands. In literature, art, and life, his taste was singularly just; not a trace of affectation or fantasy is visible in any of his designs or statues. The classical standard he thoroughly appreciated, while, at the same time, the details of expression in nature were his constant study.

He was also a student of art in general, as well as a proficient in sculpture. He had enjoyed a very wide range of observation, and a large acquaintance with artists. There was no subject upon which he had thought more earnestly, or could discourse with more zest and eloquence, than the philosophy of art. The principles of architecture, modes of living, arrangements of society—in a word, the wise organization of the means provided by nature for the ends desirable for man, was to him a theme of the deepest significance. With a truly fraternal sympathy for his race, instead of regarding his pursuit as exclusive aud chiefly intended to gratify individual taste, he advocated art as an element of humanity, a universal benefit, and a source both of high social utility and poetic faith. Accordingly, with his pen and his speech, he urged the claims of art upon his countrymen, not as a professor but as a brother, striving always to make apparent the essential interest and the national dignity of the subject, and this course he pursued with the intelligent mechanic not less than the fashionable circle.

Few authors by profession are better equipped for literary art than was Greenough; had not sculpture been his chosen pursuit, he would have doubtless adventured in the field of letters. By education, verbal memory, and remarkable power of expression, he was admirably fitted to excel as a writer. In Europe, he had acquired entire facility in the use of the modern languages.* He had a natural love and discriminating taste for poetry; and, as has been truly said by one of his friends, was an artist in the telling of a story. Occasionally he contributed to the journals of the day, usually in order to dissent from some popular but unphilosophical criticism on art, or to invoke public attention in favor of a neglected work of genius; it was thus usually an impulse of generosity or a dictate of justice that led him to

* A friend writes of him: "Greenough's remarkable accomplishments as a linguist reminds me of a conversation which I once had with him upon the subject, in which he mentioned a rather singular fact in his intellectnal experience. He said that he learned all the languages with which he was acquainted, except the English, after he had retired for the night. He would take a grammar or a book of exercises to bed with him, and read till he fell asleep. This practice of reading in bed, he said, he had pursued from boyhood. I asked him if it did not injure his sight. He said, not at all; that he never knew a person whose eyes were superior to his, nor more free from infirmity of every kind. He had some theory about arranging his light—I have forgotten what it was—which he supposed prevented the usual consequences of what I am convinced, in spite of his theory, is a very injurious habit, not only to the eyes, but to the general health."

take up the pen. His friends, however, were desirous to see it wielded with a more elaborate and definite purpose by a hand so skilful; and during the last year of his life he was frequently occupied in writing. His last thoughts were not cast in a formal shape, but jotted down as occasion and mood suggested. Many of these desultory efforts he submitted to his literary acquaintances, and they united in admiration of their freshness, beauty, and acumen. They were subsequently in part arranged in a book form, but in consequence of the various suggestions he received, and the modifications he intended, the plan was never wholly completed. They are mainly essays which indicate an unfinished achievement; but they are none the less precious and interesting as a record of his opinions and sentiments, and illustrations of his style.

A critic has well said:—

"Consider also the valuable papers which he contributed to our Æsthetic Literature. His essay upon Æsthetics at Washington, criticising with judgment and kindness; requiring strict adherence to the canons of taste and adaptation; deprecating with a charitable denunciation the extravagance which would paint marble or granite; endeavoring to show by logical deductions that a work of *art* carries its own protection within itself, and that the creeping ivy or a railing about a statue is an embellishment which destroys the beauty and truthfulness of the sentiments it would interpret; showing with plausibility amounting to conviction, that the Washington Monument, in its union of Egyptian mass and weight with Grecian combination and harmony, is a striking violation of propriety; in his essay upon social theories, strong and proscriptive in his denunciation of the affectations of society, demanding the genuine, independent, individual *man* in exchange for the disguised and dependent puppet of the world; mistrusting the theorist; crying out to his fellow man: 'let thy hand do with its might whatever it findeth to do, not because of perfection, which is out of reach, but because idleness is the root of much evil;' defending American Art, and referring the boastfulness of European talkers to the productions of Copley, Stuart, Trumbull, and Allston; opposing Academies as positive hindrances to advancement in Art; maintaining that American Architecture has yielded too much to a puritanical intolerance; that our Gothic churches must be severe in their loyalty to Gothic Architecture, and that one note dropped in the execution destroys the harmony; that we must consult the law of adaptation, that fundamental law of nature in all structure, and from it may be brought a system of Art and Philosophy, richer than was ever dreamed of by the Greeks; that the normal development of Beauty is through action to completeness; that Beauty is in the Absolute; and, finally, that our architecture must adapt itself to the climate, and to the use and object of the structure."

The strictures upon art as it actually exists in, and is essentially related to our republic, are bold, honest, and wise; they have a practical value, and are often expressed with earnestness and grace. A busy yet cheerful spirit of utility, a genuine patriotism and love of beauty characterize them;

and the lectures and correspondence should be now gathered up, not only as appropriate memorials, but as the endeared legacy of their author. "His conversation," observes an experienced and gifted author, in a recent letter, "was both brilliant and deep; and his writing so remarkable for its realism and its occasional splendor, that I conceived the highest hope of what he should do, and cause others to do, by his speech and pen as well as by his chisel."*

In a letter to Paulding, in 1839, acknowledging a book of Fairy Tales the author had sent the sculptor, Greenough says: "This is what we want, not a starveling and puritanical abstinence from works of fancy and taste, but an *adaptation* of these to our institutions, and a harmonizing of them with our morals."†

Greenough was a consistent republican. His alternate residence in Europe and America only confirmed his sympathy with the people and his faith in their claims. His steadfast, ardent loyalty to the principles of his own country, is the more remarkable in a man whose tastes were refined, and whose associations fully exposed him to the blandishments of rank and fortune. A spectator of, and to some extent a participator in, the remarkable events of 1848, his trust and hope were never subdued by the subsequent reaction. His "faith was large in time." A witness of the siege of Vienna, and an actor in the popular demonstration that celebrated the advent of liberty in Florence, he was entirely cognizant both of the condition of the masses, and the power of the conservative party; but he also had the discrimination and the love of his race which induces a calm and earnest trust in the ultimate triumph of freedom. To hear an American defend the encroachments of European rulers upon popular rights, or discredit the national impulse, excited in Greenough warm indignation. He used to startle, and perhaps offend, the complacent members of what he called the "Tory party" in his own country, by the vigor of his animadversion or the sting of his wit. And yet no advocate of republican sentiment was ever more free from prejudice. It was on the wide ground of humanity that he took his position; and an aristocratic table was often the scene of his most eloquent protest.

Another rare and precious trait was his nobility of mind. The most attractive phase of genius is its coincidence with magnanimity. So genuine was his love of art that it made him self-oblivious. When a brother artist, his superior in executive ability for the most profitable department of sculpture, became his neighbor, he not only gave him a fraternal welcome, but cheerfully yielded his best workmen and choicest marble, as well as his advice and encouragement, to facilitate and cheer the stranger. When he planned a monumental trophy, it was almost invariably based on the idea of a division of labor that included the services of others. To discover and proclaim merit was his delight; the glowing terms in which he advocated the claims of unappreciated or modest talent, seldom failed

* R. W. Emerson.

† Life of J. K. Paulding, by his Son,—p. 273.

to kindle sympathy; from the rank of our native artists no one could have been less spared in this regard. His recognition was not limited to achievement, but extended to latent powers. He was one of that invaluable minority whose perception goes beneath the surface of character and the accidents of expression; and perhaps of all his friends he valued chiefly "the poet who never wrote."

The partiality of artists and men of letters for Greenough's society was a natural result of his fine social qualities. He came at once into relation with those who aspired to high culture, or lived for intellectual ends. The frank hospitality with which he received another's thought and expressed his own, rendered companionship with him easy and genial. It was not requisite to accept his theory, or coincide in his opinions, in order either to enjoy or profit by his society. Like Montaigne he seemed rather to prefer a brisk encounter to an assimilation of minds; and among those most warmly attached to him there was the greatest diversity of character and sentiment. It was enough for him that an individual possessed courteous, brave, intelligent, or generous qualities, to awaken respect or sympathy. With the independent thinker, the lover of beauty, the student of art, he was always at home, and oblivious of those considerations of nationality, creed, or party that limit and chill the associations of less catholic minds. He entered with the same relish into the by-way vagaries of Cole, Morse, or any of his brother artists as they roamed over the Roman Campagna or the valley of the Arno, as he discussed a literary question with the classic Landor in his villa garden, sympathized with Niccolini in his deep patriotic regrets, contributed to the table-talk of the Marquis Capponi, listened to memorable reminiscences as he moulded the benign features of Lafayette, discussed American character with Dr. Francis, or social reform with Emerson.

Among his friends were a Hungarian nobleman, a Franciscan friar, an American Presbyterian divine, and an Italian poet. His genius was eminently social. As we trace the path of his life, it appears crowded with endeared and venerated forms; and we feel that the highest privilege won by his talents and character, was that of free intercourse with superior minds. These select intelligences quickened without interfering with his nature. He was keenly appreciative, and quick to detect the promise as well as the fruition of excellence. I remember accompanying him on a visit to a sculptor who had just completed an equestrian statue, and desired his frank opinion. The faults of the work were so apparent and predominant that as he critically surveyed it, I began to wonder what single encouraging trait he could, without violence to truth, recognize. His first words were—"*cé molto vita*," and the vitality and spirit of the conception alone redeemed it. The zeal with which he welcomed and befriended Powers on his first arrival in Italy was delightful to contemplate; and few of his countrymen who have gone abroad to follow art as a vocation, have failed to experience his cheerful sympathy. Perhaps this readiness to acknowledge and foster talent, the spontaneous interest which

a marked character or a gift of intellect excited in Greenough, was the secret of his power to elicit and refresh the thought of his companion.

By this contact with leading minds in various countries, by habitual observation of nature and art, and especially through the exercise of genuine mental independence, he disciplined and enriched his intellect in every sphere. True to his American principles, he recognized no aristocracy but that of nature; broad in his views of life, he rose superior to all jealousy or narrowness; bold and free in opinion, he uttered his honest sentiments with candor and enthusiasm; and thus, in the character of an artist, he brought an ever fresh accession of information, wit, and geniality to the social circle, and shed abroad the light and glow of a noble, kindly, and intelligent man. It is in this view that we feel the void occasioned by his death, and realize the loss his country has sustained; for art, though a grand and beautiful, is not a universal language, and when her gifted votaries are also priests at the altar of humanity, they are doubly mourned and honored.

POWERS.

I REMEMBER standing with Powers at an angle of one of the principal streets of Florence, when the Grand Duke's carriages and outriders passed in grand array to the cathedral, to celebrate some *fête:* an old resident, knowing the spectacle must be a novelty to the artist, who had arrived but a few days before, and doubtless expecting to see him greatly impressed by the brilliant show, inquired if it did not strike him as wonderful. "It might have done so," he quietly replied, "but on the voyage hither I saw a whale." This reply, to one who knows the man, was not only sarcastic but significant. It indicated his profound sense of the marvels and mysteries of nature—of her primary authority as a teacher; and of the utter inadequacy of artificial shams to awe or interest her honest votary. It is not claiming any fanciful distinction to recognize the naturalistic as opposed to the classic, as an original element of American art, a vital principle already initiated and destined to expand into glorious fruits, under the free and brave devotion to nature, and superiority to conventional, prescriptive, and obsolete formulas and phases, which is the birthright of genius in a young republic, and has been memorably foreshadowed in the American school of landscape, and in such self-taught and eclectic sculptors as Powers and Palmer.

Hiram Powers was born at Woodstock, Vermont, a post-village and the capital of Windham county—fifty miles southeast of Montpelier, July 29, 1805. The dwellings rise on both sides of the Quechee river, near the junction of the north branch with the main stream, whereby extensive hydraulic powers are secured; the town is the centre of what is considered the best agricultural region in the State; it boasts, like so many of its counterparts and compeers, not only a court-house, school, newspaper, bank, park, stores, and churches—but a medical college; and, ten years ago, its population was less than two thousand. No inadequate school and environment for an honest and capable soul is this free and wholesome, however limited home; one who ranges on a fine summer or a cheery autumn day, the pleasant tributary of the Connecticut, cannot wonder that the boy who once angled in its waters, or skated on their surface, beheld, years after, with grateful emotion, even the marks on the old stone door-step of his childhood's home, where he sharpened his file. With

the air he first breathed, the landscape he earliest knew and loved, the domestic discipline, duties, and privations—as well as comforts and sanctions endeared to his boyhood, the future sculptor imbibed and conserved there a national pride and principle which have clung to him in undiminished fervor and force. He was one of a large family, frugal, laborious, and affectionate, and accounts it as a special blessing of his childhood to have been reared by "honest and harmonious" parents. It was, too, propitious for his healthful development, that he was born and grew up, as it were, in the embrace of Nature—her pure breath freshened, her rigors invigorated, her loveliness charmed and cheered, and her freedom ennobled. However limited in special means of culture, Powers, in the retrospect, has learned to feel deeply thankful that his first years were passed in the country. Those years alternated between school and farm work, play and home associations; the only distinctive trait exhibited by the child was mechanical ingenuity; he excelled in caricature, was an adept in constructiveness—having made countless wagons, windmills, and weapons for his comrades, attaining the height of juvenile reputation as the inventor of what he called a "patent fuse." When the crops fell short and famine threatened, by virtue of a process graphically described by Irving, Hall, and Flint, emigration to the West became the best expedient for large families in unprosperous agricultural districts of New England, and the Powers household removed from Vermont to Western New York, and thence to Ohio. Long after, the future artist remembered the feelings with which he caught the last glimpse of the church-spire of Woodstock. He proposed to his mother before leaving, that they should ascend a neighboring hill and take a last look. Cincinnati was just in the early flush of her rapid growth; enterprise found scope, and trade centered there; emigration flowed thither; steam navigation kept up constant intercourse with the two extremes of border and civilized life; society was in a transition state, but intelligence, adventure, freedom, and faith constituted active elements therein: altogether, it was a sphere full of opportunities and excitements, even for a poor and homesick youth, with character and faculty. At first, Hiram Powers merely sought an honest subsistence; he was employed, for at ime, in a reading-room, and as a travelling collector of debts—occupations which brought him in contact with great varieties of human character; while the latter necessitated long journeys on horseback through the woods—not destitute of perils or without the zest of adventure; the observations and incidents of those days yielded to one so keen of sight and thoughtful of mood, abundant materials for salient reminiscence. In changing farm for city life, however, Powers had not laid aside his favorite recreation, and continued to exercise his mechanical and imitative skill; the first steamboat he ever saw attracted his delighted attention, until he perfectly understood its machinery; and he found ere long more congenial employment in a clock factory. But his talent for modelling became known, and he was engaged by the proprietor of a popular and profitable museum, to exercise both his plastic and his mechanical talent in behalf thereof; they soon

made the exhibition famous,—partly by the lurid horrors of the "Infernal regions," and still more, to the eye of taste, by the extraordinary life-semblance of his waxen effigies—no approach to which had previously been seen here, and rarely abroad. Numerous anecdotes founded on this imitative skill are still current at Cincinnati; as, for instance, that a waxen image received the tickets of the crowd during a whole evening, without exciting suspicion; and the waxen face of a child, taken after death, and made life-like from memory, to appease its mother's grief, so renewed and prolonged it by its too real aspect, that in mercy to her, it was destroyed.

The manifest ability of Powers, in these waxen models, led by a natural and almost necessary transition to his experiments in a more durable material, and for a higher end. He learned the art of modelling in plaster from a German; and was soon congenially occupied in moulding the features of the leading American statesmen of the day; his vocation became more and more patent; and the admirable accuracy and expressiveness of his busts sufficed to extend and establish his reputation. Cheered by domestic ties, encouraged by many friends, one of the earliest and most efficient of whom was Mr. Longworth, the life of the farmer's son and the Western emigrant, gradually emerged from casual and adroit to regular and aspiring development. His chosen pursuit soon gained him the best social privileges. While modelling the remarkable heads of General Jackson and Daniel Webster, of John C. Calhoun, Chief-Justice Marshall, and Colonels Johnson and Preston,—rare and emphatic types of the American character and physiognomy, such as modern sculptors seldom enjoy,—his frank and original nature won the confidence of his illustrious sitters; and some of the most pleasant and most profitable hours of his life were those thus occupied—affording him many genial subjects of patriotic recollection. In several instances he was the guest of these gentlemen, and worked at their busts when leisure and the mood served; thus becoming familiar with them in their own homes. His sojourn at Marshfield was especially a period of enjoyment. Having cast these and many other heads, and received, in advance, a portion of his remuneration, the artist shipped them to Italy, and then embarked with his family, to finish them in marble there, and open his studio in Florence. The facilities afforded the sculptor abroad, both as to the price of labor, the use of living models, the abundance and excellence of the material of his art, and cheapness of subsistence, were the prevailing motives for this change of residence. His strong attachment to home and kindred, the demand for his services there, and his absolute faith in Nature, as both the object and the inspiration of the artist—would have kept him in America: but the economical arguments were decisive; he reluctantly accepted exile, and established himself at Florence in the autumn of 1837; and, unlike the majority of his countrymen who visit Italy for the same purposes, has conserved intact his national predilections, and made his family and his studio, with the occasional society of his countrymen, the almost exclusive sphere of activity and affection. Indeed, the method of his work, the individuality of his convictions, the whole spirit of the man,

were too self-reliant and positive to be easily modified; and it is this very limit and law which render him interesting. In becoming a sculptor and a resident in Florence, Hiram Powers never ceased to be and to appear the American, born in Vermont, and reared in Ohio. While awaiting the arrival of his casts, at Florence, he modelled several busts; and among them that of a beautiful countrywoman and a Harvard professor—each a fine subject in its way. It was while watching Powers at work upon these busts, that the wonderful accuracy of his observation, the acuteness of his insight, and the delicate truth of his manipulation, impressed me with a conviction that in certain processes and possibilities of his art, he stands unrivalled; and that by virtue of native endowments, their scope, instead of being dwarfed, gained certainty and force by the desultory discipline and mechanical experiments of his novitiate. A domestic affliction, deepened in its sadness by occurring in a foreign land, for a while suspended his labors and depressed his heart; and being one of his few and frequent companions, I then and there learned to estimate the qualities of the man, as I had before learned to appreciate the capabilities of the artist. Through the vestibule of sorrow Powers soon passed into the temple of fame. Greenough's fraternal welcome and assiduous care gave him facilities not easily obtained by a novice; and he soon became congenially occupied. Thorwaldsen visited his studio, and pronounced his bust of Webster the best work of the kind executed in modern times: orders flowed in upon him from the English and Italians, as well as Americans. When not engaged upon marble portraits, he worked on an ideal female figure—every detail of which was drawn from nature, and finished to the highest point of plastic truth. The result was a type of the beautiful, which instantly gained recognition also as the true. Not for emphasis of expression in feature, but for harmonious expression in form,—the legitimate ideal of sculpture,—did the "Greek Slave" win admiration: purchased by an English amateur, its duplicates exhibited in the United States and at the World's Fair, no modern statue ever awakened more interest, or gained for its author such instant fame; while the permanency of the charm may be inferred from the fact that the original, when exposed to public sale, a few years since, with the rest of the deceased owner's collection in London, brought a third more than the first cost. Powers is an eclectic in the study of Nature, and has triumphed over academical dogmas and dictation. Accompanying him through the Florence galleries, I noticed that his views of his own art were decisive and clear; he had evidently thought out the subject, and few artists could so expatiate upon the laws and relations of Nature—especially in regard to the human form and face; his comments on the marble treasures of the Ufizzi gallery and the Pitti, were original; he instinctively sought character, and ignored the conventional; he had been too long near the heart of Nature, he had lived too much in an atmosphere of freedom and faith, he had been too well accustomed to depend on himself, to be blinded by authority or awed by precedent. His sympathies were limited, but they were genuine; and if mechanical skill was his birthright, he could none

the less recognize the spiritual philosophy of Swedenborg; independent, original, and firm—there was a refreshing American phase and force in the sculptor's mind and hand, which promised, not indeed classical reproduction or fanciful creativeness, but an authentic, and therefore effective, grasp and glow of Nature and Humanity. Such was the inference drawn from an early acquaintance; and time has amply confirmed it. A bust, when the subject is favorable, from the chisel of Powers, is now acknowledged to be one of the choieest works of art, in its way, obtainable; and one intrinsically valuable and interesting, like a portrait by Vandyke or Titian, independent of likeness or personal association. The career prophesied by the waxen effigy of Jackson, made in a newly settled city of the West, and confirmed by the graceful and harmonious woman's form shaped so exquisitely on the banks of the Arno, has fulfilled its promise in a series of marble portraits, full of character, and with a flesh-like texture before unknown to stone; and figures of statesmen, allegorical female forms, or lithe, exquisite, and characteristic creations,—wherein it is not invention and variety, as in Crawford, nor pure grace, as in Canova, nor absolute sublimity, as in Michael Angelo,—but a certain fidelity in character, detail, and finish, which, however limited, is lasting in its attractiveness and its truth, and gives a distinctive value and interest to the work of Powers.

"Such is the precision of his eye," says Calvert, "that he who exacts of himself the most faithful conformity to Nature's measurements, never needs the help of compasses to attain it. Such is his sense of the Beautiful, that he does justice to the most beautiful countenance, and has given a new grace even to draperies. Such his sympathy with life, that with equal ease he seizes the expressions of all kinds of physiognomies, so that you cannot say that he does men better than women, old better than young; and hereby, in conjunction with his mimetic talent, he imparts such an elastic look to his marble flesh, that the spiritual essence, wherewith all Nature's living forms are vivified, may be imagined to stream from his finger ends while he works."

The Grand Duke of Tuscany was so delighted with his bust of the Duchess, that he called at his studio, and asked Powers to apply to him whenever he could do him a service. The artist asked and obtained permission to take a cast of the Venus—a favor vainly sought by other artists, for years; he also removed the shell from the Palace cabinet to model it for his Fisher Boy.

How such a workman views his art, what he thinks of the process and the patronage thereof, the means and methods, must be worth knowing, if for no other reason, because independence of judgment and consistency in practice are so rare in the record of artist-life. A few extracts from his correspondence with a friend, of so general a nature as to involve no breach of delicacy in their revelation, will give us a glimpse, at least, into the artist's thoughts and experience.

In reply to a suggestion of an ignorant critic, that inferior workmen can manufacture artistic ideals, he writes: "You do not suppose that any

genuine work of art can be produced in this manner, but it is the way to make a show. The King of Bavaria has made a grand show of the kind, an imitation of the Parthenon, without a single celebrated work in it, I mean of modern sculpture. There is an idea abroad, that a sculptor may have most of his work done by laborers, and then by a few finishing touches, make it all his own, but there was never a greater error. It is true enough that on the *marble* most of the work can be so done, but the workmen capable of doing it are rare. I find it difficult to obtain such assistance, and the best require constant watching. I can get no one to model for me; they can put up the clay or plaster, as the case may be, and prepare the material, guided by measurement, from a small model; but there they must stop, unless I stand by them and direct them, which would be no saving of time. The little here and the little there, taking off and putting on, cannot be done by workmen, even if the small model is ever so perfect. I speak from experience, for I have tried it to my cost. The Sydenham Crystal Palace Company requested me to give them a large copy in plaster of my statue of 'America,' to represent our country at their establishment, and they offered me a hundred pounds for it. I told them I could not afford to do it myself for that sum, but would engage another sculptor to do it from the original model, highly finished, and of life size; and with their consent, I engaged, not a student or a mere workman, but one of the cleverest sculptors in Florence, and I paid him all the money before he had finished it; and when it was brought home, I found it so very defective that I determined to pay back the money from my own means, rather than let it go and represent me and our country at the Crystal Palace. They were loth to let me do so, but I insisted, and finally they accepted the hundred pounds. The artist has never repaid me, and never will, as he is not able. You may ask, if workmen can be found capable of executing much of the work in the marble, why not on the model, from a small sketch? A plaster cast from a clay model is always used to work from. It is hard, and will bear the pressure of the compasses; not so with the clay, which shrinks and swells continually, and besides it is too soft to resist the points of the compasses. It is true approximations to measurement may be made, but that is all. In all the *niceties* of the work, the eye and not the compasses must be relied on. There is an idea prevalent, which is, that common laborers may be employed upon sculpture to a certain extent. But this is far from being the case where work is done faithfully. The blocker-out must be a very careful and capable man, for a single error—cutting too deep, or clipping off too much anywhere, spoils a statue. There is no remedy for it. None but the most competent can be safely trusted."

His views on the subject of competition for designs are thus given:—

"The truth is, no such commission was ever offered me. The military and civil engineer appointed to superintend the construction of the new Capitol buildings wanted me to *propose to him* for the commission to decorate the north pediment, and prepare designs for his consideration; and

he said that, if accepted, I might execute the designs myself from the models, or he would have them done upon the spot by workmen in the employ of the government. This is the substance of the proposal. I declined it, as in a similar instance previously. In short, I never did, nor will, prepare designs and submit them to the chances of a lottery, according to the decisions of any one. First give me the commission, and then I will prepare the designs, and, if required, submit them to consideration. I am not alone in this. There are many artists who think, with me, that their credit as such entitles them to confidence."

American travellers in Italy will sometimes be repelled by a certain narrowness in the critical estimate of modern sculptors; though of all arts, sculpture demands and justifies the most liberal eclecticism. Thus, a broad line of demarcation has been arbitrarily drawn between high finish and prolific invention, originality and superficial skill; as if these merits could not be united, or were incompatible with each other,—and as if, invariably, works of "outward skill elaborate" are "of inward less exact." A Boston critic denominates Powers "a sublime mechanic," as if there were only physical imitation in his busts, and no expression in his figures. The insinuation is unjust. By exquisite finish and patient labor he makes of such subjects as the Fisher-Boy, the Proserpine, and Il Penseroso charming creations,—in attitude and feature true to the moment and the mood delineated, and not less true in each detail; their popularity is justified by scientific and tasteful canons; and his portrait busts and statues are, in many instances, unrivalled for character as well as execution. A letter to one of his friends lies before me, in which he responds to an amicable remonstrance at his apparent slowness of achievement. The reasoning is so cogent, the principle asserted of such wide application, and the artistic conscience so nobly evident, that we venture to quote a passage:—

"It is said, that works designed to adorn buildings need not be done with much care, being only architectural sculptures. This is quite a modern idea. The Greeks did not entertain it, as is proved by those gems which Lord Elgin sawed away from the walls of the Parthenon. I cannot admit that a noble art should ever be prostituted to purposes of mere show. They do not make rough columns, coarse and uneven friezes, jagged mouldings, etc., for buildings. These are always highly finished. Are figures in marble less important? But speed, speed, is the order of the day,—'quick and cheap' is the cry; and if I prefer to linger behind and take pains with the little I do, there are some now, and there will be more hereafter, to approve it. I cannot consent to model statutes at the rate of three in six months, and a clear conscience will reward me for not having yielded to the temptation of making money at the sacrifice of my artistic reputation. Art is or should be, poetry, in its various forms,—no matter what it is written upon,—parchment, paper, canvas, or marble. Milton employed his daughter to write his 'Paradise Lost,' not to compose it; her hand was moved by his soul; she was his modelling-tool,—

nothing more. But to employ another to model for you, and go away from him, is not analogous. He then composes for you; modelling is composition. And whom did Shakespeare get to do this for him? Whom did Gray employ to arrange in words that immortal wreath set with diamond thoughts which he has thrown upon a country church-yard? Whom did Michael Angelo get to model his Moses? How many young men did Ghiberti employ during the forty years he was engaged upon the Gates of Paradise? I cannot yield my convictions of what is proper in Art. I will do my work as well as I know how, and necessity compels me to demand ample payment for it."

Not without the inevitable obstacles and perplexities of artist-life has been this, on the whole, so prosperous career: injudicious friends, envious rivals, perverse criticism have involved Powers in controversy, and wounded his sense of justice. The appropriation made by Congress for his statue of America was long unworthily diverted from its end; after prescribing the material and costume for the statue of Webster, some of those who gave the commission, disappointed in the result, which they absurdly undertook to appreciate before the statue was in a position to be rightly seen,—indulged in the most unjustifiable sneers: second thoughts and better opportunities of judgment have indeed modified, if not quite overcome, those objections, and the firm friendship of Edward Everett sustained the artist's cause; but the discussion led the artist with good cause to say: "If statues of our great men are wanted expressing fancy rather than fact, other sculptors must be employed to execute them."

Artists are proverbially sensitive; but this trait is deepened by exile and conscious personal sacrifices to a sense of right, and an ideal of professional excellence. The strong home attachments of Powers, his patient elaboration as an artist, whereby the quantity was made subservient to the quality of his work, and therefore gain foregone for the sake of rectitude, made him keenly alive to unjust or unfeeling comments or conduct in his native land. In the instances we have referred to, where, through ignorance, selfish motives, or parsimony, his claims as an artist were disregarded or outraged, the wound to his moral sensibilities was keen; yet the spirit in which these obstacles and annoyances, to call them by no harsher name, were met and overcome, is too characteristic of the man to be ignored in an estimate of his qualities and career. He sometimes frankly and freely expressed his feelings to those who had his confidence and affection, among whom he owned as devoted and attached friends men of position and of character, which any modern artist might be reasonably proud to have allied to his interests and his heart. There is a lesson for the inconsiderate in these glimpses into the bosom of a gifted and honest devotee of the beautiful and the true, which justifies their publicity, apart from any special application:—

"If I feel these things," he observes, "it is but natural. It is but natural that one who has labored so long, should expect to find some sympathy, some return for his sacrifices of home and country. If we go out in the morn

ing of life to hunt, leaving our home and fireside, we naturally desire to find it when we come back in the evening, weary, if not exhausted by the chase; we should find something reserved for ourselves; every seat should not be occupied; there should be, at least, one, and a bed to die upon, if not to lie upon. I have none of these comforts. I look back, indeed, with old and longing eyes, and if they are filled with tears, it is because there is nothing else to fill them; they see no spot of earth belonging to me large enough for my support, and when they look back here, they find not the means to purchase such a spot. It is with Art as it is with almost every other profession: he who enters the lists should come into the world armed to the teeth, for his way is already blocked up; he must open it, or die upon his mother's breast. I do not wish to complain, but rather turn to Him who never complained, who conquered by his forbearance, not by his might, for passive resistance is more mighty than active warfare: we may dig into and burn the heart of mountains, but cannot level them with the plain: the great Eastern river annually sweeps to the ocean a thousand pyramids, and still the great mountains of the East remain sublimely pointing to the heavens, unchanged and undiminished. I have at last learned what all men have to learn, that there is but one true aim for ambition: we may indeed aim to hit the moon or even the sun, but if we would hit our mark, we must aim at something within our reach: let us then aim to be good; a far-off mark, but attainable, if we have wisdom."

The American characteristics of Powers exhibit themselves not less in his inventive faculty, than in the independence and self-reliance of his nature. To him sculptors are indebted for a process of modelling in plaster which obviates the necessity of taking a clay model, in the first instance; and thereby expedites the work—saving both time and labor. He invented a finishing file, an apparatus for hanging statues in grimbels whereby their easy and safe transportation is secure, a method of packing statuary, new kinds of manipulating tools and many other valuable mechanical aids and appliances to facilitate and promote the labors of his art. His son, apparently inheriting this aptness and contrivance, is one of the best photographers in Florence, especially in the representation of works of sculpture, with a precision and *relievo* seldom attained.

The first entire and ideal figure which gave the artist renown, was the "Greek Slave," of which there have been executed and sold six duplicates. The sources whence were derived the beautiful traits of this work are suggested by the sculptor himself when he remarks in one of his letters: "The best models are found in those walks of life where nature predominates over art; and I have found the best models among what are termed the working classes." In other words, the artist is eclectic, and combines from Nature her scattered beauties. As to the subject, it is simply a beautiful woman in a position of humiliation and sorrow, but elevated above it by conscious faith; it is not so much any dramatic expressiveness, but that unanswerable appeal that makes "a thing of beauty a joy forever," that is herein manifest. "The Slave has been taken from one of the Greek isl

ands by the Turks, in the time of the Greek revolution; the history of which is familiar to all. Her father and mother, and perhaps all her kindred, have been destroyed by her foes, and she alone preserved as a treasure too valuable to be thrown away. She is now among barbarian strangers, under the pressure of a full recollection of the calamitous events which have brought her to her present state; and she stands exposed to the gaze of the people she abhors, and awaits her fate with intense anxiety, tempered indeed by the support of her reliance upon the goodness of God. Gather all the afflictions together, and add to them the fortitude and resignation of a Christian, and no room will be left for shame. Such are the circumstances under which the Greek slave is supposed to stand."

How this work affected spectators of moral sensibility or æsthetic insight, may be gathered from the expressed views of its eminent admirers. Of the fidelity in details in the artist's work, Edward Everett in speaking of his busts observes:—

"If urged by native inclination, he had succeeded in imitating nature servilely, though with exactness, it would not have been matter of great astonishment. But at the very first glance, Mr. Powers rose to the just conception of a kind of representation which should contain, in union with all the characteristic parts, the natural and expressive spirit of each individual. He has dedicated himself to the preservation of the whole character, while, at the same time, he imitates the porosities and habitual wrinkles of the skin; so that he might be called the Denner of Sculpture. He spares no pains to make every head preserve, in even the smallest part, that harmonious type,—composed at once of unity and variety,—which belongs to itself;—a special quality of nature, which escapes the eye of many."

And when this exceeding truth to nature is applied to a beautiful creation, we have as a natural consequence, the ineffable charm which is the poetry of art.

"The Greek Slave," says Dewey, "is clothed all over with sentiment, sheltered, protected by it from every profane eye. Brocade, cloth of gold, could not be a more complete protection than the vesture of holiness in which she stands. For what does she stand there? To be sold—to be sold to a Turkish harem. A perilous position to be chosen by an artist of high and virtuous intent. A perilous point for the artist, being a good man, to compass. What is it? Ths highest point in all art. To make the spiritual reign over the corporeal; to sink form in ideality."

A lack of definite and dramatic expressiveness in statuary is an old objection, especially urged when beauty of form, grace, delicacy—a kind of abstract loveliness, characterizes a statue; but the imitations of the art and its ideal suggestiveness often modify, if they do not annul, such criticism. This beautiful female figure bears the emblems, yet wears not the subdued look of captivity; and, for that very reason, vindicates its significance to imaginative sympathy—showing that Beauty is not only a Joy but a Power forever. Hear Mrs. Browning's apostrophe:

Appeal, fair stone,
From God's pure height of beauty, against man's wrong ;
Catch up in thy divine face not alone
East griefs but West, and strike and shame the strong
By *thunders of white silence*, overthrown.

To each eye and heart an object of art presents a modified aspect ; and the absence of passionate action in sculpture, gives thereto a kind of negative inspiration, to be shaped by individual sympathies and imagination. As we look upon the lovely form of the Greek Slave, until admiration melts into sympathy, instinctively we might address the passive yet pleading marble, thus :—

Do no human pulses quiver in those wrists that bear the gyves,
With a noble, sweet endurance, such as moulds heroic lives?
Is no woman's heart now beating in that bosom's patient swell?
Do no thoughts of love or glory in that gaze of meekness dwell?

Some pent glow, methinks, diffuses o'er those limbs a grace of soul,
Warm with Nature, and yet chastened by a holy self-control ;
Teaching how the loyal spirit ne'er can feel an outward chain,
While its truth remains unconquered, and the will asserts her reign.

By the hand that grasps the column, by the foot so calmly prest,
By the mien sustained though vanquished, and the soft, relying breast—
Light as air may be the fetter that Earth's tyranny doth weave,
And her slaves, by wisest courage, may their destiny retrieve !

By the pride of gentle nurture, unsubdued by freedom's loss,
By the robe so deftly woven, by the locket and the cross—
Half unconscious of thy bondage, on the wings of Faith elate
Thou art gifted with a being high above thy seeming fate !

What to thee a herd of gazers? what to thee a noisy mart
Rapt in tranquil, fond seclusion, thou art musing far apart :
As the twilight falls around thee, and thy matchless form I scan,
Rising in serene abstraction, though it wears misfortune's ban ;

With thy dimpled arm depending, and thy pure, averted brow,
Earnest words I hear thee breathing to thy distant lover now ; —
Words of triumph, not of wailing, for the cheer of Hope is thine,
And, immortal in thy beauty, sorrow grows with thee divine.

The next work of Powers, embodied a more exuberant type of female beauty in an ideal bust of Proserpine—a most gracious head and bosom emerging from a bed of flowers ; the popularity of this work has caused its incessant reproduction ;—few modern works of the chisel are more exquisitely and gracefully ornamental to boudoir, salon, or library. Then came a lithe, graceful, immature figure of the Fisher Boy, holding a shell to his ear, the attitude, the expression, the whole air and aspect suggestive of the mystery of life that connects its outset with eternity ; as we muse with the absorbed, unconscious, and beautiful youth, as intent he listens to the murmuring shell,—we seem to hear the sound of

that immortal sea
That brought us hither, which neither man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy.

Even at the period of his first arrival in Italy, Powers was contemplating a favorite subject—womanhood in its mature relations—a kind of Christian Niobe—an ideal Eve. His mind then was occupied with the idea of the mother of our race at the critical moment when first sorrow and remorse—or rather the conviction and consciousness of pain, error, and death, as a condition of human life, first o'ershadowed the calm and joy of Eden. The conception as it existed in the artist's thought, struck me as most promising and original: it had been suggested by that once favorite prose pastoral—The Death of Abel, by Gesner; his statue was to represent Eve when, after her expulsion from Paradise, the sight of a dead bird revealed to her the nature of death. "It is I! it is I! unhappy creature that I am, who have brought misery and grief on every creature! For my sin, these pretty, harmless animals are punished." Her tears redoubled. "What an event! How stiff and cold it is! It has neither voice nor motion; its joints no longer bend; its limbs refuse their office. Speak, Adam, is this Death?" Although subsequent reflection modified this conception, and made it more generic and spiritually suggestive, the essential character of the Eve of Powers is that he, so long ago, imagined and proposed to embody; that is, he represents the mother of our race when the new-born sense of evil and wrong, the disturbance of that moral equilibrium that held her soul at first in tranquil self-poise; it is the first woman in the world vaguely sad from a consciousness of "all our woe"; it is Eve, beautiful, loving, grandly maternal, tender, confiding, but tried and tempted. She holds the apple, hesitatingly glancing thereon; in her left hand is a branch of the forbidden tree, and behind her at the base of a tree-stump, the serpent complacently lifts his head and watches: such is Eve Tempted. Another, Eve Repentant, stands clasping her bosom with one hand, while the other indicates the retreating serpent; her tall, majestic form, her luxurious floating hair, her lovely face remorsefully turned to heaven—at a glance tell with silent eloquence the story of penitence, in the Christian and highest sense thereof, while the grand proportions of the form are full of pathetic dignity, of matronly and maternal grace. We can imagine in examining the photograph of "Eve Disconsolate," her breathing in tender soliloquy, the words which Mrs. Browning in her Drama of Exile, makes her Eve utter—at the same momentous hour:

> I, at last,
> Who yesterday was helpmate and delight
> Unto mine Adam, am to-day the grief
> And curse-mate to him! And, so, pity us.
> Ye gentle Spirits! pardon him and me,
> And let some tender peace, made of our pain,
> Grow up betwixt us, as a tree might grow,
> With boughs on both sides. In the shade of which,
> When presently ye shall behold us dead,—
> For the poor sake of our humility,
> Breathe out your pardon on our breathless lips,
> And drop your twilight dews against our brows,
> And, shaking with mild airs our harmless hands

> Left empty of all fruit, perceive your love
> Distilling through your pity, over us,
> And suffer it, self-reconciled, to pass.

The conventional Eve of Art and Poetry is simply beautiful; womanhood in the abstract or the ideal is thus named; Milton's portrait is memorable for its gracefulness and charms; but to these Mrs. Browning adds an ineffable pathos which links her Eve to all humanity.

A more severe type of female grace and grandeur is his allegorical figure of America. The face, though kindled with aspiration, is marked by self-control and concentration; it is uplifted, as if in recognition of supernal aid; the left arm is significantly raised; the right rests on a bundle of *fasces*, overhung with laurel, and her robe, which seems unconsciously caught in her hand; this drapery hangs from the left shoulder, exposing the noble bust: it is lifted somewhat by the right hand from the advanced and firm-set left leg, which tramples on fetters: it is a statue full of expression and character—a grand national symbol and memorial, which has, under existing circumstances, not only intrinsic but prophetic eloquence. But perhaps Powers has most effectually embodied the characteristics of his native land in his statues of her representative men. Those of Franklin and Jefferson are grand and true impersonations; both modelled from the most authentic data, and in the costume of their day. Franklin is leaning thoughtfully, his chin on his hand, upon the trunk of a lightning-scathed tree; time, care, and reflection mark his face, which is full of benign sagacity: Jefferson is represented in his youth, Franklin in his old age; the former is eager with thought, full of graceful alacrity; the latter, solemn and serene, but deeply thoughtful;—the two, in their expressive individuality, not only revive the features and form of their originals, but impressively typify and illustrate the institutions and the country to which the lives of both so efficiently ministered.

"His 'America,'" writes a friend, "is a blooming maid whose liberty and security are to be judged from the finely-carved expression of the face and the position of the body. The only ornament is a diadem of thirteen stars; the left hand is raised in sign of the oath of allegiance to the Republic—which is alluded to by the *fasces*, on which the right foot rests."

"He has," says a vigilant critic, noting the gradual progress of his statue of Franklin, "widened his head, giving it a more comprehensive character; with the cunning face of the old bust he has mingled benevolent geniality."

Another full-length figure, by Powers, is the statue of "California"—a name identified with gold and gold-seeking. At a brilliant party given by its owner, this work was the nucleus of a gay crowd; it even drew attention from the many specimens of living beauty around, and the exquisite flowers and toilettes were comparatively neglected. Evidently the sculptor's idea is to contrast the fascination of form with the sinister expression of face,—the thorn concealed in the left hand with the divining rod displayed in the right,—and thus illustrate the deceitfulness of riches. It is a

singular coincidence that such an allegorical statue should adorn the dwelling of our wealthiest citizen; and it is to the credit of his liberality that, when a duplicate was desired by an English gentleman, the artist having no exclusive right to the conception, free permission was granted him to repeat and dispose of the work. The contours of the figure are very beautiful, and the manipulation exquisite; while the expression of the face is repulsive.

A more ethereal creation is Il Penseroso: the attitude is striking, original, and graceful; with one step forward, and in the act of taking the next, her train sweeps behind, but is partially gathered up in her hand; one finger on her lip, her eyes raised, and full of thought and feeling; a kind of bodice fits closely over a chemisette of such exquisite delicacy of finish that the minutest examination only brings out new beauties. If she would go up as we gaze, it would hardly create surprise, there is such a transcendent majesty and aërial lightness. The bust of this figure is impressively beautiful.

Among his American busts those of Adams, Van Buren, Everett, and Calvert are remarkable for their individuality and exquisite finish; while to the American series are to be added many English and continental subjects. His statue of Calhoun sunk with the ship wrecked on Fire Island, near New York, whereby the lamented Countess Ossoli perished; it had been so adroitly packed, however, that when rescued from the sea, the slight injury received was easily corrected, and the statue set up in Charleston, where its remarkable features recall the astute but perverted mind of the treacherous Senator. It is a singular coincidence that the bust of the chief envoy of the Southern traitors may also be seen in the studio of Powers; where the true American can compare the shrewd and plausible natural language of these unscrupulous partisans, with the grand, honest, wise physiognomies of the noble fathers and defenders of the Republic. Few of our artists are more staunchly patriotic than Powers; he understands and interprets his country with zeal and insight; his American feeling is deep and pervasive—breaking out in earnest argument, in keen appreciation of native talent or character, and enthusiastic recognition of the flag, the principles, and the destiny of the land, absence from which has only the more endeared. Two of the most notorious Secessionists visiting his studio at different periods, stopped before the bust of John C. Calhoun, and said in almost the same words, "There's John C. Calhoun—I'm one of that man's disciples." This coincidence is somewhat remarkable, and, taken in connection with our late troubles, has a world of meaning. On one occasion another did not hesitate to acknowledge his connection with the St. Albans raid, and other nefarious plots to plunder and burn our frontier; and not only that, but he expressed his satisfaction, and even pride, that he had done his best to help them on. When Mr. Powers said to him, "Sir, I desire you to know that I utterly abhor your murderous plans, and detest the efforts you have made to ruin our country," he replied with unabashed coolness and effrontery: "Oh! yes, that's of course; I

expected as much as that," and walked away with the utmost unconcern. "Mr. Powers' patriotism," writes a Florence correspondent, "is so extreme that he prefers to model in American clay, which is regularly exported for his use."

His "Clytie," "Ginevra" from Rogers' Italy, and a graceful Indian maiden, one of his recent works, called "The Last of her Tribe," are among the attractions of his studio. Of the first, an English traveller, Mr. Weld, observes: "We found him working on an extremely beautiful figure of Clytie, with a sun-flower on her forehead—emblematic of her fate in consequence of her jealousy of Leucothea. The face was so lovely that I felt curious to know what country had furnished the model." The bust of Ginevra, the artist's first ideal work, belongs to Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati; his busts of Ceres and one of Washington are at Baltimore; that of Webster is at the Boston Athenæum; a bust of Washington, a Proserpine, and Fisher Boy are in the possession of Sidney Brooks, Esq., of Newport, R. I.; a bust of Edward Everett is in the gallery at Chatsworth; W. B. Astor, Esq., has the original "California;" James Lenox, Esq., the "Penseroso;" A. T. Stewart, the original "Greek Slave," all of New York; W. F. Preston, of South Carolina, has an "Eve."

Recent letters from Florence mention that the admirable portrait bust of Edward Everett, by Powers, has been obtained from that artist by Story, as the likeness wherefrom to construct his statue ordered by the late orator's friends in Boston. It is said the correspondence of the two American sculptors on the subject has been in the highest degree cordial and mutually appreciative. This is honorable to both, and we hail it with the greater satisfaction, inasmuch as mischievous and narrow-minded gossips have so long sowed the seeds of dissension between our native sculptors at Rome and Florence, and encouraged an absurd rivalry as to claims and genius where there is no legitimate ground of invidious comparison. Each of our plastic artists has special merits of his own, each has fame enough, and when such a mutual object as the commemoration of a national benefactor presents itself, it is delightful to witness such genial coöperation and mutual appreciation. Story, Powers, Hart, Meade, Rogers, Rhinehart, Ives, Ball, and others, are making our country known and honored in art. It is a curious fact that, for some time past, Powers has been almost exclusively employed by Russians and English; his busts are prized beyond any in Europe, and he receives for these a thousand dollars each.

A correspondent writing recently from Florence, says:

"Powers has just finished an ideal head of 'Jesus Christ,' which is greatly admired for its masterly expression of heroic resolve and fortitude, combined with rare gentleness and love. The work was executed for W. H. Aspinwall, Esq., of New York. The artist is now engaged upon 'Paradise Lost,' a group representing Eve and the Serpent after the Fall. He is also engaged on ideals of 'Faith,' 'Hope,' and 'Charity.' His model of a statue of Edward Everett is highly appreciated for its successful characterization."

An intimacy of some years between the late Edward Everett and Powers,

during the former's temporary residence in Tuscany, led to a warm personal friendship between the orator and the sculptor. The bust of Everett by Powers, which now adorns the sculpture gallery at Chatsworth, has long been deemed the masterpiece of modern art in that sphere, of the grand collection of which it is the only American illustration. Of course the original model of the head remains in the artist's possession. When Powers heard of his illustrious friend's death, he sought consolation in executing a full-length statue of him—purely as a labor of love. With his materials, recollections, and tender regrets, it is easy to imagine that he was successful in producing an admirable likeness; but the statue is far more than this; it is an effective, individual, and exquisite work of art—one he is not only working at with a will, but unhampered by patronizing criticism, and unhurried by impatient orders. My special object, however, in alluding to this interesting work, is not so much to expatiate on its intrinsic merits, as to suggest its destination, while there is yet an opportunity. Being, as we have said, a work of love and patriotism—designed to honor the country and the man, and not to enrich the artist—we have reason to believe that Mr. Powers will cheerfully bestow the work on the nation, provided it can be worthily and eligibly conserved and exhibited. His first idea was to place it at Mount Vernon, in memory of Mr. Everett's eloquent and successful efforts to redeem the home and tomb of Washington for the nation. There however it would, at present, be seen by comparatively few. Perhaps the most appropriate place for such a memorial would be the proposed National Statue Gallery in the old Representatives' Hall in the Capitol at Washington.

A Western man, rather a novice in European travel, once visited the studio of Powers, and, after gazing upon its array of busts and figures awhile, inquired the price of a statue which caught his fancy; upon being told three thousand dollars, he gave a long whistle, raised his eyebrows, buttoned up his pockets, and strode away exclaiming, "*How sculpter's riz!*" Had this worthy been present at the Merchants' Exchange in New York, a few years later, he would have found additional reason for thinking that art among us was becoming appreciated, even as a marketable interest; under the dome of that palace of Commerce, "the hard-eyed lender and the pale lendee" had convened, not to exchange stock certificates, or "compare notes," but to attend the sale of a statue; great was the interest, enthusiastic the crowd, unwonted the scene, and warm, though limited, the competition; the "Greek Slave," was knocked off for exactly double the original price. An amusing incident also occurred in regard to the "Fisher Boy." A gentleman who set a high value on his copy of this graceful work, before embarking for Europe, had it carefully shrouded in cotton and deposited in a box. A gang of juvenile burglars invaded his premises, broke open the case, thinking, from its weight, to find plate within; but when the white visage of the marble sleeper caught their eyes, by the dim light of a lantern, they dropped their thieving tools and incontinently fled, without a particle of spoil.

We have alluded to the Swedenborgian affinities of Powers: it having been proposed in London to erect a statue of the distinguished Swede, application was made to him, and he wrote the following reply, which is printed in the London Intellectual Repository:—

"FLORENCE, Aug. 10, 1865.

"Dr. SPURGIN:—

"*My Dear Friend,*—I have been much gratified by your kind letter of 5th inst. Please receive my thanks, and communicate them to all who have taken part in the subject of your communication. It is well to be explicit and brief in business matters, and I will therefore begin with answers to your inquiry.

"1st. I shall be glad to execute a statue in marble or bronze of our great author, Swedenborg; and I have nothing at present engaged to prevent my beginning such a work within two or three months.

"2d. I am not rich, and therefore should be glad to accept all the pecuniary aid that could be given within reasonable limits—say £1,200; which would make the work remunerative in the degree of my other works. But if so much cannot be raised, then please see how much can be got, and let me know. I will do the work *for whatever sum can be raised;* and if more than £1,200 be raised, then I will make the statue larger than life, or put additional labor upon it. I should want about two years' time for it. Do not be discouraged if the sum you can raise should be small, but let me know. Of course I should require all the aid (portraits, etc.) you could give. I do not know the nature of the clause (in your circular) which refers to my sentiments in regard to the writings of Swedenborg, and which you think it possible I might object to. I am a 'New Churchman,' a 'Swedenborgian,'—a 'New Jerusalemite,' without any reservation whatever; and *I wish it to be known.* I have always wished this to be known. And if the circular expresses any doubt on this point, then indeed I would object to it. Swedenborg is my author; all other writers (in comparison) seem moving in the dark with tapers in hand—groping their way—while he moves in the broad light of the sun—God's own sun. I read no other author than Swedenborg, nor have I for many years—unless the sermons of New Churchmen. And I am happy to know that God has allowed me to be instrumental in directing attention to our Heavenly Doctrines. Therefore, if it will do good, *publish me* as a New Churchman.

"With kindest regards, I am, dear sir,

"Yours sincerely,

"HIRAM POWERS.

"P.S.—If I have been so very explicit, it is because it has come to my knowledge that I have been misrepresented in London."

When I first met Powers abroad, he had but recently arrived at Florence, and was known in America chiefly through several busts of distin-

guished men, which were generally thought remarkably authentic. There were in his appearance, conversation, and works, at this period, the clearest indications of genius ; but they were not of that impressive and fascinating character which the imagination associates with such an idea. No startling wildness of temperament or eccentricity of habits, no delicate susceptibility or extravagant opinions, suggested the belief that our subsequently illustrious countryman possessed rare gifts. His eye is singularly large and eloquent, and his head decidedly intellectual. Beyond these, no outward sign gives token of his abilities. But, to a reflective observer, there are more genuine signatures of innate power than the multitude recognize. Without any winning grace of deportment or brilliancy of discourse, there was visible in Powers a self-possession, a freedom from affectation, and an integrity of deportment that at once conveyed the feeling that he was no ordinary man.

Genius is a vague term ; but in reference to a man like this, it is perfectly intelligible. His force lies within the region of obvious and palpable results. It is clear, legible, and bold. It is the energy of a mind conscious of its endowments, not overwhelmed by them. To no mysterious world of dreams does he look for revelations. In no wondrous realm of imagination are his images created. With the natural world around us, in its simple and existent beauty, does his perception deal. His special faculty is, first of all, to see justly, next to appreciate wisely, and at last to embody faithfully the elements of natural beauty which God has freely scattered over the earth. The eclectic philosopher accepts the fragments of truth he finds in various systems, and unites them into a rational whole. Powers realizes a similar principle in art. He combines and harmonizes what nature has distributed. He once pointed out to me, on the plaster cast of a beautiful child's face, the minutest changes which death had caused, and the manner in which the expression of life could be restored in the marble, with a minuteness that evinced most impressively his intimate acquaintance with nature as existent in the human physiognomy. His casual remarks on the works of art in the public galleries were equally significant.

It appeared to me very natural that he should read scarcely any poet but Burns, and be an admirer of Franklin. Happily there is no painful discrepancy between the conception and execution of Powers. The hand deftly follows the eye, and the eye the mind. It is Nature that lends him both inspiration and material. In conversation, I was struck with the fact that nearly all his illustrations were drawn from physical fact. He compared, for instance, the movement of a bird's eye he was describing, to the vibration of the second-hand of an old-fashioned clock ; and the appearance of an organ in a cathedral, to that of a large wasp's nest he had once seen in a cave. In a word, it seemed to me that the vocation of Powers, ordained by his organization and idiosyncrasies, is that of an interpreter of nature,—not as to time, or condition, or history, or quality,—but as to form. This he fulfils literally in his busts. His genius consists

first in seizing the element, and next in harmoniously blending it with its kindred ; thus, as it were, redeeming the fragmentary and perverted shapes of humanity to their primeval glory, by embodying in marble the type of Nature as she would assert herself, if freed from the conventional blights and boundaries of custom and error. Thus the genius of Powers is singularly healthful. Some lament that it was not earlier developed ; we cannot but regard this as one of the best evidences of its reality. There is something in the whole career of this remarkable artist which strikes us as eminently American. His powers are of that sustained and effective character which accords with the spirit of our country.

PAGE.

OF all American portrait-painters William Page is the most originally experimental: he has studied his art in theory as well as practice; he has indulged in a wide range of speculation as regards the processes, the methods, and the principles of adepts therein: not satisfied with admiring and emulating Titian and Paul Veronese, he has sought to wrest from their works the secret of that magical color which dazzles and defies the modern painter. At different times Page has painted in different ways—seeking truth by experiment, and in so doing, at one period, achieving a marvellous success, and, at another, ending with a lamentable failure. We doubt if in the range of modern art there can be found from the same hand so great a variety of triumphs and of crudities; the works of Page justify the highest eulogiums of his admirers, and the severest protests of his critics; of his remarkable ability there is no doubt; of his conservative and consistent progress there is but irregular evidence. He seems to unite the conservative instincts of an old-world artist with the bold, experimental ambition of our Young Republic; and we can easily imagine such a consecration of his talents to the spirit of the age, and the needs of aspirations of the hour, as would make him as popular as he is powerful. None of our artists can so philosophize on his vocation; his lectures and his talk are as metaphysical as they are artistic; he has the intuitions and the extravagances of genius. His mind is discursive and reflective; he works with a remarkable intelligence, and over some relations and requirements of his art has a mastery rarely attained; but, in practice, is apt to push theory too far, and is inclined to ignore material necessities and distinctions; his best pictures, as well as his worst, are impressive; and all leave on the mind of the spectator a conviction of genius, rendered uncertain by perversity. I have seen a portrait by Page, in which the beard and eyes were rendered with the minuteness of Denner, with a reality almost painful but for its marvellous skill; another, where costume, attitude, and feature had such a *relievo* that the effect was like a reflection from a looking-glass—no modifying influence of light, shade, or perception subduing the palpable presence; another, with the face corrugated by the peeling off of the paint—a consequence of laying on color as nature does—first red muscle, then epidermis. I

have seen a "Mother and Child," mellow, sweet, calm, with fine *chiaro-oscuro*, masterly in treatment; and an "Ecce Homo" glaring and unspiritual. One can find in Page all the salient elements of traditional art—the crude realism which Pre-Raphaelites adore, the lucent, vital, mellow tints of the Venetian school, the homely and perfect imitation of Flemish still-life; what he can or could do in his prime, challenges admiration; what he may or will do, is an unsolved problem; and yet it is not waywardness, but the love of experiment, the desire to advance, to realize new truths, to achieve fresh triumphs, that leads to this inequality. No American and few modern artists of any nation, have reached a higher point than Page in his felicitous works; few have gained such distinction, and few have found both fame and fortune more precarious.

At the age of nine, Page removed from Albany, N. Y., where he was born, January 23, 1811, to the metropolis of his native State, where his family established themselves. He was one of the pupils of a genial and fluent gentleman, long known as a ready and humorous speaker on public occasions, under the familiar and popular name of Joe Hoxie, whose once famous school in the Bowery is the scene of many a juvenile reminiscence among the old Knickerbockers; and it is a singular coincidence that to another well-known and favorite citizen of the old Dutch stock, he was indebted for the first direct introduction to his legitimate career; for although, when eleven years old, he had gained a premium from the American Institute for an India-ink drawing, the prejudice against art, as an unpropitious vocation, caused his natural proclivity therefor to be ignored; and he was entered at the office of Frederic Depeyster, to learn the theory and practice of the law. Even when his kind instructor, convinced of his unfitness for technical studies and his aptitude for art, introduced him to Colonel Trumbull, that worthy painter and patriot, who had struggled so long with public indifference and capricious fortune, had only words of discouragement for the young aspirant, advising him to cling to law as a more lucrative and honored profession. But Page had made up his mind to acquire the practical skill requisite for a painter; and he found a not very high, but still an initiative scope for his talents as an employé of Herring, who, at that time, executed numerous orders in New York for portraits, banners, transparencies, etc. After a year's desultory, but not unprofitable work, he began the more regular study of art in the studio of Morse; and entered himself a student of the National Academy, where the excellence of his drawings from the antique gained him the silver medal. It is characteristic of the latent enthusiasm and thoughtful inquiry of his nature, that when about seventeen years of age, the subject of religion completely superseded that of art in his mind and affections. So vivid were his first impressions, when this religious experience dawned upon him, that he found in theology a congenial and comprehensive sphere, and proposed to make it his exclusive pursuit. He became a member of the Presbyterian Church, and went to Andover to study divinity. Although it was a youthful impulse which he thus

suddenly obeyed, it may be remarked that a vein of philosophy and a sentiment of reverence, as well as a habitual interest in the mysteries of life and the consolations of faith, are quite as prevalent and permanent traits of Page as his love and capacity for art; indeed, he recognizes the affinity of the latter with the primal instincts of humanity, and the aspirations and destiny of man. Of late years, he has found in the spiritual creed of Swedenborg, congenial aliment and inspiration; and his speculative tendency, and passion for truth in art, carries him into kindred meditations upon "foreknowledge, will, and fate." It did not, however, require many weeks to convince the enthusiast that Presbyterian theology was not, and could never be, the goal of his mental appetite, or the exclusive sphere of his usefulness: won back to his first love, though by no means disloyal to his strong religious convictions, Page resumed his artist-life, and for a year found ample occupation at Albany in portrait-painting, and his works were recognized as equally remarkable for "brilliancy of color and accuracy of drawing." An ardently cherished project of a visit to Europe was indefinitely postponed, in consequence of an attachment he had formed, and which led to his marriage before attaining his majority, and his establishment in New York, where he at once took a high position in portraiture and as a colorist. A full-length likeness of Governor Marcy, executed for the New York City Hall; a portrait of J. Q. Adams; a "Holy Family," now belonging to the Boston Athenæum; "The Wife's Last Visit to her Condemned Husband," and the "Infancy of Henry IV.," are among the works which drew special attention to the genius of Page, and established his early reputation.

His domestic life was unhappy, recourse was had to a divorce, and forming a new matrimonial connection, he set up his easel in Boston, and for some time enjoyed the intimate association of a literary and artistic circle eminently adapted to his tastes and sympathies. Some of his most remarkable portraits were painted at this period; and he was soon enabled to carry out his original purpose, and embark for Europe. For many years Page was the leading American portrait-painter in Rome, where his success in emulating the excellencies of the Venetian school was marked and memorable. One of his copies of Titian was stopped by the authorities at Florence as an original. It is characteristic of his versatility, that, after much study, he discovered a new and most artistically as well as scientifically suggestive method of measuring the human body. His "Moses," "Ruth," and "Venus," intensely admired by some, were perplexing art-problems to others; their superiority in color was universally admitted, their individuality of conception was apparent; but between the impression of grandeur and grotesqueness, a wide diversity of critical opinion was elicited—not, however, failing to recognize emphatically the ability, however the wisdom of the artist was questioned.

Some of the portraits of Page—where the subject is favorable, and especially if congenial to the painter—and his copies from Titian, appeal most distinctly and absolutely to our admiration. No modern portraits excel,

and few equal, his of Lowell, Mrs. Crawford, Robert Browning, and Charlotte Cushman. "At the risk," said a writer in the London Art Journal, "of being thought guilty of exaggeration, I declare, after visiting his studio, that Page is the best portrait-painter of modern times; he has the same traits as Titian and Veronese." A few years ago, after his return to America, Page delivered a course of lectures on painting, and therein exhibited a comprehensive and an acute study of the means, processes, and principles of the art and its noblest exemplars, which impressed all who heard him with the conviction that few artists of our day have so profoundly sought for the truth and the science of pictorial art, and that his merits are the result of intense and independent reflection and original experiment.

There is a portrait of a lady at Rome, by Page, full of tranquil reality, harmonious, deep, lucent, and vital in color, mature in tone and character, which affects the mind of one acquainted with the original in a mysterious and entrancing way; it is as if we saw the likeness of a progenitor of her we know, as delineated by one of those old masters of the fifteenth century—the ancestral parallel and type of the living—so difficult is it to realize that this portrait was executed in our day, and by an American painter. There is another of his portraits in New England—the beard, complexion, hair, collar, and doublet precisely like those of some prince or hero of mediæval times, as portrayed by Vandyke or Titian;—the same *rclievo*, strength of outline, vital force and individuality, masterly finish, and mellow and vivid tints. While we wonder at and enjoy such triumphs, we instinctively ask if the Past is the true oracle for the artist; if to be great, the painter must be retrospective; if progress, so manifest in science and society, means to the limner earnest recurrence to ancient exemplars, absolute reliance on methods prevalent three centuries ago? Long since, one of his masterpieces of portraiture was engraved by Cheney, under the title of "St. Agnes;" and his portrait of the lamented Col. Shaw, is wonderful in its truth of expression, feature, and character.

At Rome, Page enjoyed the companionship of Robert and Elizabeth Browning, Crawford, Story, and other of our native artists, as well as that of the many visitors of culture who make that city their winter home; his position was eminently favorable both for study and appreciation; and when, in 1853, he visited Venice, it must have been, to such a painter, like reaching the shrine and temple of his art, to verify his convictions, freshen his love, confirm his practice and insight, where Titian lived and died, and where his greatest works are gathered. "The laws which Titian discovered have been unheeded for centuries," says an art-critic, "and they might have remained so, had not the mind of William Page felt the necessity of their revival and use. To him there could be no chance-work. Art must have laws as definite and immutable as those of science; indeed, the body in which the spirit of art is developed, and through which it acts, must be science itself. He saw that, if exact imitation of nature be taken as the law in painting, there must inevitably occur the difficulty, that,

above a certain point, paint no longer undergoes transfiguration, thereby losing its character as mere coloring material;—that, if the ordinary tone of Nature be held as the legitimate key-note, the scope of the palette would be exhausted before success could be achieved."

There is a portrait of a child, by Page, in the possession of Evert A. Duyckinck, not less remarkable for its expressive truth as a likeness, than for a solidity and tone, so rare at the time, that it was the gem of the Exhibition. Another picture of his, of a different kind, but equally characteristic, called the "Young Merchants," is in the Carey collection at Philadelphia, Pa.; and, among his recent portraits, are those of Farragut, in the shrouds of his flag-ship, the "Hartford," and Hiram Barney, Esq.; his Ruth and Naomi belongs to the N. Y. Historical Society; his portrait of Governor Marcy is in the City Hall; his "Mother and Child," in the Boston Athenæum; his portrait of Col. Shaw, in the possession of Francis G. Shaw, Esq., of Staten Island.

That we have not over-estimated the peculiar success, or the transitions and inequality of Page, is evident from the testimony of one who himself excelled in another art, and who ardently sympathized with and intelligently appreciated his gifted countryman and friend. Of Page's coloring, Paul Akers says: "Mr. Page adopts a key somewhat lower than that of nature, as a point of departure, using his degrees of color frugally, especially in the ascending scale. With this economy, when he approaches the luminous effects of nature, he falls just where any other palette would be exhausted, upon his own, a reserve of high color. With this, seeking only a corresponding effect of light in that lower tone which assumes no rivalry with the infinite glory of nature, he attains to a representation fully successful."

After the most emphatic eulogy of his portraits and Venetian reproductions, the same author adds: "The 'Venus' of Page we cannot accept—not because it may be unbeautiful, for that might be but a shortcoming,—not because of any technical failure, for, with the exception of weakness in the character of waves, nothing can be finer,—not because it lacks elevated sentiment, for this Venus was not the celestial,—but because it has nothing to do with the present, neither is it of the past, nor related in anywise to any imaginable future." On the other hand, the "Moses" fills the sculptor's imagination, and elicits his earnest admiration. "We feel," he declares, "that, viewed even in its mere external, it is as simple and majestic as the Hebrew language. The far sky, with its pallid moon,—the deep, shadowy valley, with its ghostly warriors,—the group on the near mountain, with its superb youth, its venerable age, and its manhood too strong and vital for the destructive years;—in the presence of such a creation there is time for a great silence."

ELLIOT.

IF continuity of purpose, a steady and progressive habitude of application, absolute loyalty to an ideal standard of excellence, could be justly ascribed to Charles Loring Elliot, he would not only take a permanently high rank among American portrait-painters, but his fame would be harmonious and individual; whereas, while certain traits identify his works, they are as unequal in artistic merit as in subject—according to the state of mind and nerves, of motive and care, wherewith they have been executed. The vigor and truth of his best likenesses—the character and the color which distinguish them, are such as win for him among the judicious, the respect and interest due to a master. This is especially true of such of his heads as represent men of strong, practical natures, who have battled with life and the elements, who have thought deeply, struggled manfully, or achieved success through firmness, shrewdness, and self-reliance; and whose faces bear the lines of this warfare and achievement—all the more effective under the artist's hand, if the complexion is of that ruddy hue which Stuart loved to delineate, and the hair profuse and whitened by time. For Elliot is a man of will rather than of sensibility, one who grasps keenly his subject, rather than is magnetized thereby: his touch is bold and free; he seizes the genuine, and pierces the conventional; he has a natural and robust feeling for color; he is more vigorous than delicate; and it would not have been requisite for Cromwell, had he sat to him, to say, "Paint me as I am." There is a manly instinct which leads him to give prominence to the essential and characteristic; and the more of a man his subject is, in intellect, spirit, feature, and expression, the more satisfactory will be the 'counterfeit presentment.' Born in 1812, in one of those rural towns in the interior of the State of New York, which are deformed by incongruous classical names, probably his first notion of art was derived from his father's profession, who united to agriculture the business of an architect—to exercise which more lucratively, they removed from Scipio to Syracuse; where the son was placed, like so many of our embryo artists, in a store, and, like them, disliked the occupation, and sought compensation in dabbling in crayons and colors. The natural tendency of his mind was so obvious, that his father, at last, consented to the relinquishment of the mercantile experiment, but only in the hope of making his son an architect. The plan so little suited Elliot, the younger, that we soon find him in the city of New York, a pupil of Trumbull; then he worked with

and for a fancy painter named Quidor; he copied prints in oil, and won favorable notice by two illustrations of Irving and Paulding, but met with little success in his first attempts at portraiture. He had, however, mastered many of the technialities of his art; and, thus equipped, returned to his native region, and, for several years, was more or less busy in the western parts of the State, as a portrait painter. This field of practice developed his powers and gained him an adequate, through precarious subsistence. His experiences, like those of so many of his profession, abound in naïve glimpses of character in those comparatively isolated communities; independent in feeling, with a genuine sense of humor and a marked originality, he was often an object of interest to his sitters, and indulged in the freaks of the wandering artist. It is related of him, that, at a subsequent period, when known to fame, he was engaged upon the portrait of an eminent ecclesiastic. That worthy gentleman, full of admiration for his talents, and of regret that they were not exercised with more wisdom, determined to ingratiate himself with the painter, win his confidence, and then frankly criticise and counsel. Somewhat in awe of his protégé, he nervously postponed the lecture until towards the last of their interviews; and then, with what he believed to be consummate tact, gave a personal turn to his remarks, began by expressing sympathy, gradually hinted at faults, and at last, with a vigilant eye on his companion, ventured upon appeals and remonstrance. All this time Elliot worked away upon the likeness, giving no sign of annoyance; and taking courage, his reverend and venerable sitter wound up his discourse with a severe admonition, not without a secret dread of the artist's anger. He paused for a reply, doubtful whether he had provoked an enemy or won a convert; and confessed afterwards that he never felt so utterly insignificant, as when the artist, with the urbane but positive authority of his profession, merely said—"Turn your head a little to the right, and *shut your mouth.*" A similar anecdote is related of Jarvis, and may not be original; but *se non é vero, é ben trovato.*

There is usually on Elliot's easel a strong, richly-colored head in the process of completion: how true the lines, how effective the relief and contour, and with what nature the white hair rests upon the florid temple! There is not such a vigorous pencil among our limners; when an old man whose face is ploughed with the thought and cares of an adventurous life, and yet alive with the latent fires and marked with the strong will of robust maturity, sits to Elliot, the portrait becomes not only a noble likeness, but a grand study of character and of color.

He has lately finished an excellent portrait of Church, and judging by the vigor and vitality it displays, the work must have been a labor of love to the artist. It is like all his best portraits, remarkable for a certain manly simplicity; the head and expression are full of character; the likeness is excellent; the effect lifelike. "There is nothing in this Academy," said a judicious critic a few years since, "to compare with Elliot's portrait of Fletcher Harper, for *grasp of subtle individualities and sugges-*

tion of the nature through the face. The nearest approach to that splendid picture's unique excellence is a rough sketch of T. B. Thorpe—taken at one sitting—so vital, forceful, and full of the genial subject, that one half puts out his hand on seeing it."

Elliot's ability was too marked to be long confined to a provincial sphere; and he returned, in his prime, to the city of New York, where he has since chiefly been established as a portrait-painter, with frequent intervals of professional journeys; and his present residence is Albany, N. Y. He has executed likenesses of many eminent men—statesmen, military celebrities, clergymen, and authors—nearly all of which are pronounced by competent judges as remarkable for "fidelity of likeness and vigorous coloring." His head of Halleck gives us better than any other, the eloquent eye and characteristic mouth of that favorite poet; his full-lengths of American officials, of which he has painted several, are full of character; examine any one of them, if familiar with the original, and a masterly superiority will be apparent. It is a vigorous portrait, very true, not only to the features, but the natural language of the subject. It gives us not only the form, but the very air of the man. How much better *poséd* is the figure than the average of full-lengths in the City Hall! Elliott is no experimental limner; he has a strong, true touch, an admirable sense of color. Often his portrait is the man himself, and, at the same time, a perfect illustration of American life—with hat, coat, and cane—firm on his feet, confident, and going *somewhere*—the epitome of a progressive, locomotive race, born for office and action. A very clever specimen of this artist's success in fancy portraiture, of which we do not remember another example, is the little picture of Falstaff. What an incarnation of jolly epicurism! how complacently his hand rests on the distented paunch, as if indicating the seat of the soul; what animal delight in the eye, what thorough sensual philosophy in the whole expression! The coloring, too, is in Elliot's best manner.

Among the full-lengths, Elliot has painted those of Henry F. Bacon, of St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. S. Colt, of Hartford, and W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, D. C. He has executed nearly seven hundred portraits; among them those of Sanford Thayer of Syracuse; Captain John Ericsson of London; J. W. Hammersley, Captain Delano, L. Gaylord Clark, Joseph Curtis, Mr. Van Cortlandt, F. S. Cózzens, of New York; General Wadsworth of Geneva; J. T. Brady, Dr. Carnochan, W. T. Walters, G. W. Riggs of Washington, and Henry Burden of Troy. Elliot's portrait of Fletcher Harper is justly considered by his brother artists and the best critics, as a masterpiece. In this instance, the character of the expression and the complexion were precisely such as the artist was able perfectly to seize, and the Committee who selected American pictures to be sent to the Paris Exposition, unanimously chose it as a typical and clever American portrait. His portraits of Governors Bouck, Hunt, and Seymour, and of Mayors Harper and Kingsland, are in the New York City Hall; in the State Library, at Albany, are his portraits

of Washington Hunt and Erastus Corning; that of Charles Bradenburgh belongs to the Mercantile Library Association of Baltimore; those of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour are in the possession of the family, at Utica, N. Y.; his portraits of Col. McKinney and of Bryant belong to Mr. McGuire, of Washington, D. C. Among other of his memorable portraits, we can only mention Cooper, the novelist; Church and Durand, the artists; ex-Governor Morgan, of New York; the late Colonel Colt, of Hartford, Conn.; W. T. Walters, Esq., of Baltimore, Md.; and a cabinet portrait of himself, which brought eight hundred dollars at the Avery sale.

The labors of this artist in the rural districts, at the outset, and his comparatively small remuneration therefor; his large commissions from municipal authorities, at the height of his fame, and the fact that, when the War for the Union suddenly enriched so many speculators, he set up his easel in William street, and dashed off upon canvas, at high prices, the cotton-merchants who sat to him, in the hurried intervals of their restless speculations, are all characteristic of the country and the times, in their relation to the pursuit of art. Nor is the education of Elliot less characteristic of artist-life in America, the spirit in which its difficulties are surmounted, and the happy accidents that favor its true votaries. I cannot better give the most auspicious incident of Elliot's early experience, than as it was related to me by an art-loving friend, when his guest in the delightful rural vicinage of the painter's native home.

Waiting, in the little front parlor of a house in the town of C——, to transact some business with its occupant, he was attracted by a clever sketch in oil that hung above the fireplace. It might have escaped notice elsewhere, but traces of real skill in Art were too uncommon in this region to be disregarded by any lover of her fruits. The readiness to seize upon any casual source of interest, common with those who "stand and wait" in a place where they are strangers, doubtless had something to do with the careful attention he bestowed upon this production. It was a very modest attempt,—a bit of a landscape, with two horses grazing and a man at work in the foreground. Quiet in tone, and half-concealed by the shaded casement, it was only by degrees, and to ward off the ennui of a listless half-hour, that he gradually became absorbed in its examination. There were some masterly lines, clever arrangement, a true feeling, and a peculiar delicacy of treatment, that implied the hand of a trained artist.

This pleasant communion with the unknown was at last interrupted by the entrance of the tardy man-of-business; but the instant their affair was transacted my friend inquired about the sketch. It proved to be the work of a young Englishman then residing in the neighborhood. He obtained his address, and sought his dwelling. The artist was scraping an old pallette as he entered, and advanced with it in one hand, while he saluted him with the air of a gentleman and the simplicity of an honest man. He wore a linen blouse, his collar was open, his hair long and dark, his complexion pale, his eye thoughtful, and a settled expression of sweetness and candor about the mouth made his visitor feel at a glance that he had rightly inter-

preted the sketch. He mentioned it as an apology for his intrusion, and added, that a natural fondness for Art, and rare opportunities for gratifying the taste, induced him to improve occasions like this with alacrity. The artist seemed delighted to welcome such a visitor, as his life for several weeks had been quite isolated. The retirement and agreeable scenery of this inland town harmonized with his feelings; he was unambitious, happy in his domestic relations, and had managed, from time to time, to execute a portrait or dispose of a sketch, and thus subsist in comfort; so that an accidental and temporary visit to this secluded region had unconsciously lengthened into a whole summer's residence,—partly to be abscribed to the kindness and easy terms of his good old host, a thrifty farmer, whose wife, having no children of her own, doted upon the painter's boy, and grieved at the mention of their departure. "I doubt," said my friend, "if he would have had the enterprise to migrate at all, but for my urgency; but I soon discovered that, with the improvidence of his tribe, he had laid nothing by, and that he stood in need of medical advice, and, after a long conversation, upon my engaging to secure him an economical home and plenty of work in Utica, he promised to remove thither in a month: and then, becoming more cheerful, he exhibited, one by one, the trophies of art in his possession."

Among them were a Moreland and a Gainsborough, some fine engravings after Reynolds, prints, cartoons, and crayon heads by famous artists, and two or three Hogarth proof-impressions; but the treasure which riveted my friend's gaze, was a masterly head of such vigorous outline and effective tints, that he immediately recognized the strong, free, bold handling of Gilbert Stuart. "That was given to me," said the gratified painter, "by the son of an Edinburgh physician, who, when a young practitioner, had the good fortune to call one day upon Stuart when he was suffering from the effects of a fall. He had been thrown from a vehicle, and had broken his arm, which was so unskilfully set that it became inflamed and swollen, and the clumsy surgeon talked of amputation. Imagine the feelings of such an artist at the idea of losing his right arm! The doctor's visit was not professional, but seeing the despondent mood of the invalid painter, he could not refrain the offer of service. It was accepted, and proved successful, and the patient's gratitude was unbounded. As the doctor refused pecuniary compensation, Stuart insisted upon painting a likeness of his benefactor; and as he worked under no common impulse, the result as you see was a masterpiece."

A few weeks after this pleasant interview, my friend had established his protégé at Utica, and obtained him several commissions. But his medical attendant pronounced his disease incurable; he lingered a few months, conversing to the last, during the intervals of pain and feebleness, with a resignation and intelligence quite endearing. When he died, my friend advised his widow to preserve as long as possible the valuable collection he had left, and with it she repaired to one of her kindred in affluent circumstances, living fifty miles away. She endeavored to force upon his acceptance one at least of her husband's cherished pictures; but, knowing

her poverty, he declined, only stipulating that if ever she parted with the Stuart, he should have the privilege of taking it at her own price.

A year passed, and he was informed that many of her best pictures had become the property of her relative, who, however, knew not how to appreciate them. He commissioned an acquaintance to purchase, at any cost, the one he craved, when it was discovered that a native artist, who had been employed to delineate the family, had obtained this work in payment, and had it carefully enshrined in his studio in Syracuse. This was Charles Elliot; and the possession of so excellent an original by one of the best of our artists in this department, explains his subsequent triumphs in portraiture. He made a study of his trophy; it inspired his pencil; from its contemplation he caught the secret of color, the breadth and strength of execution which have since placed him among the first American portrait-painters, especially for old and characteristic heads. Thus, in the centre of Western New York, he found his Academy, his Royal College, his Gallery and life-school, in one adequate effort of Stuart's masterly hand; the offering of gratitude became the model and the impulse whereby a farmer's son on the banks of the Mohawk rose to the highest skill and eminence. But this was a gradual process; and meantime it is easy to imagine what a treasure the picture became in his estimation. It was only by degrees that his merit gained upon public regard. His first visit to New York was a failure; and after waiting many weeks in vain for a sitter, he was obliged to pay his indulgent landlord with a note of hand, and return to the more economical latitude of Syracuse. There he learned that a wealthy trader, desirous of the *éclat* of a connoisseur, was resolved to possess the cherished portrait. Although poor, he was resolved never to part with it; but the sagacious son of Mammon was too keen for him. Discovering his indebtedness, he bought the artist's note of the innkeeper, and levied an execution upon his effects. But genius is often more than a match for worldly wisdom. Elliot soon heard of the plot, and determined to defeat it. He worked hard and secretly, until he had made so good a copy that the most practised eye alone could detect the counterfeit; and then, concealing the original at his lodgings, he quietly awaited the legal attachment. It was duly levied, the sale took place, and the would-be amateur bought the familiar picture hanging in its accustomed position, and then boasted in the market-place of the success of his base scheme. Ere long one of Elliot's friends revealed the clever trick. The enraged purchaser commenced a suit, and although the painter eventually retained the picture, the case was carried to the Supreme Court, and he was condemned to pay costs. Ten years elapsed. The artist became an acknowledged master, and prosperity followed his labors. No one can mistake the rich tints and vigorous expression, the character and color, which distinguish Elliot's portraits; but few imagine how much he is indebted to the long possession and study of so invaluable an original, for these traits, moulded by his genius into so many admirable representations of the loved, the venerable, and the honored, both living and dead.

CRAWFORD.

THERE is no phase of modern life so legitimate in its enjoyment and so pleasing to contemplate as the life of the true artist. Endowed with a faculty and inspired by a love for creative beauty, work is to him at once a high vocation and a generous instinct. Imagine the peace and the progress of those years at Rome, when Crawford toiled day after day in his studio,—at first without encouragement and for bread, then in a more confident spirit and with more definite triumph, and at last crowned with domestic happiness and artistic renown,—his mind filled with ideal tasks more and more grand in their scope, and the coming years devoted in prospect to the realization of his noblest aspirations. From early morning to twilight, with rare and brief interruptions, he thus designed, modelled, chiselled, superintended, every day adding something permanent to his trophies. This self-consecration was entire, and in his view indispensable. Few and simple were the recreative interludes : a reunion of brother-artists or fellow-countrymen and their families,—an occasional journey, almost invariably with a professional intent,—a summer holiday or a winter festival ; but, methodical in pastime as in work, his family and his books were his cherished resources. Often so weary at night that he returned home only to recline on a couch, caress his children, or refresh his mind with some agreeable volume provided by his vigilant companion,—the best energies of his mind and the freshest hours of life were absolutely given to Art. This is the great lesson of his career : not by spasmodic effort, or dalliance with moods, or fiftul resolution, did he accomplish so much ; but by earnestness of purpose, consistency of aim, heroic decision of character. There is nothing less vague, less casual in human experience, than true artist-life. Rome is the shrine of many a dreamer, the haunt of countless inefficient enthusiasts. But there, as elsewhere, will must intensify thought, action control imagination, or both are fruitless. Those melancholy ruins, those grand temples of religion, the immortal forms and hues that glorify palace and chapel, square, mausoleum, and Vatican, the dreamy murmur of fountains, the aroma of violets and pine-trees, the pensive relics of imperial sway, the sublime desolation of the Campagna, the mystery of Nature and Art, where both are hallowed by time, the social zest of an original brotherhood like the artists, the freedom and loveliness, the ravishment of spring,

and the soft radiance of sunset, all that there captivates soul and sense, must be resisted as well as enjoyed;—self-control, self-respect, self-dedication are as needful as susceptibility, or these peerless local charms will only enchant to betray the artist. Crawford carried to Rome the ardor of an Irish temperament and the vigor of an American character. Hundreds have passed through a like ordeal of privation, ungenial because conventional work, and slow approach to the goal of recognized power and remunerated sacrifice; but few have emerged from the shadow to the sunshine by such manly steps and patient, cheerful trust. It was not the voice of complaint that first attracted towards him intelligent sympathy,—it was brave achievement; and from the day when a remittance from Boston enabled him to put his Orpheus in marble, to the day when, attended by his devoted sister, he paid the last visit to his crowded studio, and looked, with quivering eyelids, but firm heart, on the silent but eloquent offspring of his brain and hand, the Artist in him was coincident with the Man,—clear, unswerving, productive, the sphere extending, the significance multiplying, and the mastery becoming more and more complete through resolute practice, vivid intuition, and candid search for truth.

Thomas Crawford was born in New York, March 22, 1813, and died in London, October 16, 1857. His lineage, school education, and early facilities indicate no remarkable means or motive for artistic development; they were such as belong to the average position of the American citizen; although a bit of romance, which highly amused the young sculptor, was the visit of a noble Irish lady to his studio, who ardently demonstrated their common descent from an ancient house. At first, contented to experiment as a juvenile draughtsman, to gaze into the windows of print-shops, to collect what he could obtain in the shape of casts, to carve flowers, leaves, and monumental designs in the marble-yard of Launitz,—then adventuring in wood-sculptures and portraits; until the encouragement of Thorwaldsen, the nude models of the French Academy at Rome, and copies from the Demosthenes and other antiques in the Vatican, disciplined his eye and touch,—thus by a healthful, rigorous process attaining the manual skill and the mature judgment which equipped him to venture wisely in the realm of original conception,—there was a thoroughness and a progressive application in his whole initiatory course, prophetic, to those versed in the history of Art, of the ultimate and secure success so legitimately earned.

If Rome yields the choicest test, in modern times, of individual endowment in sculpture, by virtue of her unequalled treasures and select proficients in Art,—Munich affords the second ordeal in Europe, because of the cultivated taste and superior foundries for which that capital is renowned; and it is remarkable that both the great statues there cast from Crawford's models by Müller, inspired those impromptu festivals which give expression to German enthusiasm. The advent of the Beethoven statue was celebrated by the adequate performance, under the auspices of both court and artists, of that peerless composer's grandest music. When,

on the evening of his arrival, Crawford went to see, for the first time, his Washington in bronze, he was surprised at the dusky precincts of the vast arena; suddenly torches flashed illumination on the magnificent horse and rider, and simultaneously burst forth from a hundred voices a song of triumph and jubilee: thus the delighted Germans congratulated their gifted brother, and hailed the sublime work,—to them typical at once of American freedom, patriotism, and genius. The king warmly recognized the original merits and consummate effect of the work; the artists would suffer no inferior hands to pack and despatch it to the sea-side; peasants greeted its triumphal progress;—the people of Richmond were emulous to share the task of conveying it from the quay to the Capitol hill; mute admiration, followed by ecstatic cheers, hailed its unveiling, and the most gracious native eloquence inaugurated its erection.

Descriptions of works of Art, especially of statues, are proverbially unsatisfactory; only a vague idea can be given in words, to the unprofessional reader; otherwise we might dwell upon the eager, intent attitude of Orpheus as he seems to glide by the dozing Cerberus, shading his eyes as they peer into the mysterious labyrinth he is about to enter in search of his ravished bride;—we might expatiate on the graceful, dignified aspect of Beethoven, the concentration of his thoughtful brow, and the loving serenity of his expression,—a kind of embodied musical self-absorption, yet an accurate portrait of the man in his inspired mood; so might he have stood when gathering into his serene consciousness the pastoral melodies of Nature, on a summer evening, to be incorporated into immortal combinations of harmonious sound;—we might descant upon the union of majesty and spirit in the figure of Washington, and the vital truth of action in the horse, the air of command and of rectitude, the martial vigor and grace, so instantly felt by the popular heart, and so critically praised by the adept in statuary cognizant of the difficulties to be overcome and the impression to be absolutely evolved from such a work, in order to make it at once true to nature and to character;—we might repeat the declaration, that no figure, ancient or modern, so entirely illustrates the classic definition of oratory, as consisting in action, as the statue of Patrick Henry, which seems instinct with that memorable utterance, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

"I heard it stated by gentlemen," writes James, the novelist, "that the moment chosen for the depiction of Washington, was at the battle of Monmouth, or at half a dozen other battles. But it seemed to me that such an idea was all a mistake. I cannot, of course, enter into the mind of the great artist, now, alas! gone, and say what was in his thoughts; but I do not believe Crawford intended to represent any particular moment or any particular event in Washington's life. It was only Washington—Washington embalmed in memories, such as leave behind all spices of the Egyptian tomb—the love of his countrymen, the gratitude of ages, the admiration of a world—Washington leading on, not so much to victory and fame, as to duty and liberty."

Crawford studied the animal he proposed to portray with singular zeal; Franconi exercised a noble horse privately for his benefit, especially bringing him into the very relation with his rider the sculptor desired to realize. In this work, the first merit is *naturalness;* although full of equine ardor, the graceful and noble animal is evidently subdued by his rider; calm power is obvious in the man-restrained eagerness in the horse; Washington's left hand is on the snaffle bridle, which is drawn back; he sits with perfect ease and dignity, the head and face a little turned to the left, as if his attention had just been called in that direction, either in expectancy, or to give an order; he points forward and a little upwards; the figure is erect, the chest thrown forward, the knees pressed to the saddle, the heel nearly beneath the shoulder, and the sole of the foot almost horizontal. The seat is a military and not a hunting seat; the horse is recognized by one acquainted with breeds, as a charger of Arab blood.*

During Crawford's last visit to America, I accompanied him to examine a portrait of Washington by Wright. It boasts no elegance of arrangement or refinement of execution; at a glance it was evident that the artist had but a limited sense of beauty, and lacked imagination; but, on the other hand, possessed what, for a sculptor's object,—namely, facts of form and feature,—is more important,—conscience. Crawford declared this was the only portrait of Washington which literally represented his costume; having recently examined the uniform, sword, etc., he was enabled to identify the strands of the epaulette, the number of buttons, and even the peculiar seal and watch-key. A man so faithful to details, so devoted to authenticity, Crawford argued, was reliable in more essential things. He remarked, that one of his own greatest difficulties in the equestrian statue had been to reconcile the shortness of the neck in Stuart's portrait and Houdon's statue (the body of which was not taken from life) with the stature of Washington,—there being an anatomical incongruity therein. "I had determined," he continued, "to follow what the laws of nature and all precedent indicate as the right proportion,—otherwise it would be impossible to make a graceful and impressive statue; but in this picture, bearing such remarkable evidence of authenticity, I find the correct distance between chin and breast."

By a singular and affecting coincidence the news of Crawford's death reached the United States simultaneously with the arrival of the ship containing the colossal bronze statue of Washington—his crowning achievement; and how many impressive associations cluster around that monument—now associated, as it is, with the central seat of a sanguinary rebellion—the scene of shameful and unparalleled sufferings inflicted on Union prisoners of war—the object of a prolonged and bloody siege—the nucleus of Treason, whose fall sealed the fate of a vast and base conspiracy, and signalized the death of Slavery; while, through all these bloody and bitter vicissitudes—the noble form of our peerless chief looked forth from

* Character and Portraits of Washington, p. 82.

the Capitol hill of his native State, in silent majesty, until once more the flag of his country and of our rescued nationality waved in peace and triumph!

No American subject has been treated in marble with such profound local significance as the "Indian Chief,"—a statue by Crawford, now most appropriately occupying the entrance-hall of the New York Historical Society; and no more judicious compliment to the artist's fame can be imagined than the English sculptor Gibson's proposal, at the meeting of artists at Rome called to pay a last tribute to Crawford's memory, that this statue should be cast in bronze, and set up as a permanent memorial of his national fame in one of the squares of the Eternal City. The attitude, air, and expression, the grand proportions, the aboriginal type of form and feature, the bowed head, the clenched hand, the stoical despair of this majestic figure, adequately and eloquently symbolize the destruction of a Race, and marks the advent of civilization on this continent.

Crawford's statue of "James Otis," now in the Chapel of Mount Auburn, has the legitimate yet rare merit of expressing to the life, its illustrious subject. James Otis possessed the threefold character of patriot, scholar, and gentleman. Crawford has reproduced them all in this marble personation. The very air of the figure claims what Burns calls "the glorious privilege of being independent." It is pre-eminently the statue of a freeman; the nobility of nature and the refinement of culture are stamped on every line and feature; his commanding posture, the open, intelligent, earnest countenance, the dignified bearing, the urbane firmness of a man who understands as well as maintains the truth he asserts—all breathe from his majestic form and the glowing features. The costume, as managed by the artist, while historically correct, is gracefully effective, both in its general significance and in its elegant details; it also marks the epoch, as the scroll inscribed "Writs of Assistance," grasped in one of the hands, indicates the moment chosen.

Another characteristic work by this artist is thus described by a Washington correspondent during the late War for the Union:

"The great Washington door for the new Capitol at Washington is being finished at the Ames works in Chicopee, where two entire years have been spent upon it. Many of the panels are already completed, and the work is progressing as fast as its peculiar complexity will allow. Designed by the lamented Crawford, just previous to his death, it was his *chef-d'œuvre*. Had he survived, undoubtedly the contract for casting would have gone to Munich, like its predecessor, the Columbus historic door, such was his prejudice against his country in this respect. The massive door has eight panels, four on a side, emblematic respectively of peace and war. On the side devoted to peace, commencing at the bottom, is a group of Washington and his family, representing the peaceful condition of the country at the close of the revolutionary struggle. Next above is the ovation at Trenton—then a scene representing the administration of the oath of office—and crowning this section is the laying of the corner-stone of the Capitol building. The war side has first a panel symbolizing the stern

ideal of deadly strife—a British Grenadier, fully armed, attacking a peaceful farmer near a rude log cabin, whose sinewy arm has already sent him reeling to the ground, while the stalwart yeoman's wife is seen handing her husband his trusty firelock, in case he should need it. Above this is the Bayonet Charge at Trenton—then the Rebuke of General Lee by Washington, at Monmouth—and finally the Death of General Warren. The panel representing the reprimand of General Lee is a most striking and lifelike scene. Washington had always, it seems, suspected Lee of disloyalty, and on this occasion found that he had not only failed utterly to carry out his express orders, but had actually ordered and commenced a most cowardly retreat. Washington is seen as having ridden rapidly to where he meets Lee under a tree, and rising in the stirrups of his saddle, administers a rebuke that droops the traitor's head as much as Lee's military salute to his chieftain has his sword. It is said that this was the only instance in which Washington was ever known to use language even bordering on profanity. The singular thing about this particular panel is, that Jeff. Davis was one of the Commissioners to examine Crawford's designs for this historic and conspicuous piece of work for the new Capitol—the wonder being that he, or any other Southern man, should have consented to emblazon this withering shame on one of the most chivalric sons of the South. Yet so it is—and let the sympathizers with his fitting representative, in the person of Robert E. Lee, remember the prophecy of the panel, and its historic verification to-day."

The dignity, spirit, and grace of Crawford's colossal model of Liberty have been generally recognized.

An interesting correspondence in reference to this statue on the dome of the Capitol, not long since came to light through the instrumentality of Mr. Rice, chairman of the Committee of Public Building and Lands. Mr. Rice and other members of the committee were dissatisfied with the helmet which crowns the statue, and a letter was addressed to Mr. Walter, the architect of the Capitol extension, asking him if it were possible to displace the helmet and return to Mr. Crawford's original design. Mr. Walter is opposed to any attempt at improvement now that the statue is fixed in its place and Mr. Crawford is dead. He submits a correspondence between Captain Meigs and Mr. Crawford and Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of State, which is extremely interesting. There are letters, however, which do not appear in this correspondence, and which undoubtedly have been lost. In those letters Mr. Davis objected to the liberty cap as a part of the crest of the statue. In June, 1855, Mr. Crawford remitted his first design. He says: "I have endeavored to represent Freedom triumphant in peace and war; the wreath on her head has a double signification and allusion to this—one-half of it being composed of wheat sprigs, the other half of laurel."

In October of the same year Mr. Crawford modified his first design, after having seen Mr. Walter's plans for the architecture of the Capitol. In Mr. Crawford's letter to Captain Meigs, during this month, occurs the subjoined singular passage:—

"It is quite possible that Mr. Jefferson Davis may, *as upon a former occasion*, object to the cap of Liberty and the fasces. I can only say in reply that the work is for the people, and they must be addressed in language they understand, and which has become unalterable for the masses.

"The emblems I allude to can never be replaced by any invention of the artist; all that can be done is to add to them, as I have done, by placing the circlet of stars around the cap of liberty: it thus becomes more picturesque, and nothing of its generally understood signification is lost. I might, did time permit, enter upon a lengthy argument to show how sculpture is limited in the use of accessories, and that those only of the simplest and most intelligible character can be admitted, particularly in works destined for the instruction and gratification of the public. All arguments, however, must reduce themselves into the question: 'Will the people understand it?' I, therefore, hope the Secretary will allow the emblems to 'pass muster.'

"I have said the statue represents 'armed Liberty.' She rests upon the shield of our country, the triumph of which is made apparent by the wreath held in the same hand which grasps the shield; in her right hand she holds the sheathed sword, to show the fight is over for the present, but ready for use whenever required. The stars upon her brow indicate her heavenly origin; her position upon the globe represents her protection of the *American* world—the justice of whose cause is made apparent by the emblems supporting it."

Here is Jefferson Davis's letter to Captain Meigs entire:—

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, January 15, 1856.

"*Sir:*—The second photograph of the statue with which it is proposed to crown the dome of the Capitol impresses me most favorably. Its general grace and power, striking at first view, has grown on me as I studied its details.

"As to the cap, I can only say, without intending to press the objection formerly made, that it seems to me that its history renders it inappropriate to a people who were born free, and would not be enslaved.

"The language of art, like all living tongues, is subject to change; thus the bundle of rods, if no longer employed to suggest the functions of the Roman lictor, may lose the symbolic character derived therefrom, and be confined to the rough signification drawn from its other source, the fable teaching the instructive lesson that in union there is strength. But the liberty cap has an established origin in its use as the badge of the freed slave, and though it should have another emblematic meaning to-day, a recurrence to that origin may give to it in the future the same popular acceptation which it had in the past.

"Why should not armed Liberty wear a helmet? Her conflict being over, her cause triumphant, as shown by the other emblems of the statue, the visor would be up, so as to permit, as in the photograph, the display of a circle of stars—expressive of endless existence and of heavenly birth

"With these remarks I leave the matter to the judgment of Mr. Crawford; and I need hardly say to you, who know my very high appreciation of him, that I certainly would not venture, on any question of art, to array my opinions against his.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JEFFERSON DAVIS, Secretary of War."

Under date of March 18, 1856, Mr. Crawford writes:—

"I read with much pleasure the letter of the honorable Secretary, *and his remarks have induced me to dispense with the 'cap' and put in its place a helmet*, the crest of which is composed of an eagle's head and a bold arrangement of feathers, suggested by the costume of our Indian tribes."

"The dissatisfaction with this Jeff. Davis helmet and crest of feathers," says a Washington correspondent under date of May, 1861, "is almost universal here, and it is believed that in the course of a few years Congress will return to the 'liberty cap' in the original design of Mr. Crawford."

Crawford's "Beethoven" is in the Music Hall of Boston; his statue of James Otis, in the Chapel of Mount Auburn; his "Indian," in the possession of the N. Y. Historical Society. The Boston Athenæum owns his "Orpheus," "Adam and Eve after the Expulsion," a "Shepherdess," and a bust of Josiah Quincy; his "Children in the Wood" belongs to Hon. Hamilton Fish, of New York; his "Boy Playing Marbles," to Hon. Stephen Salisbury, of Worcester, Mass.; his bridal bust of his wife, and several busts of Washington, to the estate of the late John Ward, Esq., of New York; Washington, D. C., and Richmond, Va., are adorned with his most elaborate monumental works; while his Pandora, Dancing Jenny—for which his daughter, now deceased, was the model—Cupid, Genius of Mirth, Flora, Schoolmaster, Schoolboy, Merchant, Soldier, Woodman, Indian Hunter, Indian Woman, Hebe and Ganymede, Mercury and Psyche, Daughter of Herodias, Aurora, Peri, etc., are, as original or replicas, widely distributed. No less than twenty-two bas-reliefs were executed by Crawford from classic, Scriptural, and other subjects. Mr. Haight presented his statue of Flora to the N. Y. Central Park; and the Commissioners thereof have no less than eighty-seven plaster casts of his works, presented by Louisa W. Crawford.

The inventive felicity of the design for one of the pediments of the Capitol might be unfolded as a vivid historic poem: and it requires no imagination to show that Jefferson looks the author of the Declaration of Independence. The union of original expression and skill in statuary and of ingenious constructiveness in monumental designs, which Crawford exhibited, may be regarded as a peculiar excellence and a rare distinction.

Facility of execution and prolific invention were the essential traits of Crawford's genius. For some years his studio was one of the shrines of travellers at Rome, because of the number and variety as well as excellence of its trophies. The idea has been suggested, and it is one we hope

to see realized, that this complete series of casts should be permanently conserved in such a temple as Copenhagen reared to the memory of her great sculptor.* It was on account of this facility and fecundity that Crawford advocated plaster as an occasional substitute for bronze and marble, where elaborate compositions were proposed. He felt capable of achieving so much, his mind teemed with so many panoramic and single conceptions—historical, allegorical, ideal, and illustrative of standard literature or classical fable—that only time and expense presented obstacles to unlimited invention. Perhaps no one can conceive this peculiar creativeness of his fancy and aptitude of hand, who has not had occasion to talk with Crawford of some projected monument or statue. No sooner was he possessed of the idea to be embodied, the person or occasion to be commemorated, than he instantly conceived a plan and drew a model, invariably possessing some felicitous thought or significant arrangement. His sketch-book was quite as suggestive of genius as his studio. The "Sketch of a Statue to crown the Dome of the United States Capitol"—a photograph of which is before me as I write, dated two years before his death—is an instance in point. A more grand figure, original and symbolic, graceful and sublime, in attitude, aspect, drapery, accessories, and expression, or one more appropriate, cannot be imagined; and yet it is only one of hundreds of national designs, more or less mature, which that fertile brain, patriotic heart, and cunning hand devised. We are justified in regarding the appropriation by the State of Virginia, for a monument of Washington by such a man, as an epoch in the history of national Art. Crawford hailed it as would a confident explorer the ship destined to convey him to untracked regions, the ambitious soldier tidings of the coming foe, or any brave aspirant a long-sought opportunity. It is one of the drawbacks to elaborate achievement in sculpture, that the materials and processes of the art require large pecuniary facilities. To plan and execute a great national monument, under a government commission, was precisely the occasion for which Crawford had long waited. Happening to read the proposals in a journal, while on a visit to this country, he repaired immediately to Richmond, submitted his views, and soon received the commission.

To the variety in unity, the wealth of antique genius, open to the student at Rome, Crawford brought the keen relish of an observant and the aptitude of a creative mind. His taste in Art was eminently catholic; he loved the fables and the personages of Greece because of this very diversity

* When his widow returned to Italy, she authorized me to present these trophies of her husband's genius to any institution of his country that would assume the expense of transporting and the responsibility of preserving them in an eligible building for free exhibition. An arrangement was made with the Commissioners of the Central Park in New York for this purpose, and an application to the Legislature of the State by the New York Historical Society, will probably result in the establishment of a Museum of Art and Antiquity in the Park grounds. Should this project be realized, the foundation will be laid for a grand popular institution—like the British Museum and Jardin des Plantes; and a better nucleus for an American Gallery of Sculpture cannot be imagined than the casts of Crawford's statues and bas-reliefs—so numerous and versatile in subject, interesting in a historical point of view, and appropriate as memorials of his career.

of character,—the freedom to delineate human instincts and passions under a mythological guise,—just as Keats prized the same themes as giving broad range to his fanciful muse. A list of our prolific sculptor's works is found to include the entire circle of subjects and styles appropriate to his art—first, the usual classic themes, of which his first remarkable achievement was the "Orpheus;" then a series of Christian or religious illustrations, from Adam and Saul to Christ at the Well of Samaria; next, individual portraits; a series of domestic figures, such as the "Children in the Wood," or "Truant Boys;" and, finally, what may be termed national statuary, of which Beethoven and Washington are eminent exemplars. Like Thorwaldsen, Crawford excelled in *basso-relievo*, and was a remarkable pictorial sculptor. Having made early and intense studies of the antique, he has carefully observed nature; few statuaries have more keenly noted the action of childhood or equestrian feats, so that the limbs and the movements of the sweetest of human and the noblest of brute creatures were critically known to him. In sculpture we believe that a great secret of the highest success lies in an intuitive eclecticism, whereby the faultless graces of the antique are combined with just observation of Nature. Without correct imitative facility, a sculptor wanders from the truth and the fact of visible things; without ideality, he makes but a mechanical transcript; without invention, he but repeats conventional traits. The desirable medium, the effective principle, has been well defined by the author of "Scenes and Thoughts in Europe:"—"Art does not merely copy Nature; it coöperates with her, it makes palpable her finest essence, it reveals the spiritual source of the corporeal by the perfection of its incarnations." That Crawford invariably kept himself to "the height of this great argument," it were presumptuous to assert; but that he constantly approached such an ideal, and that he sometimes seized its vital principle, the varied and expressive forms long conserved in his studio at Rome emphatically attest. He had obtained command of the vocabulary of his art; in expressing it, like all men who strive largely, he was unequal. Some of his creations are far more felicitous than others; he sometimes worked too fast, and sometimes undertook what did not greatly inspire him; but when we reflect on the limited period of his artist-life, on the intrepid advancement of its incipient stages under the pressure of narrow means and comparative solitude, on the extraordinary progress, the culminating force, the numerous trophies, and the acknowledged triumphs of a life of labors, so patiently achieved, and suddenly cut off in mid career, we cannot but recognize a consummate artist and grand promise to the cause of national Art.

In the fifteenth century, and earlier, the lives of artists were adventurous; political relations gave scope to incident; and Michael Angelo, Salvator Rosa, and Benvenuto Cellini furnish almost as many anecdotes as memorials of genius. In modern times, however, vicissitude has chiefly diversified the uniform and tranquil existence of the artist; his struggles with fortune, and not his relations to public events, have given external interest to his biography. It is the mental rather than the outward life

which is fraught with significance to the painter and sculptor; consciousness more than experience affords salient points in his career. How the executive are trained to embody the creative powers, through what struggles dexterity is attained, and by what reflection and earnest musing and observant patience and blest intuitions original achievements glimmer upon the fancy, grow mature by thought, correct through the study of Nature, and are finally realized in action,—these and such as these inward revelations constitute the actual life of the artist. The mere events of Crawford's existence are neither marvellous nor varied; his early love of imitative pastime, his fixed purpose, his resort to stone-cutting as the nearest available expedient for the gratification of that instinct to copy and create form which so decidedly marks an aptitude for sculpture, his visit to Rome, the self-denial and the lonely toil of his novitiate, his rapid advancement in both knowledge and skill, and his gradual recognition as a man of original mind and wise enthusiasm, are but the normal characteristics of his fraternity. Circumstances, however, give a singular prominence and pathos to these usual facts of artist-life. When Crawford began his professional career, sculpture, as an American pursuit, was almost as rare as painting at the time of West's advent in Rome; to excel therein was a national distinction, having a freshness and personal interest such as the votaries of older countries did not share; as the American representative of his art at Rome, even in the eyes of his comrades, and especially in the estimation of his countrymen, he long occupied an isolated position. The qualities of the man,—his patient industry,—the new and unexpected superiority in different branches of his art, so constantly exhibited,—the loyal, generous, and frank spirit of his domestic and social life,—the freedom, the faith, and the assiduity that endeared him to so large and distinguished a circle, were individual claims often noted by foreigners and natives in the Eternal City as honorable to his country. It was remembered there, when he died, that the hand now cold had warmly grasped in welcome his compatriots, shouldered a musket as one of the republican guard, and been extended with sympathy and aid to his less prosperous brothers. At the meeting of fellow-artists, convened to pay a tribute to his memory, every nation of Europe was represented, and the most illustrious of living English sculptors was the first to propose a substantial memorial to his name. What his nativity and his character thus so eminently contributed to signalize, the offspring of his genius, the manner of his death, solemnly confirmed. By no sudden fever, such as insidiously steals from the Roman marshes and poisons the blood of its victims,—by no violent epidemic, like those which have again and again devastated the cities of Europe,—by no illusive decline, whereby vital power is sapped unconsciously and with mild gradations, and which, in that soft clime, has peopled with the dust of strangers the cemetery that the pyramid of Cestus overshadows and the heart of Shelley consecrates,—by none of these familiar gates of death did Crawford pass on; but, in the meridian of his powers and his fame, in the climax of his artistic career, in the noon-tide

of his most genial activity, a corrosive tumor on the inner side of the orbit of the eye encroached month by month, week by week, hour by hour, upon the sources of life. Medical skill freed the brain from its deadly pressure, but could not divert its organic affinity. The mind's integrity was thus preserved intact; consciousness and self-possession lent their dignity to waning strength; but the alert muscles were relaxed, the busy hands folded in prayer; what Michael Angelo uttered in his eighty-sixth, Crawford was called upon to echo in his forty-fifth year:—

> "Well nigh the voyage now is overpast,
> And my frail bark, through troubled seas and rude,
> Draws nigh that common haven where at last,
> Of every action, be it evil or good,
> Must due account be rendered. Well I know
> How vain will then appear that favored art,
> Sole idol long, and monarch of my heart;
> For all is vain that man desires below."

The cheerful voice was often hushed by pain; but conjugal and sisterly love kept vigil, a long, a bitter year, by that couch of suffering in the heart of multitudinous Paris and London; hundreds of sympathizing friends, in both hemispheres, listened and prayed and hoped through a dreary twelvemonth. With the ripe autumn closed the quiet struggle; and "in the bleak December" the mortal remains were followed from the temple where his youth worshipped, to the snow-clad knoll at Greenwood; garlands and tears, the ritual and the requiem, eulogy and elegy, consecrated the final scene.

One would imagine, from the eagerness and intensity exhibited by Crawford, that he anticipated a brief career. Work seemed as essential to his comfort as rest is to less determined natures. He was a thorough believer in the moral necessity of absolute allegiance to his sphere; and differed from his brother-artists chiefly in the decisive manner in which he keep aloof from extrinsic and incidental influences. If Art ever made labor delectable, it was so with him. He seemed to go through with the ordinary processes of life with but a half consciousness thereof,—save where his personal affections were concerned. One of the first works for which he expressed a sympathetic admiration was Thorwaldsen's "Triumph of Alexander,"—perhaps the most elaborate and suggestive of modern friezes. He early contemplated an entire series of illustrations of Ovid. He alternated, with infinite relish, between the extreme phases of his art,—a delicate Peri and a majestic Colossal, an extensive array of *basso-relievo* figures, a sublime ideal of manhood and an exquisite image of infancy. His alacrity of temper was coequal with his steadiness of purpose; and the cheerfulness of an active mind, sanguine temperament, and great nervous energy did not abandon him, even in the state of forced passivity so intolerable to such habitudes; for hilarious words and, once or twice, the old ringing laugh startled the fond watchers of his declining hours. The events of his life are but a few expressive outlines; his works embody his most real experience; and the thoughts and feelings, the observation and the sen-

timent, not therein moulded or sketched, happily found adequate record in the ample and ingenuous letters he wrote to his beloved sister, from the time of his first arrival in Europe to that of his last arrival in America —embracing a period of twenty-two years. Each work he conceived and executed, each process of study, the impressions he gained and the convictions at which he arrived in relation to ancient and modern art,—each journey, achievement, plan, opinion,—what he saw, and imagined, and hoped, and did,—was frankly and fondly noted; and the time may come when these epistles, inspired by love and dictated by intelligent sympathy and insight, will be compiled into a priceless memorial of artist-life. The Century Club invited the well known portrait-painter, Thomas Hicks, to deliver a eulogy upon Crawford, which was listened to by the artists of New York and the friends of the sculptor with great interest and sympathy.

"The funeral of Crawford, the sculptor," says the New York *Evening Post*, of December 5, 1857, "took place to-day, in St. John's Church, Varick street, at half-past twelve o'clock. His remains, which arrived at this port on board the ship Southampton, were conveyed on Wednesday afternoon to the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. Campbell, No. 158 Grand street, and from there to St. John's Church, from which they were this afternoon removed to Greenwood, where a suitable monument will soon be erected. The day of his funeral has been rainy and disagreeable; still, the church was well filled, comprising all the artistic and a large portion of the literary gentlemen of the city—such an audience as Crawford would have loved to have gathered around him in life. At half-past twelve, the procession entered the church. First, the officiating clergy, the Rev. Dr. Berrian, Rev. Mr. Weston, and the Rev. Morgan Dix, followed by the coffin and pall-bearers, consisting of Hon. Charles Sumner, Henry T. Tuckerman, G. W. Greene, James Lenox, J. F. Kensett, and Dr. Francis Lieber, together with several of the relatives and intimate friends of the deceased. The ladies of his family occupied the front pews. The funeral procession entered. The choir chaunted those beautiful selections from the Psalms, the 39th and 90th, commencing, "Lord, let me know my end and the number of my days, that I may be certain how long I have to live;" also the Anthem, "I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, write, from henceforth, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors."

The funeral service was read by Dr. Berrian, and the choir sung three verses of the 26th hymn, Episcopal collection.

A laurel wreath, and a cross made of flowers, were laid on the lid of the coffin. After the service the body was taken to Greenwood, attended by Rev. Mr. Weston, charged with the duty of finally committing it to the earth.

Mr. Crawford was born of an Episcopal family. Previously to his death he made arrangements for the completion of all his works, by Mr. Rogers. He died in the full possession of his senses, and in great peace of mind; in the communion of the Anglican branch of the Episcopal Church, attended

during his last illness by an English clergyman with whom he had been acquainted in Rome, and who happened to be in London at the time of Mr. Crawford's arrival there prior to his death.

A service was performed over the body, previously to its removal from London, by the clergy of St. Gabriel's, Pimlico.

In person, Crawford was above the middle height, with remarkably regular features and strongly marked, very clear eye, high forehead, straight nose. A very perfect medal of his face, three inches in diameter, was struck in Munich, two years before his death, the work of a German artist, named Voigt.

He left a widow and four children. He married a daughter of Samuel Ward, Esq., sister to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Mailliard, of Bordentown, N. J., at which place Mrs. Crawford made her residence after her return from England. She was with her husband during his whole illness, and much exhausted by her care and anxiety."

THE FUNERAL OF CRAWFORD.

December 5, 1857.

The tears that silent fall,
The ritual and the pall,
The dirge and crowd of mourners gathered round,
Declare a vanished breath,
The cold eclipse of Death—
But Worth and Genius rend its narrow bound;

Their offspring cannot die,
And fondly hover nigh
To soothe the anguish they may not control;
What an undying race,
In forms of placid grace,
To Fancy's gaze reveal the Sculptor's soul!

A harp's low, quivering note
Above us seems to float
Like the faint murmur of a lover's sigh,
And a lithe shape to glide
Seeking the ravished bride,
As eager Orpheus moves expectant by!

And Liberty's appeal
From lips of bronze to steal,
As Eloquence uplifts Persuasion's hand:
While near, transfixed in thought,
From inward rapture caught,
Music's high-priest before us seems to stand.

With firm, exalted mien,
In rectitude serene,
Our Country's Father reins his martial steed;
And thronging to the rite,
Looms on our aching sight,
A vast procession from the quarry freed;—

Pandora's queenly breast,
And Cupid's loving zest,
The Grecian hero and the Saxon child;
And death's angelic sleep
Seems evermore to creep
O'er the clasp'd infants lost amid the wild.

Hushed be the requiem's wail,
As forms so mute and pale,
Yet warmed to life by thy creative art,
Haste, like pure spirits here,
To consecrate thy bier,
And living still proclaim thy dauntless heart.

Beauty's immortal quest
Sustained privation's test,
Until youth's vision manhood's prize became;
Then the delights of home,
And hallowed air of Rome,
Crowned thy unswerving prime with love and fame

In Fortune's noon of might
Came the relentless blight,
And Life's best triumphs thou no more could share;
Those hands that nobly wrought,
And truth enamored sought,
The chisel loosened then—to fold in prayer!

The Grief whose shadows rest
Here in thy native West,
An echo wakes in Art's perennial clime;
Thy marble children wait,
In beauty desolate,
And brothers mourn thee in that haunt of Time!

The sunsets pensive flush,
The fountains moaning gush,
Campagna flowers sweeter incense breathe,
Beneath the Palatine,
In studio and shrine,
Glory and Woe their palm and cypress wreathe!

With Art's eternal calm,
With Faith's all-healing balm,
And Love's unfading smile—thy spirit fled;
Ah, no! by these we feel
Its presence o'er us steal,
Though kneeling tearful here beside the dead.

HUNTINGTON.

HUNTINGTON was elected President of the National Academy of Design, May 14th, 1862—a tribute by his brother-artists not only to his professional eminence but of their personal attachment. Few of our painters have exhibited greater versatility of talent or more broad and pure artistic sympathies. In other times and under different circumstances, Huntington would have become a religious painter, in which branch, by study and sentiment, he was specially fitted to excel; devoted to portraiture by the practical exigencies of his era and country, he has yet delineated scenery and executed *genre* pictures with eminent success: so that his artist-life is singularly representative and suggestive.

Some thirty years ago, within a stone's throw of the glorious old elms of New Haven, a slightly-built youth, with a green shade over his eyes, used to study the Odes of Horace at three o'clock in the morning. The fact in itself is nothing very extraordinary, but taken in connection with the after-career of the student, it is not without interest The hour and the occupation certainly indicate something like earnestness of purpose; but character is no less forcibly displayed in pastime than in toil. With what an elastic step and ringing laugh—the natural language of a sensitive and buoyant temper—he doffs, at the noonday recess, his studious mood, and how the young faces at the evening club grow expectant when his turn comes to read a paper! They know a graphic sketch of some comrade is forthcoming, but little do they imagine as they recognize the different traits, that the juvenile ability is eventually to shape itself into artistic skill, that shall produce what is lasting and endeared. Yet one of the merry group in thus recalling the school-days of Huntington, says that even then "his soul was filled with a love of the beautiful—and a reaching after it, was an impulsive effort of his nature."

Daniel Huntington was born in New York, Oct. 14th, 1816. Although it was in Trumbull's studio that he first realized fully his strong natural inclination to pursue art, that eminent painter only warned him from it as a precarious vocation, beset with difficulty and disappointment; the tendency, however, was confirmed through his acquaintance with an itinerant portrait-artist, while he was a student at Hamilton College; at the same

period he sat to Elliot, and made use of his brushes and palette to try his own hand at "counterfeit presentments" of some of his classmates, whom he had often entertained before with caricatures. In 1835 he began to study painting with Professor Morse, and subsequently with Inman; his earliest attempt at original work was in the shape of humorous illustrations of every-day life; but he soon gave his attention to portraiture as the most available and lucrative branch. Several months passed among the Hudson Highlands, in 1836, gave scope to his talent for landscape: he painted the Dunderberg Mountain, and a view of Rondout at twilight and sunset. In 1839, he went abroad: at Florence he painted the "Florentine Girl" and "The Sybil;" and at Rome "The Shepherd Boy of the Campagna," and "Early Christian Prisoner." Returning to New York, he again engaged in portrait-painting, and began his elaborate illustrations of "The Pilgrim's Progress," when an affection of the eyes forced him to give up the use of the pencil for a considerable period. In 1844 he revisited Rome, and executed several works, which were cordially received at home; among them "The Black Penitents," "The Sacred Lesson," and the "Communion of the Sick." Two years later we again find him a favorite portrait-painter in his native city: during the intervals of which occupation, he executed an historical picture — "Henry the Eighth and Catherine Parr;" also "Mary signing Lady Jane Grey's Death-Warrant," and the latter in the Tower. Some of Huntington's portraits are masterpieces of color and character; such as those of his father, of Verplanck, Agassiz, Mrs. Bell, Bishop McIlvaine, Lord Morpeth, and Sir Charles Eastlake. In catching the likeness he is unequal. Several of his *genre* pictures—as, for instance, "Ichabod Crane and Katrina Van Tassel" and "The Counterfeit Note," are spirited, ingenious, and true to every phase and suggestion of the subject. Of the former, a critic has well said:—

"The contrast between the ignorant Dutch beauty, coquettish to the plump little fingers' ends, and the exceedingly learned schoolmaster, knowing nothing about woman save to parse her, is so wonderfully told in this picture that we almost fancy we should have been able to decipher Ichabod's melancholy future had we never read Irving. It is hardly possible to avoid caricature, as Huntington has done, and yet write such multitudinous, unmistakable lines of idiosyncrasy on faces and figures. We wish we had space to refer at large to the admirable elaboration of accessories in the Dutch kitchen, but must simply say that in all respects this picture is one of the best *genre* pictures ever produced here."

As a proof, indeed, how far the original proclivity to religious art became merged in a more versatile and less ideal development, we have not only the portraits and landscapes of Huntington, but several *genre* pictures executed with zest and cleverness. "The Counterfeit Note" was commended at the Royal Academy Exhibition. The figures are of cabinet size; the interior of an English shop, with its assortment of dry goods, is painted with the finish and well-contrasted color that distinguish the best Flemish still-life execution; in the background, through an open

door, we have a glimpse of the cosy "parlor behind the shop," so characteristic of the old-fashioned style of convenient "variety store;" at an angle between the two stands a foreign-looking man, in dress, expression, and air, typical of the roguish adventurer; he has evidently made a purchase and tendered a large bank-note in payment; this note the old shopkeeper is inspecting behind the counter, while his shrewd wife whispers her suspicions in his ear, and points significantly over her shoulder at the strange customer, who, with assumed indifference but cunning glances, awaits the result. So far, the picture, while remarkable for execution and expression, only tells a story of common life and rascality; but to redeem this, with consummate tact, the artist has thrown rays of true poetry athwart the material scene; outside the counter sits a beautiful girl, dressed with a taste so appropriate, that we should think her costume alone would win scores of admirers; unconscious of what is going on, she is ostensibly occupied in examining the quality of a fabric before her; but her air of refinement, the pure intellectuality of her countenance, and a certain superiority to the people and the scene around her, impress the spectator the more from the contrast; a lovely and tasteful English girl, she throws a beautiful charm over the whole; a vase of fresh flowers, exquisitively painted, is the only object that seems in affinity with her, and the two give a poetic interest to the clever delineation of the entire scene, which, in color, finish, and expression, is an evidence of facility rare in pictorial art.

Of his more recent works, one of the most interesting is a cabinet-sized and admirably-grouped collection of historical figures, illustrative of the early days of the Republic; it was finished just at the outbreak of the Southern Rebellion. It is eminently a national picture, appealing so forcibly to the glorious past in our history—in its social manifestation—as caused tears of sorrow and indignation to start in the eyes of every lover of his country as he looked with pride and delight upon the beautiful work of Huntington, and contrasted its high and endeared associations with the melancholy facts of that hour.

The painting represents a reception given by Mrs. Washington, during the Presidency of our peerless Chief. No specific date is chosen, and some liberties are taken with chronological facts—as, for instance, the introduction of General Greene, who died shortly previous to this time, but whose prominence in the Revolution makes it very desirable to include him in the "Republican Court." Sixty "fair women and brave men" occupy the eight feet of canvas. Not one is a lifeless figure; all are disposed easily, all are naturally occupied. The grouping is admirable. As a composition the painting is, therefore, a genuine success. Mrs. Washington stands dignified, but not constrained, upon a raised platform; behind her is Alexander Hamilton, talking to a lady; near by, John Jay; Washington is approaching the ladies with a foreign guest. We recognize forms and faces at a glance — Mrs. Jay, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Rufus King, Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick, Nelly Custis, Mrs. Robert Morris, Gen:

Greene, Jonathan Trumbull, Oliver Elsworth, Mrs. Duer, Clinton's venerable mother; Jefferson, the Duke of Cambridge (on a visit to America), Mrs. Bingham, pretty Nellie Custis, *naïvely* standing beside her mother, Mrs. Knox, Mrs. Rutledge, Mrs. Phillipse, Mrs. Schuyler—in a word, all the heroic and lovely faces, the statesmen and the belles, familiar to us through the portraits and miniatures. Huntington has painted the costumes with rare taste and skill; they are elegant, and as authentic as they are picturesque. The drawing is, for the most part, masterly; the color full of the richest contrast, yet harmoniously toned.

It is an elaborate work, including sixty-four figures, all of them portraits copied from Copley, Stuart, and Malbone, and from family likenesses in the possession of the living descendants of many of the persons represented. In some instances, "when the resemblance had been transmitted through two generations, a granddaughter would sit for her grandmother's picture; at others, when a face had been laboriously transferred from parchment or ivory to canvas, an expression, caught from the living features of the grandson or great-niece, would give it character and animation."

Among his later portraits is one of the lamented Lincoln. It is true to nature in all the rugged simplicity of the original's form and feature; but in the eyes there is a tender solicitude, a deep anxiety, and a patient honesty, which reveal the true character of the martyr President. The portrait of Bryant, by the same artist, differs from previous "counterfeit presentments" of the poet, in giving him a more familiar air; the attitude is natural and the costume simple; a background of autumnal foliage is very appropriate, and the expression of the noble head is genial, such as Bryant's friends will gladly recognize.

Those who have seen the marine view painted by Huntington several years ago, at Newport, R. I., will not fail to accord him great skill and fine feeling in landscape, and he has lately finished a work of this kind more elaborate and characteristic than any picture of the same species he has ever attempted. It has occupied him at intervals for several years. The subject is New Hampshire scenery, amid which he has passed many summers; Mount Chicora is prominent; each feature is a careful study from nature; a mountain that will be recognized at once by many—a lake, a cliff, groups of trees, and an effective foreground, with the gray mottled sky and subdued autumnal tints of early September.

There is a mechanical and a spiritual element in art, a body and a soul, a certain physical dexterity, adroitness, and tact, attainable through imitative and manual power; and above and beyond this outward skill, there is an intelligent principle, a spirit, the infusion of which sublimates and makes expressive what were otherwise without significance. It is the combination and mutual development of these two principles, variously modified, that distinguish and characterize all products of art. Drawing, coloring, the rules of perspective, foreshortening, and *chiaro-oscuro*, are to the artist what words, sentences, and rhythm are to the writer—the vehicles and instruments of the mind. Felicity in using them is most desirable, and a

good degree of mastery over them essential; but it should never be forgotten that they do not constitute, but only embody art. They may be acquired by men of industry and ordinary intelligence, and may bear the same relation to art in its highest sense, that the wax preparations of an anatomical museum do to the living man. They are the material facts, and unless electrified by invention, warmed by feeling, or inspired with life, convey no mental impression, and excite no sympathy. If it were otherwise, the daguerreotype, carried to greater perfection, might supersede the limner's toil, and a musical instrument be fashioned which would take the place of vocalism. But the distinction between mind and matter, between physical and moral laws, the senses and the soul, is absolute. Only the living, reasoning intellect, and the conscious, earnest heart, can make form, sound, or color, eloquent of truth. Mechanical ingenuity has been carried to a height, in our times, beyond the wildest imaginings of antiquity; and yet in no age have spiritual laws, the mysterious analogies of life, the boundless aspirations and infinite needs of humanity, been more widely and intelligibly recognized. Every work of art and literature is challenged now, not merely as an object of external criticism, but with a view to its moral significance. A beautiful style, whether of painting or writing, is not suffered to conceal poverty of ideas. Words may be strong in euphonious paragraphs, figures may be correctly designed, and colors harmoniously blended; but unless they have a meaning, clear, true, and interesting, they are but listlessly viewed, and never responded to. Conformity to academic precepts is now but a negative merit. Violation of rules is sooner pardoned than looseness of conception. The progress of science, the diffusion of knowledge, and political revolutions have revealed to the mass the difference between appearances and reality, the conventional and the genuine. Instead of elegantly-penned Spectators, we have the cogent rhetoric of Spencer and Macaulay; and "Corn-Law Rhymes" and "Psalms of Life" are more popular than the most finished courtier verses. The casket may be elaborately polished and adorned, but its finish no longer diverts attention from the gems within; and the brightest artillery of expression is inadequate to win the mind from the thing expressed. The writer and the artist of our times may, therefore, congratulate themselves if their works will bear this test—if the interest they inspire is born mainly of the soul, and only relatively from the implements they employ. Huntington is obviously of this school. We think little of the process by which he works, as we contemplate his pictures. The idea of a very skilful imitation of some physical quality or material fabric, does not present itself at once to the spectator. We do not instinctively set about a comparison between the objects on the canvas and their types in nature. These considerations, if they suggest themselves at all, are matters of after-thought. It is to our sympathies rather than our observation that he appeals. He aims not merely to portray fine-looking men and women, but represents states of mind, conditions of feeling, phases of character. The minute exactitude of the Flemish school, and the dramatic effect of the French, are equally distant from his

province. The main idea, the chief aim of his pictures, to which fidelity of detail and artistical effect are subsidiary, is to express a sentiment, and this it is which at once attracts and pervades us as we gaze. He would not amuse, dazzle, or simply please us; he teaches and inspires, by some lofty, sweet, or pious feeling, represented with unaffected grace and simplicity. Those who cannot seize at once upon this emotion, who do not find some passage of their lives, or tendency of their character, or instinct of their nature, thus brought palpably to view; who are not, as it were, mesmerized by and placed in relation with the subject, fail to recognize what is most characteristic of this class of artists. Those who have an eye only for the picturesque, or whose notion of painting is confined to the graphic reflection of external nature, will find comparatively but little satisfaction in the fruits of such pencils; but all who delight in the beauty of the inner world, who are aware of what is latent in existence, who are wont, like the patriarch, to go forth and muse at eventide—to whom love and faith are necessary and real, will enter into the feeling, and accept the suggestions which breathe from their canvas. They are not definite, scholastic, nor vivacious and brilliant, nor yet wild and terrible, but chaste and gentle, serene and elevated; and they are so, not through any strongly marked, but through a wise and contemplative manner. It is by the atmosphere, rather than the outlines, that they impart themselves—as Charles Lamb does in a letter, or Barry Cornwall in a song—by the overflow rather than the crystallization of a mood. As there are vocalists who affect us by the feeling rather than the science of their tones, and talkers whom we delight in less for the distinct ideas they utter, than on account of the genial influence of their conversation, so there are artists whom we love less because of any energetic individuality of conception than for the refreshment of the general tone, the spirit in which they work, the melody they bring out of their themes, which never obtrude or declare themselves, but rather hint, quietly suggest, and gradually win. Such productions spring from the same source to which Hunt ascribes poetry—a fine liability to impressions, and are directly the reverse in their origin and influence of all that is fantastic, morbid, or technical. Without pretension, unaided by any mechanical trickery, like the wild flower, the air, or a bird's song, the spell is gentle, but true and sweet, and such as it is both wise and happy to feel.

A man's intellectual endowments stamp his works, but his social qualities are more influential in shaping their character. That Huntington would make an effective painter might have been confidently predicted from his talents, but what kind of a painter would depend upon his natural sympathies. Frank, generous, and wholly unaffected, the affectionate observer of his mental development could not fail to perceive that what he *believed*, that he would *do*. We have spoken of his boyish propensity for association. After his studies at Hamilton College were completed, he began practically as an artist, availing himself of the instructions of a professor and the privileges of the National Academy. In conjunction with a friend, since honorably distinguished as a churchman and poet, he founded

a club. At first this society was purely recreative, an agreeable safety-valve whereby our artist's inventive and overflowing humor—a quality often allied to sensibility and thoughtfulness, as Shakspeare has inimitably shown in the Prince of Denmark—found genial scope. The comedy of life, for which even the stern Michael Angelo had a keen relish, had free play when the members foregathered, and none more genially shared and provoked the sport than Huntington. Among the members was one whose idiosyncrasies harmonized with the rites and associations of Episcopacy, or rather with Catholicism rightly understood; who loved the memory of Charles the First, and ardently recognized what was noble in the spirit of the cavaliers; to whom Advent and Lent, Passion-week and Christmas, were not mere names, but fond and sacred realities, whose inspiration has found such beautiful embodiment abroad in "Keble's Christian Year," and on this side of the water, in the poems of Croswell and Cleveland Coxe. Such was the influence that pervaded the inner circle of Huntington's associates as his gifts were verging toward maturity. It accorded with some of his early predilections, his mother's family having been Episcopalians. Hitherto he had sought the beautiful in the fields and sky, and passed from the comic to the serious as one may go from a band of gamesome companions, who "fleet the time lightly as they did in the golden age," to the vast and fair in outward nature—as Jacques left the merry courtiers of the exiled monarch for the "shade of melancholy boughs." While life was "all a feeling not yet shaped into a thought," our young artist was content to portray "A Toper Asleep," and "A Bar-room Politician," or "Ichabod Crane flogging a Scholar," clever, true to life, and abounding in that love of fun which is one of the moods of genius. As his nature deepened from experience, he sought in landscape a wider sphere, and for months roamed about his native State, and particularly in the vicinity of the Hudson, painting the glorious scenes near Verplanck's, the Dunderberg mountain, and views near Rondout, at twilight and sunset. But while thus freely communing with natural beauty, he gradually yielded to a more direct and intimate agency. By the spiritual cast of his mind and the daily conversation of his friends, as well as from the vivid impressions of childhood, ideas such as immortalize the creations of Overbeck, and hallow the names of Raphael and Domenichino, became familiar and dear, and he felt himself destined for a religious painter. All that had preceded was admirably calculated to promote his success. His ability, at once felt and acknowledged in landscape, and the bold and characteristic style of his portraits, were simply evidences that he possessed the requisite command both of figure and scenery, and now to these mechanical aptitudes were added the inspiration of Faith.

Two visits to Europe, where his time was chiefly passed in Rome, without making Huntington an imitator, have contributed to improve his taste, and afforded him many desirable facilities for advancing in the high and difficult range of art to which his native instincts spontaneously led. As pledges of what he can do, it is only necessary to allude to his pictures of

"Early Christian Prisoners," "Christiana and her Children escaping from the Valley of the Shadow of Death," "The Woman of Samaria at the Well," and "The Communion of the Sick." The latter represents the giving of the viaticum to a dying Christian in the primitive age. A priest is administering the consecrated bread, and a young deacon waits with the chalice. It has been said that its effect on the devout mind is hardly inferior to that produced by the celebrated "Communion of St. Jerome."

The original of "The Dream of Mercy" was in the collection of as judicious a patron of the arts as we have yet had among us,* whose latter years, darkened as they would otherwise have been by illness and confinement, derived an interest and a beauty from his devotion to this high source of pleasure, which affords a noble example to all who have the soul to redeem trial or adorn prosperity. In this painting the sweetest fancies of the brave author of that immortal allegory, "Pilgrim's Progress," are admirably concentrated. The consoling rays that glorified his imprisonment so long ago, still quiver around the face of the blest sleeper, and buoy up the wings of the angel that fills her dream. A kindred feeling broods over the work to that which charms us in Correggio's "Magdalen." The idea expressed is, indeed, different. The gracefulness of Guido's "Michael triumphing over Satan" is observable in the winged messenger, but the expression of Mercy is heavenly. A violinist, under the influence of tender or aspiring emotion, will sometimes cause his instrument to vibrate with a thrilling accent, born not of the music he interprets, but rather the offspring of an individual feeling. Thus, in depicting "Mercy's Dream," has Huntington informed it with a sentiment of his own. When he had nearly finished this picture, a friend objected that he should rather have chosen his subject from Spenser than from Bunyan. The next day, the artist, by introducing a cross in the crown which the angel extends to Mercy, added a beautiful significance to the composition.

The following extract from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is the subject of this picture :—"I was dreaming that I sat alone in a solitary place, and was bemoaning of the hardness of my heart. * * Methought I looked up, and saw one coming with wings toward me. So he came directly to me and said, 'Mercy, what aileth thee?' Now when he had heard me make my complaint, he said, 'Peace be to thee' * * and he put a beautiful crown upon my head. * * Then he took me by the hand, and said, 'Mercy, come after me.' * * So he went up, and I followed, till we came to a golden gate. Then he knocked; and when they within had opened, the man went in, and I followed him up to a throne upon which one sat, and he said to me, 'Welcome, daughter.' The place looked bright and twinkling like the stars, or rather like the sun."

In a different era and country, as we have said, Huntington would have become preëminently a religious painter; but as is so often the case, portraiture soon chiefly occupied his pencil.

* The late Edward L. Carey.

And this brings us to that mooted question which has been such a thorn in the side to conscientious but narrow minds—the true relation of Art to Religion. To deny any whatever, is absurd, as long as men gather beneath a roof, however simple, to worship ; and if we recognize in the arcades of the forest and the glory of the mountain, either the tokens of divine benignity or the unconscious praise which the universe offers to her Creator, how much more significant are the intelligent trophies of genius which his love has consecrated, when gathered to illustrate his truth ! The recoil of the world's free spirits from the civic tyranny of Papacy, has blinded too many to what is essentially good and true in her customs. When we meet the idea dissevered from all incidental prejudice, the attempt to set forth what is most touching in the Christian faith, in melody that wraps the soul in a holy trance, or in forms and colors that bring worthily before the eye examples that cheer or soften, or purify the weary and cold affections, does it not commend itself to reason? It is in vain for a few peculiar, though it may be superior minds, to legislate for humanity. We must look at our race objectively, and not merely through our individual consciousness. They are destined to receive good, not according to any partial theories, but by the observance of universal laws, by reverently consulting the wants, capacities, and principles that are traced in the very organization of man by the hand of Creative wisdom. Thus regarded, is it not obvious that through the senses we must reach the soul—that the abstract must be made real—that sensation is the channel of spirituality? Why runs there through the frame this delicate and complex web of nerves? Why do eye and ear take in impressions which stir the very fountains of emotion, and gradually mould the character? Why are brain and heart filled and electrified by Art? Is it not because she is the interpreter of life, the medium through which we are more conscious everlastingly of high and vast destinies? Argue and moralize as bigots may, they cannot impugn the design of God in creating a distinct and most influential faculty in our nature, which has not merely a useful or temporary end—the sense of the beautiful. Ideality is as much a heaven-implanted element as conscientiousness. Nature's surpassing grandeur and loveliness hourly minister to it, and Art, in its broadest and highest sense, is its legitimate manifestation. When a human voice of marvellous depth and sweetness yields to thousands a pure and rich delight, or a human hand of ideal skill traces scenes of grace and sublimity, and bequeathes the features hallowed by love or glorified by fame, —then is the worthiest praise offered to God by the right and sacred exercise of those faculties which unite mortal to angelic existence. Far, then, be from every liberal mind and feeling heart the idea that genuine art can ever profane religion, that the symbol must necessarily shroud the fact, that in seizing on any intermediate links of the golden chain which binds us to eternity, as with our frailty and limited vision we are ever fain to do, any serious alienation is threatened to what is actual in faith or desirable in sentiment. As long as we have senses, they must be represented ; and there is far less danger of our being enthralled to images or ideas of any

kind than to interest, the basest and most subjugating as well as universal of idolatries.

In 1850 there was an exhibition in New York, opened at the earnest invitation and by the special efforts of Huntington's friends—of all his works that could be obtained for the purpose; among those who signed the request were Bryant, Rev. Dr. Taylor, Verplanck, and Rev. Dr. Bethune; of the artists, Gray, Brown, Ingham, and Durand,—with such gentlemen as Chs. M. Leupp, Evert A. Duyckinck, Saml. B. Ruggles, John Jay, J. P. Cronkhite, Jonathan Sturgis, Benj. D. Silliman, etc. These names indicate the kind of personal regard felt for the artist; while the catalogue of the pictures exhibited gives ample evidence of the scope of Huntington's artistic taste and faculty. "Ichabod Crane flogging a Scholar" and "A Bar-Room Politician" are followed by serious historical compositions, landscapes, and portraits. Of the former, "The Rondout Hill—Twilight," "Shawangunk Mountain-Lake," Little Falls on the Passaic," "A Woodland Scene," "A View on the Ramapo," "Coast near Newport," "A Swiss Lake," "Recollections of Italy," and "View in St. James' Park, London," suggest a wide range of local landscape; of the portraits, that of Miss Harriet Whiting, afterwards Mrs. W. F. Brooks; of an "Old Gentleman Reading,"—the artist's father; and another, of the latter's venerable sister; that of Hon. J. N. Dexter, belonging to Hamilton College, and of a "Florentine Girl," very beautiful, and engraved by Cheney; that of a "Painter's Daughter"—his friend Inman's, full of rich expression; and "A Sybil," studied in Florence and engraved by Casilaer for the American Art-Union—are among the heads which gave Huntington so high a reputation for portraiture; while such works as the "Lover's Surprise," "Shepherd Boy of the Campagna," "Christian Prisoners," "Mercy's Dream," "Christiana and her Children," "The Woman of Samaria," "Roman Penitents," "The Communion of the Sick," "Alms-Giving," "Preciosa before the Archbishop and Cardinal," "Lady Jane Grey and the Abbot Feckenham in the Tower," "Mercy fainting at the Wicket Gate," "Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine Parr," "Piety and Folly," "Lady Jane Grey disturbed at her Devotions," "Bishop Ridley denouncing the Princess Mary," "The Signing of Lady Jane Grey's Death-Warrant," "The Marys at the Sepulchre," and "St. John the Evangelist," are remarkable both in number subject, and character, as the elaborate, finished productions of the same period when, in comic, *genre*, landscape, and portrait painting, he achieved such eminence. In the latter sphere should be noted Huntington's heads of scientific men, designed for a group, which was never completed, as the commission was withdrawn, but not until several fine studies had been finished; among them heads of Professors Silliman, Hare, Agassiz, Morse, and Gibbs, and General Swift. Huntington's portrait of the venerable Gulian C. Verplanck, of Mrs. Isaac Bell, of a "Roman Girl," of a "Group of Three Children playing with Cherries in a Straw Hat," of Rev. Cleveland Coxe, of Mrs. Huntington, of Guy Richards, of Chancellor Kent, of Sir Charles Eastlake and the Archbishop of Canterbury, of R. B. Minturn

and Dr. Muhlenberg of New York, may be cited as among the characteristic and pleasing works in this department of native art. He has lately completed a picture which represents Portia before the Council, of which a critic says: "While the picture is finished with all the delicacy and care which has distinguished so many of the French painters, and while it is exquisite in tone and harmonious arrangement of color, yet it is more remarkable in the beauty of womanly tenderness with which the artist has inspired the face of his heroine. It is the first "Portia" we have ever seen who might have thought and delivered the apostrophe to Mercy."

His portraits of the Earl of Carlisle and Sir Charles Eastlake belong to the N. Y. Historical Society; his "Tribute Money" to the estate of W. Curtis Noyes, Esq.; "The Woman of Samaria," to ex-Governor Morgan, of New York; "Ichabod Crane and Katrina," to W. H. Osborne, Esq., of New York; his portrait of R. B. Minturn, to St. Luke's Hospital; of Bryant, to J. Lorimer Graham, Esq., of New York; of President Lincoln, to the N. Y. Union League Club; of G. C. Verplanck, to the N. Y. Commissioners of Emigration; the "Counterfeit Note," to R. M. Olyphant, Esq.; and the "Republican Court," to A. T. Stewart, of New York. Jonathan Sturgis, Esq., has his "Sleeping Girl," and "Roman Model;" A. M. Cozzens, Esq., his "Sacred Lesson" and the original sketch of "Mercy's Dream;" Henry C. Carey, of Philadelphia, his "Christiana and her Children;" his portrait of Van Buren is in the State Library at Albany; those of Governor Morgan, and Mayors Duane, Varick, and Livingston, in the City Hall, New York. James Lenox, Esq., of New York, owns his "Columbus," and Marshall O. Roberts, Esq., of New York, his *replicas* of "Mercy's Dream" and the "Good Samaritan;" also his "Ruins of Rome," "Lady Jane Grey," "Fair Sketcher," "Old Lawyer," "Venice," "Mountain Tops," "In the Woods," and full-length "Portrait of a Lady."

In Huntington's aim there is something that revives to the imagination that noble band of artists who so gloriously illustrated religion in the palmy days of the Church. His figures generally have the roundness which distinguishes several of the best Italian masters, and his tints are subdued and harmonized like many of the favorite pictures both of the Roman and Tuscan schools. Another incidental analogy may be found in the circumstance that in several of his pictures the same female physiognomy is discoverable. The eye is gratified, without being perplexed, by a chaste tone and judicious combination of hues. His draperies do not take the place of, but only cover his forms. We recognize the bosom under the tunic and the arm within the sleeve. A striking merit in his compositions is their simplicity. There is an academic tone about him; and he is a legitimate admirer of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Several of his happiest efforts consist of two or three figures of half-length life-size—a species of painting admirably fitted to embellish the walls of our dwellings, where more ambitious specimens would be out of place. This singleness of purpose and absence of complexity in design render his works at once intelligible, and on this account they convey a more decided, lasting, and

entire impression. Take, for instance, the "Sacred Lesson." An old man, with lofty and wrinkled brow, venerable beard, and an expression of calm and holy wisdom, is pointing to an open missal, and as he speaks—what we feel to be words of divine meaning—a beautiful girl, with an ingenuous and innocent countenance, from which beams a look of meek inquiry and sweet confidence, gazes and listens in devout attention. It is evident that to that fair creature the lesson is, indeed, sacred; and that to her teacher may be applied the description which a late poet* gives of the lover of the "Sexton's Daughter"—

> "Yet could he temper love and meekness
> With all the sacred might of law,
> Dissevering gentleness from weakness,
> And hallowing tenderness by awe."

Similar in kind, though various in degree, is the usual influence of Huntington's pictures. He does not always do himself justice, and his sketches are often more illustrative of his taste than his elaborate paintings. In characterizing his style we allude to his best efforts, and the evident tendency of his mind. They breathe a spirit which, in this busy and eager country, amid the warfare of trade and politics, seems to us peculiarly desirable. When, from the anxious mart or the thronged arena, the American citizen retires to his home, the exciting battle-pieces of Salvator or the festive scenes of the Flemish limners, however admirable in themselves, bring not precisely the refreshment he needs, and which art can so genially bestow. It is well for his eye to rest upon some aspect of humanity calmer and more exalted. It is needful that the privacy of his domestic retreat should be hallowed by images of serene truth, indicative of repose and hope—not that "stick at nothing, Herodias'-daughter kind of grace," but tranquil, contemplative subjects, "the brow all wisdom, and the lips all love." The pleasurable and soothing contrasts thus afforded between life and art, the holy efficiency of the latter in cooling the fevered pulse and awakening the heart to better aims and a nobler faith, are finely illustrated by painters who, like the subject of this notice, seem to whisper in their tone of mind, personal character, and ideal of art—"to be spiritually minded is life eternal." And the silent guests, offspring of such lives, with their beautiful teachings, their unobtrusive inspiration, their familiar grace, make the loneliest room a temple, and yield some of the choicest joys of society, without the chilliness of etiquette, or the wearisome demands of vanity. Like Ophelia and Cordelia, they put us on a sweet track of musing; and if it be true, as has been said, that the strength of virtue is serenity of mind, the artists who work in this spirit are genuine priests of humanity, and oracles of God.

* Sterling.

LEUTZE.

IN the summer of 1837, a young though baffled enthusiast was roaming amid the picturesque scenery of Virginia. He had gone thither from the Capital, where an enterprise which seemed to offer at least the means of immediate subsistence, if not the promise of future distinction, had failed. He was the son of an honest but stern mechanic, born in a small town in southern Germany. At a very early age, the political discontent of his father induced the removal of his family to the United States, and Philadelphia became their home. The imagination of the youth was already tinged with the romantic legends of his father-land; and he brought to the new world a dreamy habit of mind, and many vague but ardent fancies, that gradually shaped themselves into longings for the unattained, and visions of renown. A boyhood of comparative seclusion and desultory reading, fostered these tendencies; and the most commonplace objects were grouped and colored in his reveries, according to dramatic suggestions. From this state of mind he was painfully awakened by the claims of filial duty, and the reflections which occupied the long vigils by his father's death-bed led him to resolve upon the profession of an artist, as that for which by nature and inclination he was best adapted. His early attempts were rude portraits, which succeeded only on account of their obvious resemblance to the originals, although in one instance the head of a bull-dog was considered a far better likeness than that of his master. At length, with the avidity natural to the occasion, he set about, for the first time, what he deemed worthy to be called a picture. It was based upon the memory of a colored print after Westall. Too impatient to wait for the colors to dry before giving the final touches, the young artist placed it near the fire and went out, anticipating the surprise of the friends he intended to summon, when his work was completed;—on his return it was burned to a blister. The misfortune was not, however, without its consolations, for, though obscured, it was not annihilated;—indeed, the fire had produced something of the effect for which many paintings are indebted to time, and his critics found no difficulty in recognizing many obscure but undoubted evidences of rich promise: they encouraged the youth, but it was years before he ventured upon a similar experiment.

On the contrary, he wisely turned his attention with zeal to the rudiments of his art, and made great progress under the instruction of a drawing-master of acknowledged merit. The result was, that his next portraits, when exhibited by the Artists' Fund Society, won encomiums from competent judges, and led a publisher to engage him to paint the heads of our leading statesmen, to be engraved for a national work. It was in the prosecution of this design that he visited Washington. Our busy politicians could not at that period afford the time to give the artist the requisite sittings. His wants were pressing, and his experience limited; it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that, after a few months, he abandoned the project, and went into Virginia, to soothe his disappointed feelings by communion with nature and reviving the dreams of his boyhood. These musings were, however, no longer wholly pleasurable. He had been brought into contact with reality, thrown suddenly upon his own resources, and obliged to compare experimentally the ideal and the actual. In addition to a bitter sense of the hard laws of necessity—a lesson that the world had taught him—he was now in the very bosom of that Nature to which he had fled as to a mother's arms, made keenly to realize how inadequate is Art, even when a mastery is obtained over her mechanical principles, to express what filled his imagination and glowed in his heart. Thus the avenues of life seemed closed to him, both in its practical and its imaginative development. In an aim directed by regard to the wants of the time and people, and having subsistence chiefly for its object, he had been quite unsuccessful; and when he sought for relief in achievements born of individual genius and enthusiasm, an almost fatal self-distrust palsied his will. To all intelligent and sensitive minds this epoch of existence is well known. To all such it must inevitably occur. It was a kind of "temptation in the desert" to our youthful painter. He desponded, but he was too heroic wholly to despair. A gentleman, whose rich domain he chanced to approach in his wayward rovings, perceived his ability, understood his unhappiness, and aroused him from inaction by a call upon his professional skill. The artist obeyed, but he could not subdue the mood which possessed him. No brilliant scene arose to his fancy, no humorous incident took form and color from his pencil, and the fair landscape around appeared to mock rather than cheer his destiny. He could not bring himself into relation with subjects thus breathing of hope and gayety, but found inspiration only in the records of human sorrow. As the royal mourner bade her companions "sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings," the pensive artist found something analogous to his own fate in the story of Hagar and Ishmael. He painted them as having followed up a spent watercourse, in hopes of finding wherewith to quench their thirst, and sinking under the disappointment. He neither saw nor painted the angel of God who showed the fountain in the wilderness; and yet the angel was there, for now the sufferer acknowledges that early vicissitudes nerved him for high endeavor, rendered his vision piercing, his patience strong, and his confidence firm; and that this incidental

effort to triumph over difficulties, was the first of a series which inspired his subsequent career.

Emmanuel Leutze was born at the village of Emingen, near the city of Reuthingen, in Würtemberg, May 24, 1816. To beguile the leisure moments while attending upon his invalid father, he amused himself with drawing. His picture of "An Indian gazing at the Setting Sun," evinced a higher than merely imitative talent; and in 1841 he had orders sufficient to warrant a visit to Europe. Having entered the Dusseldorf Academy as a pupil of Lessing, he soon acquired a name in historical art—the branch to which all his tastes and talent inclined; and thenceforth he never lacked liberal commissions from this side of the ocean. A series of dramatically conceived and historically elaborated pictures followed in rapid succession; some from their native, and others for their ancient significance and associations, won popular favor: among them were "Columbus before the Queen," "Columbus at Barcelona," "Landing of the Norsemen in America," "Cromwell and his Daughter," "The Court of Queen Elizabeth," "The Iconoclast," "The Flight of the Puritans," "Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn," "Knox and Mary Stuart," and "The Attainder of Stafford." In the meantime Leutze visited Italy, the principal German cities, and the United States, improving to the utmost his opportunities for study. It is easy to trace the influence of Kaulbach's powerful expression, Titian's color, and the active, energetic spirit of our young republic in the successive works of Leutze. He gained renewed favor at home by the spirited illustrations of Washington's career which came so fresh and dramatic from his pencil;—having delineated the peerless chief at Monmouth, at Princeton, crossing the Delaware, and in other memorable scenes of the Revolutionary drama; his "Sergeant Jasper," "News from Lexington," and "Mrs. Schuyler Firing the Wheat-Fields," are popular and effective works. Leutze married in Germany the daughter of an army officer; and in 1859 returned to the United States, where a government commission and numerous private orders awaited him. After some years of assiduous application, he went abroad for his family; and the estimation in which he is held among his old companions in art and good-fellowship, is indicated by the reception he met with at Dusseldorf on his arrival there June 10, 1863.

"About one hundred and fifty artists and lovers of art," says a journal of the day, "assembled at the 'Mahlkasten,' just outside of the Hof-Garten. This is the club-house of the painters, and, with its gardens, is their property. Leutze was received with music, and when he came within reach of the assembled company, there was a general rush to shake his hands, kiss his cheeks, and hug him. The old fellows were much affected at the scene, and were heartily glad to see their old companion once more. The guest made a short and feeling address, whereupon all went in to supper. Here, two of the artists had arrayed themselves, one as a negro, the other as an Indian; and these brought in the first dishes, and handed them to Leutze. Andreas Achenbach sat at Leutze's right, and his old friend Tryt at his left. After dinner the calumet of peace was passed around; there

was speaking and drinking of healths, with songs afterwards in the illuminated garden. The occasion appears to have been a very pleasant and right merry one, and is said to have been the happiest festival ever given by the society of artists."

The versatility and vigor of his pencil were well illustrated by the subjects and execution of some of his pictures which were sold just before his last departure for Europe ; they consisted of such works as had employed the intervals of his leisure, while at work on portraits and the commissions he had received and fulfilled during his last visit to this country ; the comic and the tragic, studies from nature and historical compositions were included in the catalogue which embraced sketches and finished works—such as "Lafayette met by his Family in the Prison of Olmutz," "Spray and Bubbles," a picture which to the casual observer will be simply a delineation of the sea breaking upon the shore, but which, if he studies it closely, will resolve itself into an army of water-spirits battling against the rocks, only to be beaten back or cast up with the surf upon the shore ; "Unexpected Friends," representing a wounded knight, imprisoned in a tower by a neighboring prince, who has entrapped him while on the chase, and now holds him confined until ransomed—his daughter is with him, and the "unexpected friends" appear in the shape of a Robin Goodfellow and his raven, who, having found their way into the prison from above, by a rope-ladder, are ready to effect their deliverance ; "Prairie Bluffs," depicting a herd of half-tamed horses being driven into camp before the coming storm breaks—the yellow bluffs of the prairie are seen in the background, relieved against the stormy sky ; "Ichabod Crane and the Headless Horseman," illustrating a well-known story in Irving's Sketch-Book ; "The Deserted Hall," "Entertaining the Messenger," and "Tired of Waiting," each architectural in its character, and fine examples of the artist's power in this line ; a "Gentleman of the Time of Charles II.," and a "German Knight," besides the original sketch in oil of the historical picture, "Emigration to the West," in the Capitol at Washington, and several study heads of females in the same work.

Leutze found a great change in the prospects of art and the position of artists in this country upon returning hither after twenty years' residence abroad. The contrast between the public taste and private encouragement then and now is indeed remarkable. A field for historical art had opened in the New World, and as Leutze left home because he found no adequate scope and inspiration, he returned when both were ample. The most extensive work recently executed is the picture which adorns the panel of the south-western staircase in the new wing of the Capitol at Washington ; it celebrates a primary cause of our national growth—Western Emigration. The following is a description of the work, and will give a general idea of its method and effect :—

"An emigrant party, travel-stained and weary, who for long weeks have toiled on in the face of formidable difficulties over the vast plains on the hither side of the Rocky Mountains, have reached, near sundown, the

point whence the waters flow in the direction they themselves are going, and from which they catch the first glimpse of the vast Pacific slope—their land of promise. El Dorado, indeed; for earth and sky and mountain peaks are bathed in the golden glow of the setting sun. On the left of the picture, leagues away in the dim distance, a faint line on the horizon reveals the western ocean; on the right, the eye follows a rolling prairie to the base of the Rocky Mountains—a link in the vast chain which stretches through both Americas. A wagon-train labors up the slope, and as it jolts over the rough way, worn with gullies and obstructed with rocks, is with difficulty saved from upsetting by the broad shoulders and strong arms of the party in charge. Above, on the highest point of rock, some of the younger of the western-bound pilgrims are planting the Stars and Stripes. Below, and nearer to the spectator, a frontier farmer and his family are grouped on a broad flat rock. The suffering mother, with her infant in her arms, has been carried thither by her husband to view the glories of the promised land which stretches before them. Their boy, a type of 'Young America,' with characteristic outfit, consisting of his father's rifle, a newspaper, a string, and a jack-knife, stands by, musing upon the future. His little sister cheers with expressions of childish surprise and delight her care-worn mother, who sits with her folded hands, thankful for dangers that are past, and longing for the rest and quiet that are to come in their new home. In the ravine below axemen are clearing the road of fallen timber. Above them, seated upon his horse, which he rests the while, and pointing the way that lies before them, is the guide—an old trapper clad in robes of buckskin. Next to him is a young adventurer, who, as his horse strains up the last slope of the rock, rises in the stirrups to catch the first glimpse of the pleasant land beyond. He is followed by another of the same class, who is cheering on the rest of the party. Each has his necessary outfit strapped on his horse—lariat, meal-bag, frying-pan, coffee-pot, extra blankets, and shoes.

"Above these figures a youthful vagrant, with a fiddle slung across his back, is assisting his equally youthful partner in life up to the rock, that she may peep at what lies beyond. They are careless and happy, in spite of their scanty equipment.

"Below these, mounted on a mule which is led by a negro boy, is a mother, who kisses, with tears of joy in her eyes, the babe on her bosom. She thinks of the meeting with him who has gone before them. Next to her a rough but good-hearted hunter of the border is helping a lad over the rocky path, who has been wounded—perhaps in some skirmish with hostile Indians. Immediately in the rear is a wagon drawn by a team of oxen, in which sits a young mother, straining her eyes to look at the level land which glimmers in the distance, and seemingly in doubt whether there be not other troubles ahead. The child in her lap, careless of all that is going on about her, is 'turning to mirth all things of earth, as only childhood can.'

"In the ornamental border, which is intended to serve merely the purpose

of a frame or margin to separate the picture from another, the artist has nterwoven the motto, "Westward the course of empire takes its way," with figures human and animal—a playful introduction, as it were, to the history of emigration.

In the centre of the upper margin the eagle shields with his broad wings Union and Liberty, while before them flees the stealthy savage. On the left is the axeman, preceded by the hunter, whose dog has attacked a catamount. An Indian creeping away discharges an arrow at the hunter. On the right is the agriculturist weeding corn, preceded by the missionary. Next, a prairie-owl and a rattlesnake claiming the hospitality of a prairie-dog. Before them the Indian skulks away, sheltering himself with his robe.

The right-side margin, beginning from below, shows a child watching the flight of herons—Moses leading the Israelites through the desert—the raven with a loaf in his bill—the Hebrew spies bringing fruits from Eshcol—a child bearing above treasures of precious stones, gold, etc.—Hercules dividing the Pillars of Gibraltar to open the path to the Atlantic (*plus ultra*). In the centre of this margin is a portrait of Daniel Boone.

In the left-side margin is a child paddling in a tortoise-shell—gulls and flying-fish—Arion on the Dolphin—the dove with olive branch—sailor boy—argosy of the Golden Fleece—child with fruits—the wise men of the East following the star to the West. In the middle of this margin is the portrait of Captain Clark.

The lower margin contains a view of the Golden Gate, the entrance to the harbor of San Francisco.

In painting his picture Mr. Leutze has employed, for the first time in this country, the new stereochromatic process, which has superseded the fresco-painting of the middle ages.

Another work of Leutze is the "Settlement of St. Mary's by Calvert." Kennedy's interesting novel, "Rob of the Bowl," has made that old colony familiar and romantic. The moment chosen by Leutze is when formal possession is taken of the country, after the store-house is completed to receive the provisions brought over by the emigrants: its brick walls and peaked roof are visible over the forest trees, which are just budding into life at the warm touch of spring; the atmosphere is clear and bright; the ships are at anchor in the bay; Father White is in the act of blessing the domain upon which the cross of his faith is already planted; Calvert, in the picturesque costume of the time, stands ready to confirm the treaty; his page is near with the documents in hand; the Indian Chief is also by; aboriginal women bring gifts of strawberries and game; a group of emigrants ascend the slope of the hill, exuberant at landing after so long a voyage, and driving the kine before them; sportsmen, mariners, ladies, children, savages, priest, and nobleman combine to form a suggestive and picturesque scene.

Leutze's picture of "An Indian contemplating the Setting Sun," gained for him, besides general praise, the permanent friendship of the late Ed-

ward L. Carey, of Philadelphia, whose kind interest manifested itself until his death, and through whose influence the artist received an amount of commissions sufficient to justify his embarkation for Europe. After a trying voyage, he arrived in Amsterdam in January, 1841, and having viewed the principal pictures which adorn that city, he hastened to Dusseldorf. He had heard of its celebrated school, and went there with highly-raised expectations, which were amply realized. For some months a greater confusion reigned in his mind than he had ever before known, in consequence of the vast number of fresh ideas which he then imbibed. Gradually, however, they arranged themselves into order. The new-comer from America met with a warm reception from the artists, and Lessing offered to give him lessons. He soon undertook his picture of "Columbus before the Council of Salamanca." When completed, Director V. Schadow called to see it, expressed his great satisfaction, and requested Leutze to offer it to the Art-Union of Dusseldorf. It was instantly purchased by that institution, and this high compliment to the genius of the stranger was rendered infinitely more gratifying by the universal and hearty sympathy of the artists, whose uninterrupted friendship proves their sincerity.

These circumstances sufficiently account for Leutze's partiality for the German school, independent of that affinity which may be supposed incident to his birth. He is not, however, without reasons for this preference. "For a beginner in the arts," he observes, in a letter, "Dusseldorf is probably one of the very best schools now in existence, and has educated an uncommon number of distinguished men. The brotherly feeling which exists among the artists is quite cheering, and only disturbed by their speculative dissensions. Two parties divide the school—the one actuated by a severe and almost bigoted Catholic tendency, at the head of which stands the Director of the Academy; and the other by a free and essentially Protestant spirit, of which Lessing is the chief representative. The consistency and severity in the mechanical portion of the art taught at this school, are carried into the theory, and have led, by order and arrangement, to a classification of the subjects, which is of essential service; and soon confirmed me in the conviction that a thorough poetical treatment of a picture required that the *anecdote* should not be so much the subject, as the means of conveying some one clear idea, which is to be the inspiration of the picture. But the artist, as a poet, should first form the clear thought as the groundwork, and then adopt or create some anecdote from history or life, since painting can be but partially narrative, and is essentially a contemplative art."

The best illustration of this view of his profession, is found in the paintings of Leutze, which, instead of merely telling a story, have a moral significance—conveying some great idea of chivalry, as in the Northmen; moral dignity, as in Columbus; loyalty to truth or faith, as in Knox and Queen Mary.

When Leutze visited Munich, he considered its school of painting the best in the world. He revelled in the productions of Kaulbach, of Corne-

lius, and the many ancient specimens collected by the art-loving king of the Bavarians. He felt, in studying creations like these, how much remained for him to attain. After his recent constant application, there was, too, a need of tranquillity. He knew that the mind, like the earth, is enriched by lying fallow, and determined to consecrate a few months to repose. We have already spoken of his wanderings in Virginia. The scene of his next retirement offered a rich contrast. Having finished "Columbus before the Queen," Leutze took advantage of some casual excuse to withdraw himself awhile, and plunged for refreshment into the beautiful scenery of the Suabian Alps—a region abounding in historical interest, and full of remains of the architecture of the middle ages. For nearly half a year he loitered about the foot of the Hohenstaufen, where stood the castle of that great race, alike romantic in its rise and fall, from Barbarossa to the ill-fated Conradin of Naples. With the tone of mind so clearly evinced in his pictures, we can easily imagine what food for contemplation Leutze found amid these trophies of the past—memorials of the strife between church and state that agitated civilized Europe for centuries. There are the picturesque relics of the free cities, with their gray walls and frowning towers, in which a few hardy burghers bade defiance to their aristocratic oppressors, and gave the first impulse to that love of liberty which realized itself, after countless vicissitudes, in the institutions of that far western land so dear to the affections of the pilgrim of art. The progress of Freedom thus represented itself in pictures to his mind, forming a long cycle from the first dawning of free institutions in the middle ages, to the Reformation—through the revolution in England, the causes of emigration, including the discovery and settlement of America, her early protests against oppression —to the War and Declaration of Independence. Leutze has given us some striking illustrations of this grand series of events, which thus arrayed themselves to his fancy amid the wild scenery and feudal remains of the Hohenstaufen, into a magnificent epic uttered in forms and colors; and we earnestly hope that he will forge many other enduring and golden links of the chain, and thus make the effective in human art symbolize the glorious in human destiny. Such an enterprise accords with the spirit of the age infinitely better than the constant and tame reproduction of obsolete ideas.

Leutze visited every city between this region and the Tyrol, where such views might find nurture and expansion, and arrived in Venice to experience the delight with which that unique city fills every poetic mind—a charm, we fear, somewhat dispelled by the railroad, which divorces the fair and venerable queen from the sea forever. Titian, Veronese, and the Bellinis, he found were only to be known face to face, and never through lifeless translation. Fresh as he was from the North— to use his own expressive phrase—he warmed himself in the sunshine of their colors. At Bologna he first saw an undoubted Raphael, and experienced a strange joy as he stood before the St. Cecilia. "But my joy was much impaired," he writes, "by three or four scaffolds and easels with miserable daubs that were to

be sent into the world as copies. I soon learned, however, by after-experience, that scarcely any beautiful picture can be seen in Italy except through the fretwork of half-a-dozen easels." A want of sympathy with many of the subjects of art in Rome, so different from those to which he had been devoted, prevented Leutze from enjoying the Eternal City with the enthusiasm usual to artists. He could not readily separate the execution from the subject, though impressed with the genius of the former. He chiefly admired Michael Angelo for his power and individuality, regarding him as the prophet of the future, and Raphael as an exquisitely beautiful reflection of the past. Here Leutze painted the Norsemen. Through Pisa, Genoa, and Milan, he went to Switzerland—his powers of observation constantly exercised—and took the Rhine at Strasburg. Absorbing as the scenes of his pilgrimage had proved, they had not cast into the shade a beloved image, which made him greet the neighborhood of Dusseldorf with emotion; and one who was there dear to him soon became the partner of his life.

Few pictures at one of the exhibitions of the National Academy attracted such notice as "The Landing of the Northmen." It gave, perhaps, unqualified pleasure to no one, but interested all who possessed any adequate sense of what is intrinsically meritorious in art. This arose naturally from its freedom from that tameness of design which is so refreshing to the eye weary with exploring the complacent mediocrities that occupy so large a space in most annual exhibitions. Pausing before this picture, we might, at all events, congratulate ourselves upon having a reality to look at. "Here, at least," we could say, "is no timid draughtsman, no flat and superficial attempt; the man who did this was no shuffler; he was not afraid to call his soul his own; he had something decided to say with his colors and drawing, and he has said it very emphatically, and we are much obliged to him for speaking out like a man, instead of mumbling. We like the bold style of his address, and we feel at once that whatever may be his deficiencies in artistic skill, he has that primal and absolute claim upon our respect and affection which consists in *manhood*—a quality not coexistent by necessity with any degree of talent or species of profession." "The Landing of the Northmen" is doubtless a very extravagant composition; there is something almost too melodramatic about it. The position of the leader, the rushing ardor of the debarkation, the almost supernatural air of the figures, strikes us, at first, as incongruous. Some faults of execution, too, are easily discerned. Yet in spite of these objections, the picture is conceived in a fine spirit. We must enter into the artist's idea to enjoy it. Let us imagine, then, the long and anxious voyage that preceded this arrival, the chivalric character of that race so well suggested by the Norse songs of Motherwell, and the "Skeleton in Armor" of Longfellow; imagine them, after great suspense and deprivation, coming in sight of the promised land, about to exchange the dreary ocean for the safe and fertile precincts of a tropical isle! As the boat's keel grazed the beach, who, with a spark of enthusiasm, cannot sympathize with the leader bearing aloft in

his huge arms the bride who had braved the deep with him, arrayed in her queenly attire, her fair hair floating on the land-breeze, and her blue eyes dilated with triumph? Is there not a beautiful hint of the "heart of courtesy" in the woman's foot pressed upon the mariner's knee, and the care bestowed upon the old mother in the stern? Is it not very natural that the sea-worn boy should clutch at the overhanging grapes? May not the quietude in the expression of the principal female figure be the calm of unutterable joy? There is a noble greeting in the outstretched arm of the chieftain; his air is full of victorious happiness, as if, while realizing his daring hopes—

> "Toward the shore he spread his arms
> As if the expanded soul diffused itself,
> And carried to all spirits with the act
> Its affluent inspiration."

In the picture of Cromwell and his Daughter, we find a similar incongruity in the detail and power of general effect. The countenances of the two are assuredly full of moral expression—the masculine energy of the Puritan woman and the subdued determination of her father tell their own story with dramatic vividness; but then the female's arm is that of a washerwoman—an anatomical absurdity. "Columbus in Chains" first gained Leutze a wide renown on this side of the water. When sent to the great exhibition at Brussels, it received from the king of the Belgians the medal *à Vermeil*, as a "Recompense Nationale." One of the pictures, the most characteristic at once of his genius and artistic skill, is that representing John Knox in his celebrated interview with Queen Mary. The artist could scarcely have chosen a subject more happily adapted to his powers. The varied passions enlisted on that remarkable occasion are admirably portrayed. The expression of the queen and great reformer are given with singular fidelity. The painter has greatly heightened the dramatic effect of the whole by the introduction of two female attendants, one French and the other Scotch—the one, of course, astonished at the heresy, and perhaps disgusted at the assurance of Knox, and the other full of sympathy for Mary. Another of his pictures is "Columbus before the Queen." We have heard the figure of the latter complained of as wanting grace, but there is something exceedingly true to nature in the contrast between her bearing and that of Ferdinand. He does not forget himself, but listens with loyal self-possession; yet is cunning suffered to betray itself in the expression of his motionless features. But in Isabella the woman supersedes the queen. There is a fine abandonment in her very attempt at self-control, and the manner in which the hand presses the temples is part of the natural language of subdued feeling. The figure of Columbus is noble and impressive.

A more recent picture is the "First Mass of Mary Stuart in Scotland."

From the number and variety of subjects we have indicated, Leutze's industry may be inferred. Perhaps, indeed, his facility and technical apti-

tudes militate with the highest results, and especially where any deep sentiment is involved; the needs of a large family have, too, sometimes hurried Leutze's pencil, and often he has done injustice to himself and his subject; hence the critics demur at the adequacy of some of his more ambitious attempts, and deprecate the haste and carelessness which circumstances have occasionally led him to indulge. In order rightly to estimate his skill, the subject and the study should conform to the artist's special taste and faculty, and in such cases his success is marked; but when he delineates a theme endeared to sentiment, like Godiva, as she lives in Tennyson's exquisite paraphrase, the coarse rendering of the rude mediæval legend offends the delicate preconception of the bard's admirers, and hence makes the painter's illustration offensive. It is when we scan the complete products of Leutze's pencil, recognize the spirit of his conceptions, and the technical skill which he was one of the first of our painters to bring into the service of historical art, that we realize his scope and possible achievements. His pictures are widely distributed: "Washington crossing the Delaware," an effective and impressive work; "The Rose of the Alhambra," "The Triumph of the Cross," "Crossing the Alps," and "John Knox admonishing Mary Stuart," are in the collection of Marshall O. Roberts, Esq., of New York. "An Interior by Moonlight," "Captain Prince," "Nurse and Child," "Columbus before Ferdinand," "A Looking-glass Reflection," "A Novice," "Boy and Dog," and "Hester Prynne," belong to A. M. Cozzens, Esq., of New York. William McDonald, Esq., of Baltimore, has his "Battle of Yorktown;" R. L. Stuart, Esq., of New York, his "Elizabeth;" J. W. Field, Esq., of Philadelphia, one of his earliest works—"The Return;" James T. Furness, Esq., of the same city, his "Columbus before Ferdinand and Isabella," H. C. Carey, Esq., his "Poet's Dream;" and "Rummaging," a pleasing interior, belongs to W. T. Blodgett, Esq., of New York. His "Venetian Maskers," brilliant in color, his full-length of Queen Victoria, and portraits of a lady and child, are in the possession of Geo. W. Riggs, Esq., of Washington, D. C.; "Cromwell and his Daughter," cabinet size, was purchased at the Wolfe sale by Mr. Witstalk for about five hundred dollars; and the "Godiva," despite adverse criticisms, brought a thousand dollars at the Wright sale. Leutze has executed numerous portraits, some of them of eminent men, and many of them remarkable for vigorous expression and individuality of character; that of General Grant is a fine example.

There is a spirit in the world, born of earnest natures, which gives rise to what may be called the poetry of action. It aims to embody heroic dreams, and prompts men to nourish great designs in secret, to leap from the crowd of passive lookers-on, and become pioneers, discoverers, and martyrs. It gives the primary impulse to reform, lends sublime patience to scientific research, cheers the vigil and nerves the arm of him who keeps watch or wages battle for humanity. It is the spirit of Adventure. The navigators of the age of Elizabeth, and the religious innovators of a later day, knew its inspiration; and in all times the knight, the apostle, the

crusader, and the emigrant, have illustrated its power. All the momentous epochs of life and history are alive with its presence, and it glowed alike in the wars of Spanish invasion, the protests of Luther, the voyages of Raleigh, the revolt of Masaniello, the experiment of Fulton, and in the heart of many a volunteer who, a few years ago, encamped in Virginia. Leutze delights in representing Adventure. He ardently sympathizes with chivalric action and spirit-stirring events; not the abstractly beautiful or the simply true, but the heroic, the progressive, the individual and earnest phases of life, warm his fancy, and attract his pencil. His forte is the dramatic. Events awaken his interest far more than still-life, however charming; and the scenes he aspires to portray, instead of being calm reflections of nature, must be alive with some destiny, suggestive of a great epoch in human affairs, or palpitate with the concentrated life of one of those moments in an individual's career when the thoughts of years converge to a focus, or shape themselves into victorious achievement. This sense of the adventurous, and vivid sympathy with what is impressive in character and memorable in history, seem to us the main characteristic of Leutze. It is manifest in all his successful efforts, and distinguishes him from that large class of artists who are quite content with the mere beauty of a scene, and the familiar in life. If Leutze were not a painter, he certainly would join some expedition to the Rocky Mountains, thrust himself into a fiery political controversy, or seek to wrest a new truth from the arcana of science. He is a living evidence of one of Emerson's aphorisms—"there is hope in extravagance, there is none in routine." We remember hearing a brother artist describe him in his studio at Rome, engaged for hours upon a picture, deftly shifting palette, cigar, and maul-stick from hand to hand, as occasion required; absorbed, rapid, intent, and then suddenly breaking from his quiet task to vent his constrained spirits in a jovial song, or a romp with his great dog, whose vociferous barking he thoroughly enjoyed; and often abandoning his quiet studies for some wild, elaborate frolic, as if a row was essential to his happiness. His very jokes partook of this bold heartiness of disposition. He scorned all ultra-refinement, and found his impulse to art not so much in delicate perception as in vivid sensation. There was ever a reaction from the meditative. His temperament is Teutonic—hardy, cordial, and brave. Such men hold the conventional in little reverence, and their natures gush like mountain streams, with wild freedom and unchastened enthusiasm. Leutze resembles Carlyle. There must be great affinity in their minds—both impress and win us through a kind of manly sincerity and courageous bearing. The paintings of the one, like the writings of the other, often violate good taste, and offend us by exaggeration in detail; but we often forgive such defects, because of the earnest and adventurous spirit, the exhilarating strength of will, the genuine individuality they exhibit. Both, too, eloquently teach Hero-Worship, and enlist our sympathies in behalf of those who bravely endure or calmly dare for the sake of "an idea dearer than self." If true to himself, he will convey higher and more effective lessons. We have painters enough who can

ably depict the actual in external nature, and the ideal of beauty in the abstract; but very few who have the energy and comprehensiveness to seize upon heroic attitudes, and make clear to the senses, as well as to the soul, that "the angel of martyrdom is brother to the angel of victory." Leutze's heart beats in unison with the echoes of the mountains, swells at the thought of great deeds and exalted suffering, and can appreciate the majestic loveliness that plays, like a divine halo, around those who have deemed freedom and truth dearer than life, and vindicated their faith by deeds. We hope to see more of the great events of our own history made the subject of his labors, elaborated with patient skill, and inspired by national sentiment.

BROWN.

AMONG the safety-valves of youthful enthusiasm, in regard to which almost every man of ardent fancy boasts agreeable reminiscences, is the dramatic mania. In literary cities like Edinburgh and Boston, where the animal spirits incident to early life are prone to exhaust themselves on intellectual objects, dramatic clubs once formed a great resource to school-boys, collegians, and apprentices. Popular lectures and mercantile associations have now given a different and more desirable turn to aspirations of this nature; but the widely-acknowledged talent of one of our best landscape-painters received its first decided impulse at one of these juvenile fraternities. George L. Brown, a native of Boston, forty years ago entered into the objects of the club with all the cordiality and singleness of purpose which belong to artistic organizations. It was not, however, the illusions of the stage that attracted him, but the field thus opened for gratifying an instinctive love of those combinations, laws, and effects which are understood by the term Art. He was found to be a most serviceable ally, with an extraordinary aptitude and unlimited will, being equally efficient and cheerful whether enacting Julius Cæsar, manufacturing thunder, or painting a scene. The latter occupation, however, proved by far the most interesting, and the idea of being destined for a painter first broke like sunshine upon his mind, amid the loud plaudits of his comrades at the appearance of the long-expected and—in their view—miraculous drop. "As if it were by libraries, academies," exclaims Carlyle, "the dead force of other men, that the living force of a new man is to be brought forth into victorious clearness!" He alludes to the triumphs of genius over circumstance in the instance of Burns, or rather to the divine capacity of genius to elicit its own education from life, however unpropitious. This anecdote of Brown's youth illustrates how slight and accidental are the events which awaken boundless intimations in gifted minds. The design was no sooner conceived than every hour's reflection confirmed his purpose. He thought with satisfaction upon the habits acquired too early for their date to be traced, and of which he all at once became for the first time conscious—of drawing, upon slates and paper, objects and incidents that caught his attention, and especially a certain vague delight he had

ever taken in the tints of costume, vegetation, and skies. These facts of consciousness assured him that he did not err in believing that his permanent satisfaction was to be sought in artist-life. The only available method of commencing his enterprise that presented itself was that of offering his services to a wood-engraver. It was requisite that he should quiet the protests of his relatives against what they considered his perverse indifference to several eligible schemes by which his respectable subsistence would be made certain, by uniting with the study of art a lucrative employment. At this time a demand for illustrated books, especially those intended for children and popular use, had manifested itself, and several of the Boston publishers had issued favorable specimens. To these gentlemen, after a year's apprenticeship to an engraver on wood, young Brown applied for employment. His labors appear to have given much more satisfaction to his patrons than to himself, but he sought alleviation from the monotony of his workshop by excursions into the country and haunting every studio where he could obtain admittance, and finally by experiments in oil. His first complete essay of the latter kind was executed in the room of a portrait-painter, who had won some influential friends among the lovers of the arts. It here arrested the eye of a gentleman, who was struck with a certain boldness and feeling it displayed, notwithstanding very obvious indications of want of practice. His interest was greatly increased when assured that it was a first attempt. He at once purchased the landscape, and sought an introduction to the painter, whose views he professed himself heartily disposed to promote. Brown's wishes were then confined to a visit to Europe. Without experience, full of hope, and quite uninformed as to the actual demands of life and of art, he cherished vague but delightful ideas of artist-life in the Old World. As the poor son of Erin expected to tread upon dollars the moment his foot touched American soil, our deluded painter fondly deemed that in the land of Raphael or Rubens, recognition and success awaited but his presence. To understand the extent of this feeling, and the dreamy basis of his buoyant expectations, it is enough to say that when asked what sum would enable him to execute his project, he instantly named one hundred dollars. The benevolent merchant, whose sympathies had been enlisted alike by his enthusiasm and his wants, stared a little at this reply, and inquired what he proposed to do on reaching the other side of the Atlantic. "Be an artist, sir," said Brown, confidently. His friend gave him the required sum, with an ominous shake of the head and his best wishes, and Brown ran, quite wild with joy, and paid seventy-five dollars at once, to the captain of a brig bound to Antwerp, for his passage. But a few hours remained for the young adventurer to complete his arrangements and take leave of his friends. He did not allow himself to suffer the discouraging observations which every one volunteered, to subdue his elation, or change for an instant his purpose. He felt that confidence which sometimes seems to be divinely imparted, and no distrust of the future beguiled him from hopeful visions. He had labored for several of the freshest years of his

existence with scarcely a word or look of sympathy; he saw no promising ray in the horizon about him; the objects and spirit of his acquaintance were alien to his own, and he longed to thrust himself forth into the great world, to escape from the limits of routine, and to cast off the bonds of local prejudice. He had formed a sweet alliance with Nature, and there was a companionship in the works of great artists, more sustaining than that of ungenial fellow-beings. To such influences he would courageously trust himself; he believed they would console him for a separation from kindred and country. Anticipations, too, of a return under happier circumstances, lent brightness to his musings; and in fancy, he beheld himself welcomed with a respect quite in contrast to the half-pitiful God-speed with which he had been sent on his way. One little scene attendant upon his departure is too ludicrous to be omitted. At the last moment, he discovered that it was expected of each passenger to provide his own mattress. He went on shore to make the purchase, and being in haste, as well as economically inclined, followed the Eastern custom, and carried his own bed. It was towards dusk that, thus burdened, he made his way through the principal streets of his native city, encountering as he went several members of the dramatic club, of whom he had taken leave in the morning, and whose doubts of his sanity the encounter by no means lessened. His voyage was a period of frequent and complete enjoyment. The firmament and the deep had never been so entirely revealed to him, and many impressions were then unconsciously obtained which have subsequently enriched his canvas, as at early morning, sunset, and midnight, he watched the changeful tints of the ocean, or the blending lights of the sky. From reveries like these, the process of unlading the vessel all at once aroused him. The generous captain surmised his lonely and destitute condition, and with great delicacy tendered him what assistance he could. Now the vicissitudes he had braved were at length clearly perceived. He felt that he was a stranger and poor, and as he slowly walked up from the pier, began seriously to wonder at his own improvidence.

The few succeeding months of his life would furnish hints enough for a popular novelist to construct many attractive chapters. With his powers of observation and endurance continually exercised, and his moments of euthusiasm alternating with hours of keen anxiety, he lingered in the neighborhood of Antwerp until the friendly captain sailed. That true-hearted mariner, who seemed to the lonely painter to carry with him the last visible bond which united him to home, was his companion in an excursion to the field of Waterloo, and his pioneer to some novel illustrations of life in the Lowlands. Brown passed many hours daily in the cathedral—the first grand specimen of religious architecture he had seen, and one which, at his age, and under the peculiar circumstances of his visit, made a deep and lasting impression. The pictures of Ruysdäel also gave him singular delight, and awakened a new series of ideas in regard to his art. He could not, however, indulge these tastes with equanimity, while his small resources were rapidly dwindling, and not the smallest

chance of profitable occupation or hospitality offered itself to his now sobered imagination. He determined, therefore, to embark at once for London, and arrived there almost penniless. After a few weeks' residence, which he improved as far as his scanty means would allow, he availed himself of the timely assistance of a countryman, and went to Paris, with a view of copying in the Louvre. The merchant who had befriended him in Boston, authorized him, at his departure, to send the first products of his industry to his address. Accordingly, he had no sooner finished a few pictures, than they were carefully transmitted. Meantime, Brown shared the humble apartment of a brother-artist, and for several days lived upon bread and water. While in suspense as to the result of his experiment, he could not afford even to purchase the materials of his art, and wandered along the Boulevards and through the gardens of the brilliant metropolis, often in a state of feverish anxiety, yet ever and anon beguiled from a sense of his isolated and impoverished condition, by a rare engraving at a shop window, or a beautiful effect of light and shade, evolved from illuminated shrubbery, dazzling fountain, or moonlit architecture. He could have obtained pecuniary aid, by merely stating his wants, from more than one pleasant comrade; but, with the pride natural to his cherished aims, he manfully preferred to suffer privations awhile, rather than extend his obligations beyond the kind but poor artist whose lodging he shared. When more than sufficient time had elapsed, however, for a response to his application, he began to feel that heart-sickness which is born of hope deferred; and one lovely day in spring, he rose from one of the benches of the Tuileries, and ended a gloomy reverie by a determination to seek, for the last time, the banker to whom his letters were to be addressed, and if again disappointed, to proceed on foot to Havre, and beg or work his passage to America. With a thrill of joy, he found warm acknowledgments from the merchant awaiting him. The pictures had proved more than satisfactory, and remittances adequate to liquidate his small debt, and provide for his immediate necessities, had been placed to his credit.

Let us now pass over a few years. It was a beautiful autumn noon, and the many churches of Boston had poured forth the throngs of their respective worshippers. Two young men stood at the end of Long Wharf, gazing upon the waters of the harbor. They approached and recognized each other. "Why are you here?" asked one. "In certain moods I find a peculiar refreshment in beholding the sea. In view of these vessels and that bay, I easily recall the pleasant hours of my life abroad, and it is sometimes grateful to realize how near at hand is the medium by which, if my dearest wishes fail at home, I may pass to a distant land endeared by association, and redolent of promise." "What a singular coincidence!" exclaimed his companion: "you have given expression to the very feeling which pervaded my mind, though it had not assumed a distinct shape. I have seen just enough of foreign scenes to feel their inspiration. Under the pressure of want, I knew amid them a flow of ideas, a consciousness of sympathy, and a vivid ambition, which I am confident, in more auspicious

circumstances, would have called forth all my latent ability, and won me a reputation in my art; but I returned, from necessity, prematurely, and have since learned, from bitter experience, that 'a prophet is not without honor save in his own country.' The old feeling will not come back, although I labor assiduously; the mechanical triumphs over the spiritual. I wait in vain for orders. I miss the brotherhood, the high examples, the free life, the artistic influences of Europe; and yet I cannot, if I would, chill the spirit which my present life renders dormant, but not dead. You remember how Corinne felt in England! I am in a like condition. What skill is mine as a mere draughtsman remains, but the power of improvisation in colors seems blighted. The technical eclipses the spontaneous." "This is all quite intelligible to me," answered the other, "although I have never seen your works. Is there no feasible method of accomplishing your desire?" "None that I can imagine, except obtaining commissions—and Allston, to whom I went for that encouragemen the so readily administers, last night told me that my copy of one of Claude's landscapes was the best he ever saw." "Do you think he would put that in writing?" "Undoubtedly." "Bring such a certificate to me on the morrow, and we will see what can be done." The result of this colloquy was that the endorsement of the great painter was brought to the notice of several wealthy citizens, who had a taste for adorning their houses with authentic memorials of the old masters, and whose patriotism inclined them to support native talent. Articles setting forth Brown's project were inserted in some of the leading journals, and in less than a month he was on his way to Italy, with a reasonable advance on the price demanded for two or three copies of Claude Lorraine's masterpieces. He found himself at work in a Roman palace, with just sufficient to carry him through the winter. Incited alike by gratitude and hope, he toiled long and faithfully, and, for half a year, carried his picture to and fro daily between the gallery and his lodgings. While giving the finishing touches, it caught the eye of a Baltimore gentleman of fortune, who had accidentally visited the collection; an acquaintance ensued, and Brown's anxieties for the future were put asleep by a draft for a thousand dollars, to be invested according to his own taste in the fruits of his expressive pencil.

For several years Brown resided in Florence. During this time he painted sixty landscapes, and those not executed in fulfilment of particular orders, met with a ready sale among the travelling English and his own countrymen. The greater portion of these works are compositions, many of them representing felicitous combinations of Italian scenery. The fir-tree, the tower of the middle ages, the picturesque bridge, the fragmentary aqueduct, the *contadina* at the fountain, the cross by the wayside, and other objects, are indeed sufficiently familiar to the lover of art, and forma kind of staple imagery for the traveller's portfolio. A bolder outline, greater freedom and richness of coloring, and a more expressive tone, however, give Brown's treatment of these subjects a peculiar charm. They appeal, under his

hand, more earnestly to our associations; and yet we are far from regarding his style as faultless. Sometimes there is a too obvious striving for effect; the tints have a certain prominence, something like those of gorgeous tapestry, and the light is not enough subdued. His efforts, too, are quite unequal, and he wants practice in the figure. But these are rather erroneous tendencies than radical imperfections. More study did not fail to correct them. On his return home, on a visit for a few weeks, he brought some excellent specimens of his ability, which were very generally admired, and gained rapidly upon public estimation the more they were contemplated. Among them were two moonlight scenes in Venice, of rare beauty. One in particular gave with admirable truth that peculiar density of the sky so remarkable in Italy, on a summer night after a storm, when the moon appears to sail far out from the infinite depths of the blue concave, and silver the edges of the massive clouds below. She illumines the Piazzetta di San Marco and the famous Lion of St. Mark; the Ducal Palace on the right, the Lagoons and San Georgio on the left. In the opening on the right, between the Ducal Palace and the next building, is seen the "Bridge of Sighs." At a proper distance the illusion of this view is absolutely startling, and one who can recognize its local fidelity, feels a thrill of solemn delight such as once transported him when gazing upon the heavens thus illumined from the Piazza San Marco. Critics objected that the pigments were laid on too heavily, but none looked upon the landscape unmoved, and not a few acknowledged that it was the best southern moonlight they had ever seen upon canvas.

Happiness is distinguished from mere pleasure by the fact that in that state we repose upon sensation. If we analyze in our memories the enchantment of genuine delight, it will be found that a wish indefinitely to prolong the mood or condition, an invincible dread that the spell may be broken, a tranquil but intense absorption of consciousness, is the distinctive trait by which real enjoyment may be known from artificial. At such a moment our being is harmonized; there is a sweet blending of the elements of life; it is what Campbell means by "the torrent's smoothness ere it dash below," and Croly by "passion made essential," and Coleridge by the realization of "gentle wishes long subdued, subdued and cherished long." In the clear perception of truth, in communion with nature, in what the devotional mean by peace, the moralists by integrity of soul, and the lover by recognition, the feeling we would suggest is involved. It is the settling of the quivering balance, the ultimate swell of the choir, the mellowness of the full noontide, the entire calm that succeeds both excitement and reaction—in a word, that completeness, satisfaction, content, which, like the calm glow of autumn, seems to fill all conscious desire, and hush the pleadings of expectancy, without inducing any of the stagnation of indifference. Politicians talk of a balance of power; there is an equilibrium of soul somewhat analogous. In literature and art a quality similar to this moral condition obtains. It is to such works what temperament is in individuals—the subtle principle uniting mechanical and

spiritual attributes. Thus we talk of books that soothe and books that inspire. Byron says: "High mountains are a feeling." The corresponding effect in the creations of genius is that which appeals to the soul—not referable to outline, form, or perspective, but evolved from or mysteriously combined with these. It is the indefinite charm of art and character, the magnetism and not the anatomy of things. No phase of nature so thoroughly represents the idea as atmosphere. Indeed, the use of this term in regard to persons and places, is the best proof of its significance, and the genius of landscape-painting is most perfectly exhibited by successfully reproducing its magic. Claude's peculiar merit lies in this very achievement. As he watched the sunsets from the Pincian mount, he not only saw but felt them, and in imitating celestial hues, imparted also the emotion with which they inspired him. Upon some landscapes we look with pleasure on account of their marvellous correctness; from others we imbibe the sentiment with which they overflow. It is the same in poetry. Crabbe had an eye for the minutest details of nature; Wordsworth takes in the very spirit of the universe, and the writings of each affect us accordingly. The special phase of success and promise in Brown is his susceptibility to the language of atmosphere and skies. We have already stated that, as a copyist of Claude, he first advanced both in reputation and means. His success in giving that painter's manner procured him the name, among his countrymen and brother artists in Florence, of Claude Brown. In order to estimate wherein this merit differs from other essential qualities of landscape, it is requisite to consider the many delicate variations which exist in the skies and atmospheres of different countries and seasons. Whoever is alive to the language of Nature must be sensible of having experienced, as it were, her most changeful and insinuating moods, while contemplating the twilight, sunset, or morning aspect of the heavens in America, Switzerland, and Italy, and in spring, winter, and autumn. Perhaps this is the most subtle and mysterious language which she addresses to the mind, and therefore more difficult to define or analyze. "There is an evening twilight of the heart," says Halleck—and who has not felt it? Our sunsets are often gorgeous rather than serene, and the light and skies with us, are sometimes too exciting to afford the deepest gratification to the feelings, or the most desirable material for the artist. The moon and stars appear to stand forth from the firmament rather than be half lost in its depth. The evening clouds often lie in huge fleecy masses, grand and bright—

> "As if some spirit of the air,
> Might pause to gaze below awhile,
> Then turn to bathe and revel there."

There is a keen transparency in the atmospheres of our autumn and winter, but only the haze of the Indian summer breathes a genuine poetry. To this neutral tint, subdued effect, some intervening medium or reflected light whereon the eye can rest without being dazzled—in short, a tranquillizing

as well as brilliant element, is quite essential. This is the peculiar charm of Italian skies. Violet tints, soft and deep, seem to float over the snowy Apennines. There is an apparently penetrable density in the azure of the sky, observable especially when seen through the opening of a cupola—as that of the Pantheon, for instance. At sunset, the clouds stretch in pencilled lines along the horizon, and every variety of hue trembles through a lucid mist. The effect upon the mind is dreamy; the senses are won by gentle encroachments, and the feelings are melted rather than roused, as we gaze. Claude was remarkable for the "dewy humidity which he threw over dark, shadowy places." This he acquired from Ausonian nature. *Firmamento lucido* and *cieli immensi* belong to the south of Europe. Beckford, who, if we may be allowed the expression, was an epicurean lover of nature, when he first saw the sun go down upon the southern plains on the other side of the Alps, wrote thus: "A few hazy vapors—I cannot call them clouds—rested upon the extremity of the landscape, and through their medium the sun cast an oblique and dewy ray." The tints of the Apennines are singularly mellow, the air which encircles them often at once pearly and transparent, and their summits are sometimes invested with a saffron light. When the Swiss mountains greeted Allston's vision at early morning from Lake Maggiore, he says: "They seemed literally to rise from their purple beds and put on their golden crowns." And in Monaldi, describing a summer noon at Rome, he observes: "There was a thin yellow haze over the distance, like that which precedes the sirocco, but the nearer objects were clear and distinct, and so bright that the eye could scarcely rest upon them without quivering, especially on the modern buildings, with their huge sweep of whited walls, and their red-tiled roofs, that lay burning in the sun; while the sharp, black shadows which, here and there, seemed to indent the dazzling masses, might almost have been fancied the cinder-tracks of fire." Such descriptions evince the richness of this field of observation to an artist. Mere acuteness of perception, however, is not sufficient to transfer such vague beauties to canvas. There must be a vivid sympathy with transitions so interwoven and aërial. We have compared the atmospheric phenomena of color, light and shade, density and transparency, as visible as nature, with the moods of the mind. To extend the similitude: to those who do not sympathize with and love us, our moods are purely objective, arbitrary, and isolated states; but the eye which can read our own, the heart whose pulses vibrate to our touch, recognize in these moods a soulful meaning. And thus the painter who only sees Nature with his eyes, can but embody her more palpable forms and colors; while he who is drawn toward her by undefinable attraction, and feels her more intricate relations, portrays her in the spirit of faith as well as of sight. This is only saying that in regard to susceptibility, the painter should be, and is by nature, a poet also. There is as much sentiment in one of Claude's best landscapes as there is in Raphael's Holy Family. Many of our landscape-painters excel mainly in graphic ability, in the American aptitudes of tact and quickness; they faithfully depict

the material objects which constitute scenery, but rarely catch a trace of the soul of the universe, by which she allies herself to the heart of man; and until the advent of Cole and Durand, we discern the clearest tokens of this genial feeling in many of Brown's pictures.

In 1860 he returned to the United States, bringing with him many Italian landscapes and a remarkable series of elaborately finished pencil-drawings of trees, especially some of the venerable ilexes near Rome. He soon executed several American landscapes—views of Niagara, the White Mountains, and the New England and Southern coast: his "broad effects of light" and remarkable facility of execution obtained him frequent commissions. A picture called "The Crown of New England"—a view of the highest of the White Mountains, was purchased by the Prince of Wales during his visit to the United States; and several gentlemen of New York presented his Royal Highness with the same artist's picture of the Bay of that city. For several years past Brown has resided in the vicinity of Boston, where his pencil is constantly and profitably employed—chiefly upon Italian subjects, for which his careful and elaborate studies furnish ample material. During the last four years he has painted sixty-three landscapes of scenes in and near Rome, in the vicinity of Naples, and in the island of Sicily. One of his latest critics remarks: "George L. Brown continues to paint Italian scenery; but, so far as artistic execution goes, much better than when he was in Italy. His color is now marked by a pearly-gray tone, which is restful and quiet in comparison with the lavish use of reds and yellows which characterized his work in other years. At the same time he elaborates his picture, finishing the smallest details with sober, conscientious care."

PALMER.

MRS. GRANT'S "Memoirs of an American Lady" have preserved a charming memorial of olden times in Albany. The tone of manners, and the simplicity of life she describes, have the pure and cheerful spirit of the domestic and rural scenes delineated in the Vicar of Wakefield. Equality seems to have coexisted with the most genuine self-respect; Addison and Milton were the literary oracles; hospitality was too instinctive and habitual to rank as a virtue; abnndant game and fruits, and universal thrift, with comfortable domiciles and ample domains, equalized the gifts of fortune; an honest chivalry of sentiment, choice through limited reading, the right kind of family pride, and no casual interest in the songs and sermons of the day, gave a refinement to minds and manners thus developed in a secluded region, where truth and individuality of character were fostered by the fireside and around the porch; the fairest scenes of nature appealed to the imagination; the most candid social intercourse elicited the affections; and even negro slavery became contented domestic servitude, patriarchal in its household comfort and loyalty. As the capital of the State, Albany, at a later period, gathered a select and honored circle of eminent lawyers, statesmen, and divines; and boasted more aristocratic families than any town of its size in the Union. The eloquence and acumen exhibited in the courts, the wit of the banquets, the intelligent conversation, and the deference to mental superiority, are traditional features of those times. Arguments are yet cited by venerable barristers, memorable sayings, original characters, the zest of a new Waverley novel, and the discussion incident to a fresh Bonaparte victory, live in the reminiscences of a few who survive that dignified and brilliant society; and nowhere in the country is evident more of the exclusiveness of a proud lineage than among its descendants. All the famous names associated with great landed estates in New York, with colonial distinction and revolutionary statesmanship, are identified with that old city.

A few superior professional men, and, in the winter, some eminent officials, still give a certain intellectual life to the place. A venerable clergyman, with his urbane and reminiscent conversation, and most interesting collection of autographs, may charm away an evening, spared from paro-

chial duties and the labor he so constantly bestowed on a large biographical work, devoted to the American clergy of past generations; and at the State Library may be found, ever at his post, the guardian of its treasury of wisdom, a Flemish limner, in verse, of native scenery. To the visitor of the present day, Albany, however, offers little to distinguish it from other flourishing inland cities, save influential political journalists, and some notable wire-pullers in the arcana of faction. With difficulty one finds a Dutch house, with quaint gables and broad stoop. A few old-fashioned mansions, however, with spacious front inclosure, where umbrageous shrubs and fine elms remind us of the rural aspect of the ancient settlement, and some lingering customs and celebrated names, are eloquent of the past.

But the bustle of a mart, and the confusion of a railway depot, are more obvious to the passing traveller. It was, therefore, with little anticipation of so delightful a surprise, that, several years since, I strolled forth to beguile two hours of a summer afternoon at Albany, while awaiting the train, and under the wing of the Capitol discovered the studio of a sculptor, whose achievements and history are equally remarkable. Indeed, the mere fact that, by patient devotion to his art in his own State, without the least attempt to conciliate public favor, or the usual eagerness to study abroad, as the indispensable means of success at home, struck me as no common evidence of self-reliance. The commodious atelier and dwelling-house—fruits of his professional labors—plainly indicate that they have been successful, even according to the external American standard; but still more impressive is the fact that, brief as his career has been, and unaided by foreign and conventional appliances as has been his culture, a high ideal, a progressive taste, the most individual conceptions, and an execution scrupulous in its refinements, are Palmer's normal characteristics.

I had scarcely crossed the threshold of Palmer's studio, when it seemed as if, by some magical process, Albany was transformed to Florence. The huge blocks of marble at the door, the workmen in the lower rooms engaged in blocking out from the same material the plaster-casts before them; a young man, of artistic look, giving the finishing touches to a child's statue; above, the clay model on which the sculptor—dressed in a blouse and cap, exactly like those Greenough and Powers used to wear—was intent, his height and air, as well as occupation, adding to the resemblance—made the scene a counterpart of those so often encountered in Italy: while the entrance of one of the artist's young daughters, with dark hair and eyes, and a broad hat of Tuscan pattern, enhanced the illusion. The building and its arrangements were more like a studio, as that term is understood in Rome, than any edifice I had seen in this country; the method, order, and activity, the reproduction of favorite heads, and the different apartments awarded to each process, gave the impression of the art of statuary, pursued as a regular and lucrative business, for which the visitor is unprepared. To learn the antecedents of such an efficient and isolated votary becomes a natural desire; and the incidents

of the sculptor's life are not less illustrative of the triumph of a native aptitude than of the success which is certain to attend merit in a free land.

The first work in marble that excited high anticipations of Palmer's future triumphs in sculpture, was a head known as the "Infant Ceres." It was modelled from one of his young children—a lovely girl—and idealized with strict regard to nature as a basis. The exquisite contour and sublimated infantile expression of this bust attracted a crowd of delighted gazers at the New York Academy Exhibition: the conception proved a remarkable eye for beauty, while the finish indicated an exactitude and refinement of chiselling. Next came two bas-reliefs representing the Morning and Evening Star, in the form of two beautiful winged heads, one with drooping, and the other with intent eyes; and soon after he produced the "Spirit's Flight," in similar style, but of yet higher poetic significance. The mother looks earnestly upon the cross, and the child is full of graceful simplicity—two ideal heads of such lovely impressiveness that they seem conceived in the trance of beauty which wraps an enamored soul—such a personification of the chaste and tender attributes of grace and thought in woman's face as cling to memory and haunt imagination. There are two distinct species of artistic forms—one that instructs us in the difficulties and one that inspires us with admiration of creative genius. We deem the hour thenceforth memorable when it was first our lot to behold them. They constitute a standard of taste, embody a whole formula in the philosophy of the beautiful and the grand, and serve as landmarks in æsthetic experience: but we no more think of appropriating them, or desire to render the sensations they awaken permanent, than we wish to linger forever on a beach, enjoy a monopoly of the sunset, or have a waterfall at our threshold. Such are the "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo, the more elaborate miracles of color bequeathed by Titian and Rubens, the Cathedral wonders of England, the Sphinx, the Campanile of Bruneleschi, and other monuments, whose interest, however powerful, is enshrined in local, historical, or rare associations: they are sublime generalizations or specific exemplars, invaluable, unique, and broadly suggestive. Another class of works have an endearing individuality. We love them, as Desdemona did the Moor, "to live with them;" and would fain look upon them in the familiar admiration of constant sympathy: like Wordsworth's true woman, though of surpassing charms, they

> "Are not too bright and good
> For human nature's daily food."

The first order of art is as a sacred temple, into which we would reverently enter in an exalted mood; the other appeals so directly to the heart, as well as the imagination, that our instinctive desire is, to make of its works our household gods. Of this latter kind are the ideal busts of "Resignation" and "Spring;" rife, the one with womanly, and the other with maiden traits. There is superinduced upon, or rather interfused with

these, in the first instance, an expression of subdued happiness, divine trust, and latent hope—which is the Christian idea of resignation—a holy consciousness that all is well, a spiritual insight which charms the heart that we yet can see has bowed to sorrow; and this feeling kindles features in themselves so pure and lovely, yet so human and feminine, that consummate beauty seems to overflow with the sentiment of the patriarch—"It is good for me that I have been afflicted." "Spring," on the other hand, is the sweetest type of maidenhood; the gentle swell of the child-like bosom, the delicate, fresh lips parted, as if about to utter some accent of love and promise, the girlish head rounded with a grace, half of sprightliness, and half of expanding nature, and the wreath of grass, not ripe and full, but at the moment when the blade is about to merge into a head—all this embodies the language of that mysterious and enchanting season when the embryo forces of earth and air stir with the bursting life of rejuvenated elements. The first example of an entire figure modelled by Palmer, is the "Indian Girl." The design is equally felicitous for simplicity and invention. An aboriginal maiden is supposed to be wandering in the forest in search of stray feathers to decorate her person, when she discovers one of the little crosses placed here and there in the wilderness, by the early missionaries, as symbols of the faith to which they endeavored to convert the savage tribes. As she looks upon the hallowed emblem, the divine story of Jesus recurs to her mind, and awakens emotions of awe and tenderness; the religious sentiment thus accidentally roused, lures her into a reverie; the crucifix is held before her downcast eyes in the palm of her hand; in her left, with grasp unnerved by this abstracted mood, rest, rather than are held, the plumes already gathered; the unconscious attitude, the fixed gaze, and the musing air betoken her absorbed and preoccupied mind; the expression of the face is pensive and thoughtful; the deckings of vanity are evidently forgotten in the predominance of an "idea dearer than self." It is a single figure, but it tells a comprehensive story—the dawn of Christianity upon savage life—the first glimmer of divine truth upon an untamed and ignorant, but thoroughly human soul. Such is the allegorical lesson of the statue; but attention is, ere long, diverted from the myth, truly as it is embodied, to the details of the execution; and, herein Palmer's success is not less remarkable. Perhaps a better *torso* was never modelled in this country—it is a keen pleasure to an intelligent lover of nature to trace the sculptor's hand in the truest undulations of surface, the most correct and mobile distribution of muscle, and the almost breathing convolutions of the form—each line and curve, each indentation and swell, has the chaste expressiveness of nature. An eye of singular correctness, and a touch of rare facility and temper, could alone have reproduced—not merely the form of humanity, but—what a genuine artist will understand—the humanity of form. It is needless to say, that a result like this could never have been attained, except by the aid of careful studies from life; and the artist may count it among his other fortunate or, we prefer to say, providential advantages, that, in this country, he was

enabled to profit by a living model of such admirable proportions. In the face he has carefully followed the aboriginal type; it is Indian in feature and genus—but, in accordance with his invariable principle, the details are refined upon, so as to combine truth to the general facts with an artistic and consistent idealization. The back of this statue, alone, is a charming study, anatomically and artistically; the right arm, so abstractedly pendent, so gracefully wrought, the feet, and the bosom, challenge scientific scrutiny, while they allure the worshipper of beauty.

In another female figure—the "White Captive," the artist has illustrated one of those tragic episodes of border life on this continent so frequently recorded by our historians, and common alike to the annals of Puritan colonization in the East and emigrant experience in the West.

No more suggestive incident can be imagined for either poetry, romance, or art, than the fair, youthful, and isolated hostage of civilization surrounded by savage captors. In this instance, according to the custom of the aborigines, the prisoner has been disrobed and the hands bound; thus physically helpless the maiden stands before her relentless enemies, her form averted, but her face turned towards them as if to confront her doom, whatever it may prove; the moment chosen by the sculptor is evidently that when the full consciousness of her awful fate is awakened—perhaps the morning after the capture, when, no longer fearing pursuit, the savages despoil their beautiful victim and gloat over her anguish; she is no longer breathlessly hurried onward, but standing there in the wilderness, desolate and nude, realizes through every vein and nerve the horrors of her situation; but virgin purity and Christian faith assert themselves in her soul, and chasten the agony they cannot wholly subdue; accordingly, while keen distress marks her expression, an inward comfort, an elevated faith, combines with and sublimates the fear and pain. Herein is the triumph of the artist. The "White Captive" illustrates the power and inevitable victory of Christian civilization; not in the face alone, but in every contour of the figure, in the expression of the feet as well as the lips, the same physical subjugation, and moral self-control, and self-concentration are apparent. The "beauty and anguish walking hand in hand the downward road to death" are upraised, intensified, and hallowed by that inward power born of culture, and that elevated trust which comes from religious faith. This work contrasts finely with the artist's "Indian Girl," which represents civilization going forth to meet and redeem savage life; while the "White Captive" shows the same civilization, in its purest form, dragged into the cruel sphere of barbarism, yet unsubdued in its moral superiority. The subject is thoroughly American, the head is a type of native female beauty, and the statue is not less interesting in an historical than harmonious and expressive in an artistic point of view:

> Ye who believe Humanity, when shorn
> Of all the mortal guards that shield our life,
> Despoiled and outraged, powerless, forlorn—
> No inward armor hath to meet the strife;—

Gaze on her gentlest offspring naked here,
And girt with savage foes; the soft wrists bound,
The breath suspended in the grasp of fear;
And from the feet which consecrate the ground,
Up to the virgin lips and earnest brow,
Behold her soul triumphant! Nerves may quail
And fibres quiver,—yet a beauty now,
Transcending nature, thrills those features pale,
As, through her anguish, Love and Faith we see
Not vainly strive to set the captive free.

Another figure considerably below the life-size, embodies most felicitously the idea, the sentiment, and the soul of "Memory." A lovely female figure is seated in all the graceful and unconscious *abandon* of retrospection, upon two cushions, as if she had instinctively sunk thereon, beguiled by some object which lures her into the dreamy past; at her side an elaborately carved casket, which suggests the idea that an old letter, a love gift, a miniature, or, it may be, a lock of hair, accidentally encountered, has called up endeared images, or a fond, absorbing experience. Her gaze is fixed—but evidently upon no outward object; it is abstract with introspection; at the first glance, we feel it is not the shadowy future of eager expectation, nor the absorption of the material present which fills her rapt consciousness—but some sweet or solemn reality of her inward life, which she is so vividly renewing, in her inmost thought, that all around her is forgotten, and her soul, as it were, lost in an o'ermastering vision—her being entranced in an "idea dearer than self." The attitude, the look, nay the very drapery, express this: it is an incarnation of those "Pleasures of Memory" which the English bard elaborated into a didactic poem. Whether it be a dream of love, of youth, of home, we may not be able to decide—but that the spirit she is of is deeply, fondly, earnestly reminiscent, we instantly feel, not less by the fixed and dreamy gaze than through the relaxed muscles, the receptive posture, the way in which the arm and the feet are disposed—the careless fall of the slight robe, half-slipping away from the form, yet exquisitely graceful in its adjustment. The countenance is not classically beautiful; its eloquence is that of pure and significant, loving and thoughtful expression. The figure is admirably adapted, from its size, its simplicity, and its moral beauty, to be a "joy forever" in boudoir, study, or parlor. It is original in treatment, charming in sentiment, masterly in execution.

"Faith" is represented in the form of a woman, whose aspect unites a certain severity of contour with a tranquil beauty of expression, whereby both face and figure embody a spiritual significance. The eyes are uplifted, the lips parted with an eager but subdued emotion; the arms are placidly folded over the bosom; the drapery is chaste and graceful—the air abstracted, refined, exalted; indeed, the figure has since received the name of "Supplication," so much of prayerful aspiration is embodied therein: the original, a bas-relief, gave the cross as the object on which that holy gaze was fixed; both in this form and as a single figure it has

been such a favorite that few photographic copies of any work of sculpture have had so large a sale.

A marble portrait of Alexander Hamilton, executed by Palmer for Hon. Hamilton Fish, of New York, is a remarkable work—evidently wrought out under a clear and earnest impression of Hamilton's genius and disposition ; the bust from life by Cerachi, his full-length portrait by Trumbull, the half-lengths by Stuart, Robertson, and Earle, and the profile miniature by Sharpless, furnish the material basis of Palmer's work ; but he has used them all with thorough eclectic insight—composing therefrom a complete representation of the man under his most normal and individual aspect.

Two of his later busts, one of Moses Taylor, and the other of Mrs. McCormick, are marvels of plastic skill, conscientious specimens of portraiture—with none of the inertness and evasive manipulation which render so many busts without significance. The blending of shrewdness and benevolence and intelligence and *bonhommie* in the head of the merchant is full of individuality ; the details are finally worked out, and the type is singularly American The bust of the lady is so gracefully poised, the features so regular, the head so *naïve*, and the expression so feminine and sweet, that most persons would take the portrait for an ideal. The hair is executed with Palmer's unrivaled tact and taste.

From this work turn to one of the artist's male portrait-busts—of which there are several in an adjoining room—that, for instance, of Erastus Corning. Instantly there is a positive revelation of character ; the brow, alive with practical energy; the mouth, remarkably beautiful in itself, expresses clearly benignity and firmness, exquisitely blended ; how uncommon the degree and precision of expressiveness in the eye, peculiarly natural, from the shadow cast by the lid—twice the size of nature—but in marble, giving the effect of the absent lashes by a similar amount of shadow: the finish is so exactly like a fleshy surface, that the hard stone loses its apparent density and glint ; it not only has the flexible appearance of life, but that of the skin of a man of sixty. In each product of his chisel around us, somewhat of these merits is discernible ; here is a boy's foot which looks warm with life, so vital is its shape and surface ; there is a mortuary tablet —merely a sad face, but the very folds of the cap are eloquent of death.

Not less interesting, though in a very different way, is a portrait bust taken from a photograph of a noble matron—a true woman, in whom great vigor of mind and energy of character were combined with benevolent feeling. Imperfect as was his material (for the bust was taken after death, and the artist never saw the original), by scientific skill Palmer reproduced all the characteristics of this beloved and admired woman—so that her kindred wept afresh at the revelation, and recognized anew every trait and lineament of the loved and the lost. The drapery is so accordant with the subject as to give it the effect of an ideal bust ; and we do not wonder that three copies in marble were ordered at once. A world of generous emotions, a life of kindly energy, are therein embodied ; it is the face and breast and head of such a woman as heroes love.

To show the absence of partiality in these estimates, let us refer to an elaborate criticism based on the remarkable photographs of Palmer's marbles, written by Dr. Alfred Woltman in the Berlin *National Zeitung* of November 26, 1865. Each work is analyzed with minute appreciation: he observes:—

"To the 'Good Morning,' among the *genre* pieces, and to the 'Peace in Bondage,' among those of a purely ideal character, we may assign the same degree of excellence. The last piece represents the winged two-thirds figure of a woman, nude, divinely beautiful, and veiled in transparent drapery from the hips downward. It leans against and is bound to the trunk of a tree. The countenance, viewed in profile, is characterized by an expression of acute suffering. The dark shadow cast on the brow by the hair, and the rejected olive twig that surrounds the head, intensifies this expression. Whatever technical mastery of detail or subtlety of feeling Palmer may have shown in the execution of his other works, he has never equalled the deliberate power that he exhibits in this. The treatment of the nude upper portion of the figure is both chaste and subtle. In the rendering of the hair, the bark of the trees, and the plumage of the wings, the artist has achieved a singular triumph.

"'Peace in Bondage' is an inspiration of the time. Palmer has embodied in this figure all the anguish and bitterness of the civil strife that has distracted his native land, but he has suggested in it also the hope of a happier destiny in the future.

"The 'Emigrant Children' is a thoroughly American conception. We perceive a young girl, not more than twelve years of age, as virgin as the forest in which she wanders, a guileless child of nature, clad in a simple blouse, her hair smoothed softly back and falling upon her shoulders. Her features are perfectly individual, and exhibit character. She advances and plants her left foot firmly on the ground. A younger brother half leans, half hangs, upon her arm for protection, while he gazes curiously on the antlered skull of a stag (aptly suggestive of the surrounding wild woods) that lies bleaching at his feet."

There is a little wooden house, almost lost to view amid its more ostentatious neighbors, in the handsome avenue at Utica, called Genesee street, which was built, a few years ago, by Erastus Palmer, a thrifty young carpenter. When he put the last touches to his modest but comfortable domicile—the work of his own hands, and the fruit of long and patient industry—he doubtless felt a glow of honest pride, and a consciousness of material advancement, so often the reward of the American mechanic, and usually better earned, and more worthily enjoyed, than by any other class of our people. In the basement of this humble dwelling, and during the intervals of his regular toil as a joiner, Palmer, incited by the sight of a cameo portrait he saw, and prompted by a constructive talent, already exhibited by ingenious carvings on wood, essayed, with a bit of shell and a file, to execute a similar head of his wife. Never having witnessed the delicate process, his work was purely experimental, yet he undertook it

with singular zest, though with many misgivings. As he wrought at this, in a double sense, real labor of love, and subsequently contemplated the result, the impulse to a higher sphere than had yet occupied his mind, began to stir within him; but his ability was not less marked than the self-distrust which usually accompanies genuine merit, and he longed to test his aptitude for such work by the judgment of some one of taste, knowledge, and experience. Fortunately, in his immediate neighborhood resided a gentleman—one of those rare exceptions to the mere utilitarian character of our professional men—who loved art for its own sake, was familiar with its history and memorable trophies, and honored it as a career with the true enthusiasm of a disciple of the beautiful. To him Palmer determined to submit his cameo. It was a momentous interview for the neophyte; his aspirations might be checked by indifference; his consciousness of a vocation for art set forever aside, if unrecognized by one he believed could speak on the subject with authority. "I was sitting in my office," says this gentleman, "one summer afternoon, when there entered a tall man, whom I remembered as an honest and industrious mechanic of the town; his dress betokened his occupation, his manner was unassuming, and his expression somewhat anxious. He told me he had understood I was acquainted with 'such things,' diffidently exhibiting his cameo, and desired to know what I thought of this. I took it from his hand, turned it to the light, and carefully examined the outline and finish. Little did I then realize the earnest feelings which agitated this new species of client; my surprise and delight were immediate. 'This,' said I, 'is beautiful; you have extraordinary talent.' Hearing no response, I looked from the exquisite medallion to the artist's face, and saw the tears of gratified sympathy in his eyes."

Thenceforth this lover of art became the warm friend of the future sculptor. The latter's next effort was a likeness, in the same style, of one who had so seasonably encouraged him; and this served to make his skill public. For two years he was constantly and profitably engaged in a department of art in which successful portraiture is rare. I have seen many of the best originals and plaster copies of nearly all of these heads, and for fidelity of resemblance, nicety of execution, and picturesque arrangement, they are the most pleasing specimens imaginable of one of the most difficult and beautiful spheres of artistic labor. Some of them are perfect gems, and far more satisfactory than most of the cameo portraits for which travellers pay such exorbitant prices at Rome. The cutting is bold, distinct, unevasive; a masterly air is evident at a glance, and it seems marvelous that a hand, previously habituated to the coarser efforts of the joiner, could, in so brief a space, acquire facility in the most delicate workmanship. From shell-cutting to *basso-relievo* in clay is a natural transition; but the consistent zeal of Palmer might have long confined him to the limited range of his earliest success, had not the details of the work seriously affected his eyes. After a somewhat unprosperous sojourn in New York, he returned to Utica, with his sight much weakened, and his

sight much weakened, and his spirits depressed, from a conviction that this infirmity would compel him to abandon the new and elevated life of art for his old mechanical employment, as the only available means to support his family. On this occasion he had recourse to the same loyal friend who first urged him on the career he loved, and he proved again a faithful counsellor—citing the remark of an experienced artist, to whom he stated the case: "This is providential; he will now model in clay, and achieve wonders." And so it proved. With the "Infant Ceres" he fairly began the pursuit of a sculptor, and with it, a methodical course of self-education. Having been at school but six months in his life, he began, with his intelligence quickened in every direction by the associations of his present employment, keenly to feel the want of early advantages; and, with characteristic energy, to atone for the deficiency by every means in his power. His evenings were devoted to study; he profited by the counsel and the discourse of eminent men, who interested themselves in his welfare; and for many hours, daily, his wife read aloud to him the best English authors. It is marvellous how loyalty to one source of truth opens avenues to all others; how earnestness in a single aim intensifies and widens the general intelligence; and as our artist has progressed in his special occupation, his ideas on all subjects have multiplied, his knowledge of beauty under all forms has deepened, his vocabulary, faculty of acquisition, and whole mental and moral discipline have steadily advanced.

In one of those rural homesteads, which proved the fruitful nursery of our first race of patriots, where neither luxury enervates, nor want harasses, with nature around, faith within, and honest toil the only condition of unambitious prosperity, Erastus D. Palmer first saw the light. He was born in Pompey, Onondaga County, N. Y., April 2, 1817. The farm-house stood in the midst of an orchard, with a brook in the rear and meadows in front, about nine miles from Syracuse. It was surrounded by woods; and the rustic boyhood of the future artist was familiar, at home and under the adjacent roofs of both his grandparents, with reminiscences of wolves and panthers that hung around the new settlement. On the broad clearing upon which his eyes opened, however, rosy apples and russet pears, waving grain and a tall butternut-tree gave assurance of peace and plenty, and the local features of the domain have since undergone little change. A rib of pork, suspended by a cord to roast before the hickory fire, was the usual signal of a good dinner. He remembers a famous wheat crop, and the huge straw rick, that he and his brother carefully excavated into a symmetrical dome, where their childish treasures were secreted, and they played hermits—finding the impromptu thatched cottage, in summer, a cool retreat, and in winter a warm domicile. His first adventure was to catch a woodpecker asleep on a rail in the hush of early morning; and his first grief to see its head chopped off. One day he came home, in a flush of joyful excitement, with a beautiful autumnal oak-leaf. The pleasure it gave was the dawn of that love of beauty and delight in natural forms,

that prophesies the instinct for art; and, inspired by this feeling, he carved its outline and veins on a bit of wood with great exactitude. The anecdote is as significant as Audubon's rapture over the bird's nest he found when a child, amid the grass, and rudely copied from memory. The neighborhood of his birthplace is associated with one of those domestic tragedies which become local traditions, and are often embodied by poetry and romance. Near by lived a fair lunatic, whose harmless life and melancholy fate made her a favorite guest in every dwelling. Her loveliness won an admirer unworthy of her affection, who, within a few months of the wedding-day, clandestinely transferred his plighted faith to the sister of his betrothed; absenting himself on pretence of business, he only returned on the appointed day of the bridal, and, without a word of explanation, married his new love. The shock benumbed the consciousness of the poor victim, and she fell, in her wedding-robe, to the earth, insensible, and only recovered with reason overthrown. "Crazy Lucy" thenceforth roamed from house to house, the welcome recipient of shelter and food, coming and going, a privileged wanderer; sometimes seated under a tree patching gay-colored shreds, in fantastic array, on her humble dress, and sometimes combing her luxuriant tresses—as if in preparation for the marriage rite. Her gentleness and calamity gained for her universal respect and sympathy; and the rudest swain feared to molest the deserted bride. Fifteen years after the catastrophe, one morning she awoke in her right mind; during the interval she had been unconscious of the flight of time, and her first thought now was, that of the day when her intelligence was eclipsed; she started with anguish at the sight of her hand, now wrinkled and old—and soon remembered her sudden abandonment and the treachery of those she loved. There was, however, no lapse of intellect; but the arrow, so long blunted by delusion, was now barbed; she lingered tranquilly awhile, and then passed away.

In the freshness of his youth Palmer left these scenes, according to the prevalent impulse of the country, to exercise his mechanical skill more profitably at a distance from home. He had always handled tools with facility, and excelled as a carpenter. When nine years old, he had made a little saw-mill, which was the wonder of the village; at twelve, he had no superior in the vicinity, as a constructor of window-sashes; and many a wooden horse of his juvenile manufacture excited the admiration of his comrades, and became the ornament of their shelves. When seventeen, he left the beautiful agricultural district, in company with two young men, to visit the far west, as the limits of his native State were then deemed. The journey was to be performed on foot; but his companions, ere long, manifested a want of independence, sadly at variance with the extravagant hopes they cherished. Although resolved, as they declared, to return in their carriages, they yet proposed to save the small sum appropriated to the expenses of the march, by asking for lodging and food on the way. Palmer, whose manliness revolted at this want of self-respect, could not believe them in earnest, until, on the second noon of their pilgrimage, one

actually demanded refreshment at a way-side farm. He then expressed his opinion of this needless sacrifice of self-respect, and hastened onward alone.

At nightfall he realized the truth of the homely proverb, that "Heaven always helps those who help themselves." Ashamed of such spiritless friends at the very outset of life's struggle, he trudged rapidly away from them, and at evening reached a little inn, where he called for his supper. As he sat by the fire, another traveller entered—a hale old farmer—who, having refreshed himself, began a conversation with the youth, and learning his destination, urged him to accept a seat in his wagon, as their roads were the same. This incident made a great impression on the young adventurer, and he regarded it as providential. The rest of the long journey to Dunkirk was performed without fatigue, and in comfort.

In the steady pursuit of his calling, he remained there more than six years, always in receipt of good wages, and then established himself nearer home, at the town of Amsterdam, now on the track of the N. Y. Central Railroad. There he also found constant and lucrative employment, some of the substantial results of which are yet visible, which he has the honest pride to designate as landmarks of a career wherein the skilful mechanic rose to the consummate artist. Ability in the former vocation has been a constant benefit. He recently invented a measure, that facilitates greatly the purposes of his art, and refused to secure a patent, that the instrument might be freely used by artists. In this village he partook of the hearty recreations of Dutch pastime, and attended many a "fuddle," such as colonial annalists have recorded, and Irving has snatched from oblivion in his Knickerbocker Legends. A board laid across an empty barrel, to hold the fiddler's legs, and thus economize room for the dancers, served as an orchestra. "Lead out your heifer," was the Dutch signal for a rustic dance; and many a buxom lass kept up the sport from sunset to dawn, without a sign of weariness. Here Palmer married a farmer's daughter, and soon after removed to Utica, where he was specially occupied in the more artistic labors of his trade, and his services were in constant demand when an original stove-pattern or an elaborate staircase was required. The manner in which he emerged from this sphere to that of pure art, has been already traced; and it is worthy of remark, that while the same habits of application and integrity have marked his subsequent life, the spirit in which he has worked has never ceased to be as true to modesty as to aspiration. He could afford to remain silent when a complacent foreign amateur, visiting his studio, called his noblest efforts "pretty," and took it for granted he had never heard of Canova. "He has never been abroad," remarked a gentleman in Florence to Powers, when showing him a daguerreotype of one of Palmer's works. "He never need to come," replied the artist. So profound, indeed, is his sense of the ideal, that the remarkable success already obtained, instead of causing elation, has but awakened more thoroughly his artistic conscience. He feels like one to whom, by virtue of certain endowments, has been intrusted a great mission; he is oppressed with a consciousness of the spiritual authority of

art; and while this faith acts as a high inspiration, it also creates a feeling of responsibility—an earnest desire to be true to exalted requirements. This is the test of the artist, in the legitimate meaning of the term. It is the view always cherished by those whose skill and purpose transcend the mechanical and the imitative. It is the best pledge of progressive achievement, the sanction that distinguishes genius from talent. It isolates the mind wherein it lives from vulgar praise and mercenary ends; it engenders a self-imposed criticism, more severe than any public ordeal; it consecrates the soul to the worship of beauty, as the manifestation of truth; it implies an inward thirst, which fame cannot slake, and a calling too high to be diverted by any material compensation; and it is because we have found this spirit in a native, self-taught sculptor, that we have endeavored thus, with sympathetic greeting, to bid him God-speed!

It is absolute fidelity to the essential in nature, combined with a peculiar feeling for beauty in her absolute relations, that gives to Palmer's executive skill a meaning and a value of its own. He not only has the language of art, but something always genuine to say in that divine vocabulary. In conversation, I elicited a few of the elements of the faith that is in him, enough to confirm the inference unavoidable from his works—that no lucky accident ushered him on the way of progressive excellence, but the faithful exercise of his intelligence, inspired by an instinctive love of beauty. In the first place, he is repelled by the mannerism engendered by too gregarious a life among the votaries of art; he is wisely jealous of academic conventionality; he believes the aim and origin of art to be, in the last analysis, spiritual, and, therefore, to be mainly sought in the individual study of Nature, and interpretation of her principles; he relies more upon unhampered observation and earnest feeling, more upon consciousness, than prescription. He asserts what is apparently paradoxical, but literally true; that, in order to make a good likeness, we must deviate from nature. He repudiates absolute imitation, and recognizes in art the truth, that it is not her function to *copy* but to *represent*, and in order to do this, *effects*, not imitation, must be the aim. In the instance already referred to, for example, it is requisite to make the eyelid, in marble, larger than in life, in order to make up for the absence of the lashes, which cannot be represented otherwise; and so in regard to the hair—its texture cannot be imitated in stone, but the effect of it, and an appropriate arrangement, will secure the desired result. To carry out what Nature hints, to give her obvious intention by seizing the best characteristic expression, the better moments, the soulful mood—what the individual face indicates, but rarely expresses—is his great object. And is not this, in point of fact, the true interpretation that Art owe sto Nature? Are not the soft light in the eye, the dimple born of sympathetic smiles, the expanding nostril under noble excitement, the kindling look, the heart-born glow, what we really see, recall, cherish, and so identify with those we love, that the bust or picture that conveys none of these attributes of the soul's proper individuality, is to us but a meaningless effigy?

The studio described at the commencement of this sketch is now superseded by one more eligibly situated and better arranged.

"Mr. Palmer has here the best studio in the country," writes an Albany correspondent,—"best adapted for his work of modelling, where the clay can take such shape of copy of the thought or the design as the true light for art shows. A superb window, sixteen by eight, with panes of four feet glass, admits the northern sun, and this so guarded by adjustment of covering as to make the ray or shadow fall on the face of the work as shall most truthfully reveal the truth of the features—for it is the extraordinary excellence of Mr. Palmer that, while his whole heart is in the ideal—that while he would far rather be occupied with that in his work from life—he makes vraisemblance his first, his paramount duty. He builds in marble the bust, the medallion to be just as life made the humanity; and he would regard the labor as lost if child or kindred should first say, 'how beautiful!' The first word *he* wishes is, 'how like!' And around this room, securely shelved, is a large collection of casts, that tell of the success with which he has given to the immortality of stone, women and men who were, by themselves or their friends, so wise as to commit their memory to his record."

Thus, prosperity as well as fame has crowned his labors; fortunate investments have made him independent of, but not, we trust, indifferent to, art. Indeed, it is the redeeming grace of this self-made and progressive kind of artist-life, that its worthy votary cherishes an honest pride in what he has overcome, as well as in what he has accomplished; a trophy of his mechanical skill and humble initiation into his high vocation, should awaken only gratitude and self-respect. We always recognized the true manliness of Chantrey: when he first gave artistic promise, after working as a carver, and the poet Rogers invited him to dine, the sculptor looked intently at the sideboard, and his host asked the reason: "Don't you remember," said Chantrey, "getting out your prints, and directing those carvings to the man who made that sideboard, and that a boy with him copied the engravings?—that was me, and I carved them."

We deem it indeed one of the most fortunate circumstances in the career of Palmer, that his youth was thoroughly disciplined by mechanical industry, his ingenuity taxed in the economical aptitudes of labor, and his hand and eye made strong and adaptive in the more humble vocation of the artisan. This is a practical skill unattainable in mature life; we have known gifted men whose early years have been passed in universities—full of knowledge and enamored of the beautiful—to become artists, and their executive power has fallen infinitely short of their conceptions and inventive faculty.

Palmer could never have embodied effectually his feeling but through habitudes acquired in the wholesome school of manual toil. He knew the alphabet thoroughly, before he attempted to express what his sentiment and imagination suggested; hence the Cameos and the "Infant Ceres"—his earliest productions, bear the evidences of mature skill. But the power

of expression is not all; it is a great question—what has an artist to say? In this instance the answer is obvious. A distinctive and remarkable trait in Palmer, is his definite and individual sense of beauty, especially that involved in the human face and form. He is original in this regard, inasmuch as the beauty he embodies is not conventional—cannot be described as of a classic or romantic type, as of Grecian, Roman, or Etruscan mould—but only as *natural*—the fruit of wise observation and instinctive feeling. Look at the blandness, sweet candor, and divine repose which beams from the ideal bust of "Resignation,"—at the pure dimples and maidenly childhood of "Spring,"—at the calm, earnest trust in the gaze of "Faith,"—at the blended devotion and anguish in the countenance of the "White Captive," and you feel that thus looks forth the soul from its earthly tabernacle; that thus brow and lip are irradiated with beauty from the inward fountain of spiritual life; that this is to embody and embalm, illustrate and consecrate humanity in plastic art.

So much for expression. It seizes upon, and wins our sympathies, and accordingly we know it was caught from nature, as revealed to the scrutiny and verified by the consciousness of the artist. This is Palmer's great distinction. He looks to nature for the fact, and to his own feeling for the rendering thereof; and he has the observant power, and the true sympathy thus to interpret—added to which is an exquisite manual skill, whereby the details of his work are perfectly wrought. Hence, however limited his scope or special his ability, he is endowed and equipped for Art; his ideal busts are fresh creations; his statues new types, and we can give him no better counsel or greeting than "to thine own self be true."

CHURCH.

THE indomitable explorative enterprise of the New England mind Church has carried into landscape art, the infinite possibilities whereof, as accessory to and illustrative of natural science, were long ago foreseen by Humboldt, into whose views the young American painter entered with ardor and intelligence. It seems to us a most pleasing coincidence that, when Church sojourned in the vicinity of Quito, in order to study tropical landscape, he lodged beneath the roof and shared the hospitality of the same family with whom Humboldt found a home fifty years before, while making his scientific researches in the same region. His name is cherished by the household with traditional love and honor, and his portrait, as a youth, and in the costume of a Prussian officer, is preserved in the chamber he occupied. Half a century later, the artist who was to do for South America in art what the *savant* had done in science, like him came wearied at night, to repose in the same apartment, cheered by the effigy of the illustrious philosopher who, then and there, unknown to fame, had toiled to make the remote wonders of nature known to all the civilized world. Church brought home a copy of this portrait, which offers a singular contrast to those of later dates with which we are familiar in this country.

Enterprise is, indeed, a prominent characteristic of Church; he has had the bravery to seek and the patience to delineate subjects here, tofore scarcely recognized by art, one of whose benign missions it is to extend the enjoyment which time and space limit, and bring into mutual and congenial acquaintance the most widely separated glories of the universe. "It is but a very small portion of the earth's surface," says Leslie, "that has been cultivated, so to speak, by the landscape painter, because, indeed, all art has been confined within a narrow geographical limit. The few transcripts that have been brought to Europe from distant lands, are from the hands of amateurs or inferior painters, who have been unable to express the truth of atmosphere, the greatest difficulty as it is the most important of all the requisites of landscape art, for without it we can never transport ourselves to the climes represented." Precisely herein has been the signal triumph of such American artists as Church and Bierstadt;

both have explored distant regions for characteristic and fresh themes; and both have succeeded in giving the true expression of local atmosphere, so that the sky that overhangs and the aërial environment that surrounds the Andes and the Rocky Mountains, truthfully fill the imagination through the vision. It was by a gradual transition that Church advanced from the faithful rendition of details, to a comprehensive realism in general effect, as a comparison of his early with his recent pictures demonstrates; but from the first, an attempt to transcend the most common and familiar, and to represent the most impressive phases and phenomena, is apparent; then it was justly said by one of his critics, he painted "with almost crude emphasis." The sky was the field of his earliest triumphs; some of its most remarkable and least delineated phases in the western hemisphere, he boldly and truly transferred to canvas. Few artists have so profoundly and habitually studied sunshine and atmosphere. It has long been his daily custom to ascend a hill, near his country home, to observe the sunset; and in his landscapes "the earth is always painted with reference to the skies," which is one reason of their truth to nature. A want of softness, or rather too great emphasis, in his conceptions, was deemed his great fault; but this is mainly owing to his choice of subjects. As an orator seeks a theme fitted to give ample scope to rhetoric, an artist of scientific eloquence naturally inclines to the phenomenal and the characteristic, not so much from the love of effect, as from an instinctive interest in such scenes and objects in nature as are exceptional and impressive. Thus, before he explored tropical scenery, or ice-haunted waters, he found in the magnificent clouds of America, in her autumn-tinted forests and her peerless cataracts, the most congenial and inspiring subjects. His taste in reading suggests a scientific bias; he has long been attracted by the electrical laws of the atmosphere, and has improved every opportunity to study the Aurora Borealis: having achieved so much in the way of representing light from the pure depths of the zenith to the brilliant radiance of the horizon, we may anticipate for him new and remarkable triumphs in the more evanescent phenomena dependent on electric causes. Ruskin, when he first saw Church's "Niagara," pointed out an effect of light upon water which he declared he had often seen in nature, especially among the Swiss waterfalls, but never before on canvas; and so perfect is the optical illusion of the iris in the same marvellous picture, that the circumspect author of the Modern Painters went to the window and examined the glass, evidently attributing the prismatic bow to the refraction of the sun. It seemed logical to refer such novel triumphs to the patient and exclusive study of nature. The proof of the scientific interest of such landscapes as have established Church's popularity, may be found in the vivid and authentic illustrations they afford of descriptive physical geography. No one conversant with the features of climate, vegetation, and distribution of land and water that characterize the portions of North and South America, as represented by this artist, can fail to recognize them all in his delineations. It is not that they merely give us a vague impression, but a positive embodi-

ment of these traits. The minute peculiarities of sky, atmosphere, trees, rocks, rivers, and herbage are pictured with the fidelity of a naturalist. Arctic voyagers have borne testimony to the exactness of certain phases of ice-formations in the bergs depicted by Church; the descriptions of tropical scenery by Humboldt find their pictorial counterpart in the "Heart of the Andes," "Cotopaxi," and "Chimborazo;" and his views of the Hudson, the coast of Maine, and other scenes in our Eastern and Middle States, directly appeal to the observers thereof, under the various aspects of the season and hour of the day chosen.

Among the less elaborate but equally characteristic works of this artist, is a fantastic but genuine sky-study, widely circulated at the outbreak of the civil war, in the form of a colored lithograph, and entitled "Our Banner in the Sky," whereby, through an ingenious yet natural sun-emblazoned cloud-study, the folds of our national banner, with stars shining in the firmament, are delineated with effective truth, while the leafless trunk of a tree indicates the staff. A more recent picture represents the Island of Mount Desert, off the coast of Maine, with the peculiar yeasty waves and lurid glow incident to a dry autumnal storm in northern latitudes. It is one of those November or late October mornings; the sun glows red through a murky sky. It has been objected that it should not be blue above, to give the color imparted to the water; but strange and exceptional are the freaks of the elements under conditions like those represented; and if two incompatible effects have been combined in this instance, there can be no doubt of the transcendent ability wherewith the waves and coast are portrayed. "Here," says a critic, who suggests the very defect complained of, "is magnificent force in the sea; we give ourselves up to enthusiasm for it, regarded as pure power; when it dies its final death in mad froth and vapor, tossed quite to the top of the beetling barrier crags on the right foreground, we feel ourselves in an audacious actual presence, whose passion moves us almost like a living fact of surf. We value the light effects separately, and the fine recklessness of color by itself, among the best instances of Church's power."

Time was when a landscape was painted by a kind of mathematical formula; rules of composition, far more than observation of fact, formed the basis of the work; one side must be higher than the other, here must be light, there shade; and academic precedent fairly usurped this most unconventional branch of art. To what an absurd and destructive point this system may be carried, we have a memorable instance in the factitious success of David and his school. And it was long deemed essential to an American student that he should go abroad and learn tricks of light, and how to manage color for effect. But here is a painter who has never been in Europe, and who, having acquired the requisite dexterity in the use of the pencil, went confidently to Nature herself, using his eyes and his intelligence, and striving to reproduce what he saw, knew, and felt. Unhampered by pedantic didaction, acquiring his own style, patiently working from careful observation, he produced landscapes, or rather pictures, of special ob-

jects of the greatest beauty and interest—like Niagara, Icebergs, and a Volcano—so true, impressive, and natural, as to charm with love and wonder veteran adherents of routine, and win the ardent praise of the most scientific and artistic lovers of nature.

While thus initiating a high executive standard, few have contributed more toward making landscape art popular than Church. He has inspired two writers to elaborate descriptive essays on the subjects to which his pencil has been devoted—one a clerical enthusiast as to the mission of art, and the other one of the earliest and noblest martyrs to the cause of American nationality. Dr. Brown, the author of "Spare Hours," is one of his most discriminating eulogists; and the crowds that daily thronged his exhibition-rooms at home and abroad, have never been exceeded where the subject represented was merely a landscape. His success therein has given rise to much useful and eloquent criticism, and his example has stimulated to adventurous effort and renewed patience the whole fraternity of landscape-painters. Nor is this all. The popularity of his pictures has given birth to some of the best triumphs of the burin, and yielded the most desirable subjects for chromo-lithography. In illustration whereof, it is only requisite to mention the admirable reproduction of "Niagara," and the "Icebergs," by the latter process, and the peerless engraving of the "Heart of the Andes," "Cotopaxi," and "Chimborazo."

Frederic Edwin Church was born in Hartford, Connecticut, May, 1826. He early manifested a talent for pictorial art; in his native town, he used to walk and talk with Bartholomew, the sculptor—both isolated aspirants in art, and they mutually encouraged each other, until, after some initiatory studies, Church became a pupil of Cole, and resided with him at Catskill, N. Y. Less inspired by the sentiment than apt in the skill required for the effective representation of nature, his obligations to his early teacher seem to be incidental rather than absolute. From the first there was a marked individuality in his style, and a remarkable independence in his method; yet, however little affinity existed between the two, it is impossible that an artist could live with Cole without deriving from his pure and earnest love of beauty, and reverent observation, invaluable suggestions. Cole was one of the first landscape-painters in America who united to the right feeling for nature a patient and calm devotion to the practical requirements of art. There was a scope and a significance in his mature efforts previously unattained, at least in the same degree, among us; and his example gave a new impulse to the pursuit, and a higher standard to popular taste. A more genial and instructive home than that his society and domestic life afforded, can scarcely be imagined for a young artist; and the scenes amid which they dwelt, the conversation of so noble and true a man, and the mutual study of nature, must have auspiciously promoted the artistic development of Church.

Amid the beautiful scenery of the Catskills were Church's earliest studies of nature pursued, and near them he has fixed his summer home. Here he observed, under singularly favorable auspices, the permanent traits of

indigenous vegetation, the characteristic phases of atmosphere, and the evanescent phenomena of skies, trees, and herbage, the forms of mountains, the rising and setting sun, the tints and tones of woodland and water, foliage and rocks; all the essential features of Nature in her wild and primeval haunts, he there faithfully studied, and thus laid the foundation of that breadth and authenticity of executive skill whereby he subsequently represented, with such marvellous truth, her less familiar traits from the exuberant fertility of tropical to the sublime monotony of northern regions.

In full view of these scenes, in a pleasant farm-house four miles from Hudson, is Church's home.

The Catskill mountains have been a rare nursery of American landscape art; to the summer tourist who ascends to the highest elevation, they are chiefly associated with a boundless panorama and magnificent chart, a vast expanse of woods, meadows, and farms, interspersed with lakes, encircled with far-looming ranges of mountain, through which immediately beneath the eye, like a long, sinuous thread of silver, winds the Hudson; but to the student of scenery who has explored the Catskills, they are remembered as an inexhaustible series of wooded gorges and glittering cascades, wild masses of rocks, noble groups of trees, umbrageous ledges clad in brilliant autumnal, emerald spring, or ermine winter garniture; and affording every facility for observing the grandest effects of sky and atmosphere, and the most beautiful details of vegetation and forest landscape. Doubtless, the accessible position of the Catskills has lured many thither who lack the enterprise to visit less frequented regions; and they were among the earliest of the picturesque haunts of nature to become consecrated to the popular mind by native literature and art. There one of the most memorable of American legendary tales found its scene; and the thunder-storms and ravines of these glorious mountains were long familiar to the untravelled, through Rip Van Winkle's encounter with the old Dutch bowl-players, and his prodigious nap; there Cole studied the woods and waterfalls in every season's and hour's light, and found the materials of those beautiful landscapes which first won for our scenery artistic appreciation; there Durand sought the grand and graceful arborescent patriarchs he delineated with so much truth and feeling; there Kensett transferred to canvas some of his most characteristic rock-portraits, and Gifford painted the misty and wooded gorge; while every succeeding summer won to these grand and lonely hills and glens new hands and hearts to illustrate their beauty; and a better school for the lover of nature and the votary of landscape art cannot be imagined. Here we look down a precipice, along whose sides cling majestic trees, and at whose base frets a crystal stream with moss-grown rocks around; there is a solemn pine forest; now a sunny glade tapestried with wild-flowers; groups of elms, oaks with white lichens, the dark hemlock, the silvery birch, the gleaming beech, the gnarled chestnuts, the delicate leaves of the maple, beds of laminated gray stone—the towering summit, the green lapsing "Clove," the glistening cascade,

sunsets that lighten up the whole with mellow radiance, and clouds that throw profound shadows; exquisite ferns, the sweep of the gale over leagues of forest, or the play of zephyrs upon a grassy knoll, silence broken only by the chirp of the squirrel or the tap of the woodpecker, and the roar of tempests, whose prolonged echoes shake the hills—combine to yield successive pictures, unsurpassed in freshness, scope, and variety. Few places are better adapted to study sunset than the hills behind Church's house; the river and the mountains are spread before his gaze under every aspect of cloud, sunshine, and starlight; and twilight there weaves her most pensive hues, while the most glowing tints of the western sky irradiate the far horizon. Church is deeply sensible of the inadequacy of art in the presence of nature. "I am appalled," he says, in a recent letter now before me, "when I look at the magnificent scenery which encircles my clumsy studio, and then glance at the painted oil-cloth on my easel."

Church chooses his subjects wisely; he works them out scientifically, and the consequence is, that there is a *realism* in his pictures which all with good eyes and the least observation of nature, can at once appreciate. If we carefully inspect the "Heart of the Andes," we find this faithful rendering of the facts of nature in every part—in the distance of the sky, in the form and color of the mountains—in the clouds—the middle space with its arid plain and red-tinted church, and in each leaf, bough, bird, flower, and stone of the foreground: four or five pictures might easily be cut out of this one; it is full of the most photographic imitation of natural objects and effects. The *faculty* of the artist perpetually astonishes us. The practical intelligence, perseverance, aptitude, and cleverness manifest throughout, are full of ability; he has studied nature to some purpose; he has looked on the mountains, skies, and valleys of South America with his firm, clear New England vision—has seen everything, wisely chosen, aptly combined, and effectively reproduced his materials.

In all this there is a great lesson for our artists. They here see for themselves how essential to success it is that they should know how to do what they aim at,—to imitate nature in detail, as well as in general effects, to obtain a mastery of perspective,—to elaborate correctly the flower and leaf, and, at the same time, be equally expert in the management of distance and light. How few have thus studied, thus practised, thus obtained executive ability upon which they can rely!

We believe that painting, like writing, like manners, like character itself, partakes of constitutional idiosyncrasies—is imbued with the normal traits of the man. Church exhibits the New England mind pictorially developed. His great attribute is skill; he goes to nature, not so much with the tenderness of a lover or the awe of a worshipper, as with the determination, the intelligence, the patient intrepidity of a student; he is keenly on the watch for facts, and resolute in their transfer to art; to master the difficulties of his profession is more of an inspiration to him than to utter, through it, what is innate and overpowering in his own conceptions.

As Church became known as a landscape-painter, the critical estimate of his merits accorded him "accuracy of drawing, and great mechanical dexterity, combined with a vivid appreciation of the beauties of nature." One of his earliest works thus characterized was a view of the famous East Rock, near New Haven ; this was followed by a series of American landscapes, which added to his reputation ; especially those which were remarkable for impressive skies—"The lifting of the Storm Cloud," "Evening after a Storm," and several sunset scenes. His progress in color was gradual, but sure, and with each new experiment, his scope enlarged, and his mastery was confirmed; and he determined to seek new and comparatively unfamiliar subjects, and extend the domain of his observation. In 1853 he embarked for South America, and made careful studies of the most picturesque aspects of that remarkable country. The vivid color and elaborate execution which distinguished his picture of the Great Mountain Chains of New Granada excited so much interest, and won such high encomiums, that he was induced to renew his sojourn ; and in 1857 made another visit—bringing home a large number of studies and sketches, which afforded him the materials for the celebrated landscapes whereby he became so widely known as an original and gifted artist.

On his return from his second expedition to South America, Church painted a large view of Niagara Falls ; it is an oblong, seven feet by three, and represents the Horseshoe Fall, as seen from the Canadian shore, near Table Rock. This was immediately recognized as the first satisfactory delineation by art of one of the greatest natural wonders of the western world ; and this is in itself extraordinary praise, for the difficulties in the way of such a work are obvious, while perhaps no subject could be found more promptly to challenge public estimation, familiar as it is to countless observers. The success of the artist in representing the Rapids is marvellous ; "in the rush of water and the fine atmospheric effects," said a foreign critic, "it realized the idea of sound, as well as of motion." Indeed, this work forms an era in the history of native landscape art, from the revelation it proved to Europeans. The great cataract has been profoundly studied by Church ; his first sketches evinced the closest observation and the happiest reproduction of evanescent phases, as well as normal traits ; and the complete possession of the grand theme by his mind was memorably evidenced years after the execution of his famous picture, by a view of the main fall, dashed off in seven hours, from memory, and exhibited with the title of, "Under Niagara ;" sketched originally from the deck of the little steamer Maid of the Mist,—it seems to move, a solid, vast mass of water, in altitude sublime, rushing with luminous vapor, and so full of power as to give the sensation of a continuous roar, as well as a sublime rush. The curling mist, the far-off emerald gleam, the softness and density of the huge column, and the quiet, azure skies above, unite to give the effect of profound reality—an effect realized by the artist in a few hours, but the product of a long and vigilant observation, nurtured by the distinct image, renewed by fancy, and confirmed artistic data gathered on the spot years before.

Church's travels in South America were not without fatigues and hazards. On one of these occasions, after twenty days passed on board a small brig, and suffering much from heat and sea-sickness, he disembarked at the mouth of the Magdalena river, which he tediously ascended in a canoe. Traversing the woods on mules, the artist and his companion endured all the privations, and enjoyed all the wonders of a tropical journey. They were tormented by insects, and passed hours in making their way through the dense undergrowth. One dark night an accident separated them. The bridle-paths were dangerous without a guide ; not a sign of human dwellings was visible ; the hootings of owls and the howlings of beasts increased the horrors of darkness. Wearied with penetrating the interminable brushwood, now up to his knees in a morass, and now entangled amid the vine-covered trees, the intrepid limner climbed a tree and long shouted in vain. The mules had slipped away, his companion was ill, and, worn out by fatigue, he found temporary repose on an ant-hill. After many disappointments, he succeeded at length in finding the track of his guides, and resuming his journey under more favorable auspices.

These and other trials were soon forgotten, when the splendors of an exuberant and radiant vegetation burst upon his sight, and he was enabled at leisure to explore scenes of alternate wildness and luxury, full of novel effects and suggestive traits for the pencil. As he became accustomed to the country and familiar with its resources, they opened more and more vistas of promise to his eye and mind. Through books of travel we know the productions of this teeming region ; its fruit so abundant and delicious, the gorgeous plumage of its birds, and the brilliant tints of its insects ; and the late researches of Agassiz, under the liberal facilities given by the intelligent Emperor of Brazil, will soon make its scientific phases attractively and authentically familiar ; but of those general features which give it picturesque distinction, few have derived from reading other than a vague notion. In the result of Church's studies we have, as it were, an epitome and typical portrait of the entire country, or, rather, each landscape represents a region, with all its local peculiarities. In the "Heart of the Andes," philosophically as well as poetically so called, the characteristics of their fertile belt are, as it were, condensed ; it is at once descriptive and dramatic ; the deep azure of the sky, the far-away and soaring snowy peaks, the central plain with its hamlet and watercourses, the lapsing valley full of luxuriant vegetation, fern palms, mimosas in rich festoons, a scarlet paroquet, a gorgeous insect, a church with red-tiled roof, the wayside cross, flowers, foliage, a volcanic range, magnificent trees, exquisite ferns, pure light, veritable clouds, all the tints of tropical atmosphere, and all the traits of tropical vegetation, combine, in harmonious and comprehensive, as well as exquisitely true effect and detail, to "conform the show of things to the desires of the mind," and to place before it the spectacle of a phase of nature which to northern vision is full of enchantment.

An English critic, in descanting upon the interest and the merits of this remarkable work, had the candor to acknowledge that as a product and a

process of art it transcends the formulas of academic tuition, and vindicates allegiance to nature's teachings as the legitimate inspiration of landscape art: "Marvellous as are the skilful composition and comprehensive knowledge displayed, Mr. Church never studied, in the most conventional sense of the word; he has never visited the great galleries of art out of America, but he has done better: he has devoted several years to the study at first hand of the noble coast and mountain scenery of his native land." An elevated valley six thousand feet above the sea, an hour or two before sunset, is portrayed in this representative scenic view of South America: the admirable distances are a signal triumph of aërial perspective; from the foreground to the nearest tree, then to the central plain, and then along the green declivities to the hoary summits reared in the far sky-depths, the eye takes in the prospect as in nature. Originally a bird lightly defined was poised above the forest glade, which will account for the allusion, no longer pertinent, in the following inadequate attempt to describe in words "The Heart of the Andes:"—

> The tropic life of Nature here o'erflows,
> And fills with radiant hues the earth and air;
> Above, the monsoon's breath transformed to snows,
> Crowns dizzy peaks; volcanic ridges bare
> Impend o'er vales exuberant with green,
> That fringe the sultry level; far below,
> The vine-clasped trees with billowy sweep are seen,
> And over all what depths of azure glow!
> Here the fern palms their slender arms uplift;
> There crimson wings are poised and blossoms gay;
> Slow through the ambient realm pale vapors drift,
> While bright cascades o'er grassy ledges play:
> What patient magic in the hand of Art,
> That to untravelled eyes, reveals the Andes' heart!

We contemplate with peculiar interest the results of Church's visit to South America. Although his stay was brief, such is his thorough New England industry and quickness, that he seized upon more hints for landscapes, and brought away a greater number of traits of scenery than a less spirited observer would acquire in a year. Some of these he has transferred, and others is now transferring to canvas; one especially proved a novelty, it is the view of an extensive waterfall; the tropical vegetation, the long distance occupied by the broken cataract, and the singular formation and quality of the hills, make this landscape, in the literal style of Church, a very suggestive and remarkable picture. He has dealt with South American cascades as faithfully as with the flushed horizon of his native country, and we find a new mine of the picturesque, opened by his graphic hand. Seldom has a more grand effect of light been depicted than the magnificent sunshine on the mountains of a tropical clime, from his radiant pencil. It literally floods the canvas with celestial fire, and beams with glory like a sublime psalm of light. A butterfly impaled under a glass in his studio actually scintillates azure; and when visitors question

the authenticity of his brilliant tropical hues, he points them to this insect witness of nature's radiant tones in those latitudes.

A subject not less memorable is his volcanic landscape. Cotopaxi, the most remarkable of South American volcanoes, is described in the New American Cyclopædia, as rising amid "the eastern chain of the Andes, with its summit 18,858 feet above the sea; but the valley on the western side, which separates this from the next chain, is itself at an elevation of about 9,000 feet, so that the great altitude of the mountain is lost in that of the group to which it belongs. Out of its summit rises a column of smoke, and occasional discharges, like those of bombs, are heard, accompanied with emissions of fire, visible at night. The flow of lava is of rare occurrence, as in all South American volcanoes. There have been five memorable eruptions of Cotopaxi; that of April, 1768, is reputed to have been the most terrible of all. Showers of ashes and clouds of smoke, sent forth from the crater, obscured the light of the sun, producing such darkness that the inhabitants of Tacunga and Ambato were obliged to grope their way with lanterns until three hours after noon. A deluge was produced by the eruption of 1803. Humboldt, who was then at Guayaquil, heard, day and night, the explosions of the volcano, which resembled heavy discharges of artillery."

In this picture the artist represents Cotopaxi in continuous but not violent eruption; the discharges of thick smoke occur in successive but gradual jets, and, seen at a distance, the column rises slow and majestic; the wind gives an oblique direction to the dense vapor after it has ascended a few thousand feet from the crater; gradually dispersed, it yet hangs heavily over the landscape and along the horizon, so that the newly-risen sun flares with a lurid fire through its thick volumes. These phenomena are eminently characteristic of Cotopaxi; nor is the adjacent scenery less so. This embraces a large area some fifty miles distant from the base of the cone; the limestone rocks, porous and reddish, are granulated and somewhat columnar, like those of the Upper Mississippi, but far less dense and more friable, owing to the original subterranean heat of the soil; their irregular surface is covered with a thin vegetation, chiefly composed of Paramo grass, which although in times of drought it is faded and burnt, during the rainy season often boasts the vivid emerald of the tropics. The lake and its outlet of cascades is also a peculiar feature of the scenery of Ecuador—the former originating in an eruption—a sudden chasm becoming filled with water, which pours itself over the natural rocky bound, and streams capriciously along the declivity. The cliffs and plateaus which diversify the surface of the country, the foliage in the foreground, and the aspect of the horizon and vegetatior, are all minutely studied from nature, and are typical of that portion of the Andes which is modified in appearance and character by volcanic agencies.

Having given us so memorable and vivid a glimpse into the fertile Heart of the Andes, where transcendant purity of air, fertilizing watercourses, and the most exuberant and splendid vegetation realize the fondest imag-

ings of tropical beauty, Church revealed to us this other remarkable and peculiar phase of South American mountain scenery—a limited but most characteristic region of the volcanic chain of the Andes—in "Cotopaxi," "the most beautiful and the most terrible of the American volcanoes;" it rises from the plain of the Quito, very near the equator. "The elevation of the table-lands of South America," says Humboldt, "from which rise its gigantic mountains, is already so great that the effect of their enormous height is, in a measure, lost." Accordingly, it is the fidelity of the phenomena and details, rather than the altitude and grand proportions of the scene, which arrests the eye and fills the mind in contemplating this picture. We behold the peak of Cotopaxi, associated with so many memories of terror and destruction, at the distance of about seventeen leagues; distinctly looms its gray and snow-flecked cone through the lucent atmosphere; dense and dark pours the smoke from its crater, growing more bistre and saffron-like in tint as it diffuses itself along the horizon; and yet so thick are its volumes that the sun, newly risen, glows through rather than pierces them, and looks as when seen through smoked glass. Never has the atmospheric effect of smoke been depicted with more accuracy;—from its first black emissions to the bend of the rising column, and from its lateral spread along the horizon to its pale and far diffusion through the ambient air, we recognize the manner and method of Nature in her volcanic aspects. Nor is the illusion diminished when we gaze upon the terrestrial scene around, the reddish-brown sandstone of the low cliffs, the ravine through which a volcanic lake finds its way down the natural terraces, the metallic-like surface of the lake itself, on which the sunshine is opaquely reflected through the dark overhanging vapor, the light but green herbage which has crept over the naturally arid soil, fostered into temporary verdure by copious annual rains—the gradually increasing vigor and freshness of the vegetation as it recedes and descends, until, in the foreground, a group of fine old trees refreshes the eye—all, both in general effect and in authentic minutiæ, is absolutely and scientifically true to the facts of nature and the requirements of art. One of the most true and exquisite effects of light ever exhibited in a landscape is the pale sunshine on the ridges in the foreground of this picture.

A more absolute contrast in subject and experience can hardly be imagined than that between "The Heart of the Andes" and "The Icebergs." From the mysterious volcanic heats of the earth we are transferred at a glance to her deadliest cold—from tropical to arctic phenomena. Popular interest in the latter had become wide and earnest from the curiosity awakened by the voyages of Parry and Belcher; the deep sympathy excited by the fate of Sir John Franklin, and the admiration felt for the intrepid career of our own Kane.

When the idea of making icebergs the subject of a picture suggested itself to Mr. Church, it was but the unconscious response to the curiosity and wonder which arctic discovery had excited in the public mind. The pleasure which this artist's delineation of tropical scenery had given his

friends and all lovers of art here and in England, must have convinced him, if he was unaware of the fact before, that there is a latent love of nature in the multitude, and that her faithful and feeling representation gratifies popular instinct as well as amateur taste. Accordingly he desired, if possible, to make his canvas reflect the glint and gloom, the grandeur and beauty, the coldness and desolation of the north, as he had already caused it to glow with the exuberant loveliness of the south.

It was a hazardous experiment. Here were no delicate ferns or brightly tinted leaves to decorate the foreground, no sparkling cascades or picturesque crucifix to make attractive the central space, and no variety of green and blue, of mist and shadow, of herbage and bird, insect or tree, whereby the eye could be intoxicated with living beauty. Ice—water—sky—these elements alone, to most painters, would afford little scope for general effect, however much they may be rendered of special significance.

Church looked steadily at the facts of nature, and believed that form, color, and arrangement could be made to give to these objects, in combination, somewhat of the impressive and unique charm they wear in reality to the keen observer and the imaginative vision. He conversed with scores of arctic voyagers ; he read the adventurous story of their explorations. He drew, from oral description, the most characteristic forms, and acquired a definite notion of the tints which belong to the icebergs, when massed, isolated, or in a transition state. Dr. Kane's narrative—Dr. Hayes' talk—Lady Franklin's visit—were so many inspirations ; and finally, he determined to study icebergs where they may be seen to the best advantage, viz., off the coast of Labrador.

Returning with a mass of sketches, outlines, studies in oil, and above all, his mind clearly and fully stored with picturesque material, Church went to work with that intrepid zeal that belongs to his nature, and then produced the picture which, while it adds a new and permanent trophy to his fame, conserves and diffuses an authentic and interesting revelation of a phenomenon of nature—comparatively unfamiliar, yet infinitely suggestive. Church's picture typifies the north. He has combined, as far as possible in one view, the most characteristic forms and colors. The centre berg—the slope of the melting mass, the glint of the upright drift, the transparent blue, the opal gleam, the sapphire refraction, the cliff-like shape, the pearly edge, the glittering stalactite, the opaque alabaster line, the ice-paved sea, the cold atmosphere and pale sky-flush,—all we have read and imagined of such a scene, is here brought together with scientific conscientiousness and artistic skill and taste.

The result is novel. As we gaze, the truth and meaning of the picture grow upon eye and mind, as nature does, until admiration fairly takes us captive. All spectators of true observation will appreciate the artistic power and the truth of nature ; but few will rightly estimate the difficulties overcome, the patient study involved in this work.

In 1863 "The Icebergs" was exhibited in London ; and the leading journal of that city thus describes and estimates the work :—

"The season is summer, the time of day close on sunset. The sunlight falls from low down on the spectator's left. The spectator is supposed to look from a bay in the berg, where the water shallows over the ice, to the most delicate tones of light emerald green. On his left rise the jagged ice-cliffs, with their faces lit here and there by reflected light from the main mass of the berg opposite. The water-worn ice of the bay trends round to the right of the spectator, where a spur, running into the sea, and carrying a great boulder of granite or iron-stone, has been eaten away by the waves into a cavern, filled with the fairy-like green light reflected from the emerald water. In the centre of the picture, in middle distance, towers the great mass of the berg, its face toward the spectator, divided into two levels by a great step in the ice forming a cliff face. The surface of the shoulder to the left of this is weather-worn into the most delicate curves and sinuosities, forming hollows, in which sleep an infinite variety of dove-colored, violet, and faint purple shadows, interpenetrated with a wonderful play of the most evanescent prismatic hues. The face of the berg to the right of the cleft is a great triangular field of pure ice, sweeping with a subtle curve upward to the base of the rounded dome, which crowns the berg, half hidden in the mist-wreaths from the huge evaporating mass. This triangular icefield is in light, and over it plays a faint tremulous veil of the tenderest prismatic hues. At its base are two water-lines or ice-beaches, showing that the berg has weathered two summers, and indicating by their angle with the horizon the shifting of the centre of gravity of the enormous mass. To the right the eye follows the shadowed side of the berg, far up a ravine of ice, running up into a line of fantastic peaks and spires and pinnacles, the gray shadows kindled within by that same play of prismatic tones which seems to invest the whole berg with the subtlest and sweetest harmonies of color. The sky is vaporous in the zenith; warm clouds rest on the field of limpid greenish light nearer the horizon.

"The sea is calm, but long measured curves of quiet swell follow each other up the ice-bay. The color of the sea is deep violet and purple on the horizon, passing through tender gradations of gray into the brilliant emerald green of the shallow water over the ice round the base of the berg, and in the foreground. Far off in the horizon other bergs are floating, their peaks and ice-cliffs rosy in the evening sun. There is no suggestion of life, except a spar with the grating on the top, and a fragment of sail still attached, which has grounded on the foreground floe.

"The picture is treated with the utmost subtlety and delicacy both of form and color, and brings the weird and wondrous ice-world most vividly and impressively before the spectator. Mr. Church's power of painting light and water is peculiar to him. No better example can be desired of both combined than in the glimpse of green water seen through the cleft in the ice on the left, just at the base of the ice-cliff.

"The picture altogether is a noble example of that application of the landscape-painter's art to the rendering of grand, beautiful, and unfamiliar aspects of nature, only accessible at great cost of fatigue and exposure, and

even at peril of life and limb, which seems to be one of the walks in which this branch of the art is destined to achieve new triumphs in our time."

His next work was "The Rainy Season in the Tropics." Athwart a mountain-bounded valley and gorge, floats one of those frequent showers which so often drench the traveller and freshen vegetation in those regions, while a bit of clear, deep blue sky smiles from the fleecy clouds that overlay the firmament, and the sunshine, beaming across the vapory vail, forms thereon a rainbow, which seems to clasp the whole with a prismatic bridge; a scene more characteristic of the season and the region it is difficult to imagine, and one more difficult to represent on canvas could not be selected. To combine the right perspective with the aqueous effects is a problem hard to solve; but Mr. Church has succeeded; the aërial perspective is exquisitely true—the floating vapor, the blue sky, the radiant iris—the brooding mists on the distant mountains, the rich vegetation of the foreground, and green, rugged declivity and mule-path—water, air, cloud, hill, and vale—all wear the tearful glory of "The Rainy Season in the Tropics," whereby the assiduous and accomplished artist has added another phase of nature to his grand and gracious expositions of her picturesque enchantments.

Those glittering monsters of the deep, swept from northern seas into the western Atlantic, had ever been the terror of summer voyagers amid the fogs off Newfoundland; but the heroism and the martyrdom, the scientific knowledge, and the wonderful adventure associated herewith by the record of arctic expeditions, had created a new and romantic interest, and made the Iceberg a sublime symbol of daring achievement, and a solemn memorial of human sorrow and faith. But, wonderful as these vast crystal masses are in themselves, and attractive as they have become through the most wonderful chapter in the history of modern enterprise, few are the artists who would venture to make one the exclusive subject of a picture; in nature it requires all the accessories of space; all the effect of light, with sea, snow, and the firmament around and above, to relieve the blankness and isolation of icebergs, by picturesque agencies; but transferred in solitary abstraction to the canvas, only a masterly execution could redeem a subject like this from monotonous singularity. Convinced that color and form in this, as in every other natural object, made it a fit, however difficult, theme for delineation, Church determined to study its phases, note its traits, and represent it with careful and elaborate art. Of that mysterious, solitary, blank life in the polar seas, with all its marvellous details of silence and whiteness, bears, walruses, eider-ducks, Esquimaux dogs, fleas, and foxes, bivouacs in snow-fields, and journeys over frozen plains, and interminable night, wherein and whereby human courage and patience attained an almost spiritual energy, and human resources are tested to the utmost—of this extraordinary and exceptional life the iceberg seems the monument; its spectral pinnacles glittering in the moonlight, its vast proportions frowning in the darkness, its capricious architecture mocking the fancy of the exile with shapes of familiar glory and endeared habitations.

Church and his friend, equipped for an exploration along the shore of Labrador, started early in the summer to seek and study this "architecture of the sea." They found hospitality among the fishermen and missionaries, and having chartered a small vessel, went forth in pursuit of icebergs—of all objects in nature the most difficult to study; but, by dint of patience, the assiduous artist observed a great variety of them, noted their shapes and colors, watched them at dawn and sunset, and, beating about the rough sea, caught with ready pencil and retained in his memory the most picturesque attributes of these evanescent wonders of the deep. The curious details of this exploration, full of amusing incident on the one hand, and of trials to patience and comfort on the other, and at the same time fruitful of sublime and novel impressions of beauty, have been "set in a note-book," and elaborately described by the artist's companion, who seems to have carried to the scene all a poet's enthusiasm and an art-lover's sympathy. Whoever would know the perils and the pleasures of a "chase after icebergs" for artistic purposes, should read this chronicle of a summer voyage; it is a unique illustration of the dauntless and genial enterprise of American artist-life.

The book* and the picture, which were the fruit of the expedition, reveal to us a marvellous idea of the various significance and interest belonging to icebergs. In substance, resembling alabaster, rock-crystal, emerald, topaz, amethyst, and every gem of earth; in form, including every shape hallowed by art or dear to fancy,—cathedral, obelisk, shrine, domes, pilasters, arches, crags, and cliffs; here like a Mississippi bluff, there like a fragment of the Colosseum; now Windsor Castle, and again a Titanic vase; their peaks, battlements of porcelain or pearl; their transitions as rapid as wind and light. What a series of pictures is afforded by the mere recital of daily experience, when a vigilant eye followed and explored the frozen and floating Alps, caverns, pyramids, or mosques of ice! An average form, and a combination of tints were chosen by the artist in executing a portrait of the icebergs; and its authenticity in detail has been attested by several experienced observers.

"The Andes of Ecuador," by this artist, belongs to W. H. Osborne, Esq., of New York; two of his earliest tropical pictures are in possession of Jonathan Sturgis, Esq., and A. M. Cozzens, Esq., of New York; a fine and highly-finished illustration of South American scenery is in the collection of R. S. Stuart, Esq., of New York; "Cotopaxi" belongs to James Lenox, Esq., of New York; "The Icebergs," to Mr. Watson, M.P., of London; "Chimborazo," to W. H. Osborne, Esq.; "Niagara" and "Twilight in the Wilderness" to J. Taylor Johnston, Esq., of New York; "Morning on the Cordilleras," to Jonathan Sturgis, Esq., of New York, "Journey of the Pilgrim through the Wilderness," and "View of Quebec," are in the Wadsworth Gallery, Hartford, Ct.; "The Rainy Season in the Tropics," "Under Niagara," "Mount Katahdin," and "Sunrise on Mount Desert Island,"

* "After Icebergs, with a Painter," by Rev. Louis L. Noble.

are in the collection of Marshall O. Roberts, Esq., of New York; "The Heart of the Andes" and "Aurora" belong to William T. Blodgett, Esq., of New York; "Jamaica," to Mrs. Colt, of Hartford, Ct.; "Twilight" and "A River in South America," to W. T. Walters, of Baltimore, Md.

The foreign critical estimates of Church's pictures, as we have seen, confirm his claim to original and scientific excellence; and this testimony is the more authentic from the fact that it is by no means wholly eulogistic. A careful writer in the London Art Journal considers the subject minutely, and bases his conclusions on the best artistic reasoning; thus while he finds an "over-minuteness and stiffness lingering in certain parts of the foreground of 'The Heart of the Andes,'" he recognizes a picture in which "definite truth is harmonized and unified by a sense of beauty." He observes of "The Icebergs" that the upper sky is "dim and shadowy from the cold effusions of the icebergs"—of an olive hue "from a vapor tinged with yellow by the descending sun intervening before the azure, while the sea is ink-black out in the open horizon." "All along its base," he remarks of the iceberg, "you may discern two terrace-like lines perfectly straight, but sloping together down to the water; there were formerly the successive water-lines of the berg, and their inclining marks how the whole has been upheaved and thrust back by those shocks through which it may totter, fall, and disperse to ruin; they tell us that it has already borne the wasting of two summers." The same critic, speaking of the brilliant tints of the berg, remarks: "This iridescence may be one of the stumbling-blocks to those matter-of-fact persons whose imaginations are so utterly homely that they are apt to turn away from any beautiful truth not substantiated by their every-day experience; but we, who have seen sunset come with fairy presence to the depths of a Swiss glacier, readily accept all this as a fact. Some of our arctic men were highly gratified with the constituent parts of the work, praising their truthfulness heartily." Church's aim and method find the most intelligent and cordial recognition from this art-student. Of his compositions he says: "In his greater love of nature, he desires to give a more worthy impression thereof; and in his greater love of truth, to combine a greater number of beautiful and significant truths, where the mere local copyists could present but few." He hails Church as giving promise of a better day—a perfect style, viz.: "The best Turnerian, carried forward with preciseness of detail and temperance of color."*

It is Church's habit to devote the summer to observation and reflection; then he gathers the materials, and thinks over the plan and scope of his pictures, seeking, at the same time, by life in the open air, and wholesome physical exercise and recreation, to invigorate his health, which is not robust, and lay up a stock of strength as well as ideas for work during the winter. That season he passes in the city, resolutely shut up several hours daily in his studio, concentrating his mind upon some long-contemplated task, to which his time and thoughts are given with a rare and

* W. P. B., in the London Art Journal, Sept., 1863.

exclusive devotion, which, in a few months, makes the sunburnt and active sojourner in the country resemble a pale student, so exhaustive and absorbing are his labors when once fairly engaged upon a mature conception. Although rapid in execution, he is slow in working out the artistic problem to be solved, in his own mind; cannot brook interruption for any trivial object, and eschews all dalliance with pastime until his pencil is laid aside for the day.

A domestic affliction rendering a change of scene desirable, Church, in 1866, embarked for Jamaica, and passed many weeks of the summer among the mountains of that picturesque island. The studies which he brought home indicate his usual skill, industry, and tact in selection; there are admirable effects of sunset, storm, and mist, caught in all their evanescent but characteristic phases; the mountain shapes, gorges, plateaus, lines of coast, and outlines of hills: beside these general features, there are minute and elaborate studies of vegetation—the palms, ferns, canebrakes, flowers, grasses, and lizards; in a word, all the materials of a tropical insular landscape, with every local trait carefully noted. No one can examine such studies without recognizing the scientific method of the artist—the authenticity of his transcripts from nature; and it is when comparing these materials with their combined result in a grand scenic composition, that we realize that the fame and the faculty of Church are the legitimate fruits of rare and individual endowments conscientiously exercised.

He has already elaborated one landscape from his Jamaica studies—highly finished in details of vegetation, and full of character. "A View of Niagara," including a greater range of the rapids and cataract than has ever before been delineated, was purchased by Goupil & Co., of Paris, and gained a prize at the Exposition of 1867. The truth, unity, and effect of this work are wonderful; examined through a tube, on a level with the eye, the illusion is complete to one familiar with the Falls. Church climbed a tree at the end of the arc of a circle, and found the view thence embraced the whole of the cataract; he cut away foliage to secure a free sight, clung to the top of the tree, and made his sketch. The glint of the water, the mist, the sweep, curve, dash, spray, foam, rocks, and iris, all are reproduced in faithful and vivid tints. An intelligent critic remarks of this work: "As a faithful view of one of the grandest scenes in nature, the picture is almost faultless; it is photographic in its truth, while it is in the highest sense artistic. The painter has taken no liberties with his mighty theme; but has suited his canvas to the subject, instead of making the subject fit the canvas, as many do. The picture is marvellous for its unity and harmony of relation between the several parts, and, like the scene itself, does not at first strike you with irresistible force. But after a time it does, making an impression on the mind that can never be effaced."

BIERSTADT.

AMONG the German emigrants who have settled in New England, within the last fifty years, is a family, the head of which was by profession a soldier, who had seen hard service during the Peninsular War. Two years before he arrived in the United States, his son Albert was born at Dusseldorf. This family, whose name is Bierstadt, have resided for many years at New Bedford, in Massachusetts. There this son, now so well-known as a landscape painter, received his school education, and subsequently engaged in various employments, always with a predilection for art, however, which he casually indulged from his earliest years. The usual objections long prevented him from concentrating upon art the attention which circumstances obliged him to diffuse among practical and practicable occupations. The taste, however, was too instinctive and the latent ability too genuine to permit any other result than a final determination to risk the chance of disappointment. Those interested in his welfare discouraged his ambition, or rather his love of art as a profession, because they knew how precarious it often proves as an exclusive resource, and because the youth had not given evidence of any remarkable talent; while his probity, application, and mastery of practical affairs gave them reason to believe in his future success in more remunerative and less ideal occupations. The future artist had frequently executed clever sketches in crayon; but it was not until 1851, when he was in his twenty-third year, that he began to paint in oils, and determined to earn the means of visiting his native city, Dusseldorf, and his eminent cousin, Hasenclever, whose unique *genre* pictures have been so popular in this country. Accordingly in 1853 he embarked; and soon after his arrival in Europe, took up his abode at Dusseldorf, devoting the winter to study at the famous Academy of that city, and the summer to sketching tours through Germany and Switzerland. His kinship with the former country would seem to have been a favorable circumstance, and to have rendered him more at home there as an art-student than is the case with most young Americans; but Bierstadt experienced a severe disappointment on his arrival, in finding that Hasenclever had recently died; he, however, soon enjoyed either the direct instruction or the personal sympathy of Lessing, Achenbach, Leutze, and Whittredge. As an academic

disciple, however, Bierstadt gave no striking proof of individual merit; though doubtless he acquired much technical aptitude by his drawing and color practice, and from the criticisms of his more experienced companions. In this, as in so many other instances, a true direction and development in landscape art was gained away from the studio, by the personal and independent study of Nature herself. The work which gives the highest promise of those which Bierstadt executed at this period, is one called "The Old Mill"—which he painted during his first summer, while on a pedestrian tour in Westphalia. It is full of homely truth and rural beauty, and has a rare local fidelity and freshness, and a genial simplicity which remind one of the most *naïve* and candid aspects of life and nature in the Old World. His next tour, the following year, was through Hesse-Cassel; and, while there, he was much struck, one afternoon, with a beautiful effect of light and shade, on the mossy, massive front and low arched door of a quaint mediæval church, with a wide-spreading venerable tree beside the wall, and an old woman seated under the gateway. The whole scene was full of mellow, time-hallowed, and consecrated repose. Bierstadt caught, with singular vividness and truth, the details and expression of the scene, so familiar in its materials, yet so eloquent in its "Sunshine and Shadow"—and by this appropriate name he called the picture which he subsequently elaborated from it, and which first made him generally and favorably known in art. It was so suggestive of the peaceful and picturesque old towns of Europe, that scores of travellers desired to possess it; while the agreeable surprise at so effective and real a picture, whose subject was so unpretending, added to his popularity, and to the merit of the artist as a fond and faithful student of nature.

A winter in Rome with Whittredge, a pedestrian tour through the Apennines with Gifford, and a sojourn in Switzerland and on the Rhine with the former artist friend and Haseltine, enlarged the observation and enriched the portfolio of Bierstadt, and in the autumn of 1857 he returned to his New Bedford home, accomplished in his art, with many trophies of his industry and skill, and with a new relish for, and understanding of, landscape painting. These attainments he now aspired to make illustrative of the least known scenery of the New World. Among the works which our artist elaborated from his careful European studies are, a most effective picture of the "Bay of Sorrento," one of "The Arch of Octavian," a "Street Scene in Rome," and "Lake Lucerne;" each of which, for accuracy of the local details, still-life, and atmospheric effects, tints of earth and water, and character of accessories, and in every essential feature, is an eloquent epitome of its subject, and transports the spectator to the fairest environs of Naples, to the heart of Switzerland, or to the centre of the Eternal City. These and other pictures were disposed of, and have been more or less lost to public view in private collections; whereas the "Sunshine and Shadow" has been exhibited repeatedly, and before his Rocky Mountain landscape appeared, was the best known of Bierstadt's pictures.

The same careful finish of details, skilful management of light, and eye for picturesque possibilities, which make Bierstadt's Old World subjects so impressive and suggestive, have rendered many of his studies of American scenery full of bold and true significance. He passed part of a summer, after his return from Europe, among the White Mountains, and besides the materials for a typical landscape of that romantic region, he gained some special studies full of character and masterly effects.

Adventure is an element in American artist-life which gives it singular zest and interest. From Audubon's lonely forest wanderings and vigils, to Church's pilgrimage among the Andes, or Bradford's chase after icebergs off the coast of Labrador, its record abounds with pioneer enterprise and hardy exploration. A few years ago the idea of a carefully studied, faithfully composed, and admirably executed landscape of Rocky Mountain scenery, would have been deemed chimerical, involving, as it must, long and isolated journeys, and no ordinary risk and privation. And yet the American work of art which attracted most attention, and afforded the greatest promise and pleasure in the spring of 1863, was such a picture. The accuracy of its details is certified by all who have visited the region; while the novelty and grandeur of the scene, and the fidelity and power with which the picture renders the magnificence of the mountains, their forms and structure, the character of the trees, and the sublime aërial perspective, have made this first elaborate representation of a vast and distant range—so long the traditional boundary of exploration and the haunt of savage tribes—one of the most essentially representative and noble illustrations of American landscape art. We look at the result, but scarcely realize the process. To accomplish his task, the artist passed months away from the haunts of civilization. To accompany the late General Lander's exploring expedition, he left New Bedford for St. Louis, in April, 1858, and three months after, thus wrote:

"Rocky Mountains, July 10.

"The mountains are very fine; as seen from the plains, they resemble very much the Bernese Alps; they are of granite formation, the same as the Swiss mountains, their jagged summits covered with snow and mingling with the clouds; cottonwood trees and several species of the fir and pine line the river banks; the grouping of the rocks is charming; the Indians are as they were hundreds of years ago, and now is the time to paint them; the color of the mountains is like those of Italy; the rolling prairies are covered with wild sage and different shrubs, and the streams are lined with willows."

In the midst of these scenes of exuberant and solitary Nature, what a school for the artist alive to her glories, and patiently receptive of her teachings! After a day's travel in a spring-wagon, Bierstadt, his companion, and their servant would start on Indian ponies and ramble for miles, to explore, to kill game for their supper, and to sketch. Grouse, antelope, rabbits, wild ducks and sage hens, with coffee and corn-bread, furnished their

repast; they slept in blankets under the open sky, and woke up with dew on their faces. This life invigorated body and mind, exhilarated the spirits, and freshened that love of and intimacy with nature, whence the true artist draws his best inspiration. It was thus that the landscape of the Rocky Mountains was studied; the trees, peaks, fertile levels, barren ridges, atmospheric effects, Indian costumes, accoutrements, physiognomies—each element and aspect of the country was delineated with conscientious skill, and from these was executed a grand historical and geographical picture of the Wind River range in Nebraska Territory. To one who has never visited the scene, perhaps the best proof of the authentic merits of the landscape may be derived from the vivid description of an enthusiastic lover of nature, who, long before this picture was achieved, attempted to convey his impressions of this scenery in words which partook equally of artistic and poetical enthusiasm. "We grouped to depart," wrote the lamented Winthrop, in his spirited and graphic romance of "John Brent." "'I shall remember all this for scores of sketches,' said Miss Clitheroe. And, indeed, there was material. The rocks behind threading away and narrowing into the dim gorge of the valley; the rushing fountains, one with its cloud of steam; the two great spruces; the thickets; and above them, a far-away glimpse of a world all run to top and flinging itself up to heaven, a tumult of crag and pinnacle. All the ground was verdure—green, tender, and brilliant—a feast to the eyes after long staring over sere deserts. Two great spruce trees, each with one foot under the rocks and one edging fountainward, stood pillar under pyramid; some wreaths of drooping creepers floating from the crags had caught and clung: except for the spruces posted against the cliffs, the grassy area for an acre about the springs was clean of other growth than grass. Below, the rivulet disappeared in a green thicket, and further down were large cottonwoods, and one tall, stranger tree, the feminine presence of a drooping elm." How perfectly the sensation and sentiment of this scenery is reflected from the landscape of Bierstadt, every feature of which we have heard an eminent American officer identify with enthusiasm. The foreground of the picture is a vast plain, over which groups of Indians, several wigwams, and the products of the chase, are scattered; a grove of cottonwood trees occupies the left foreground, and a river runs through the mid background, on the opposite shore of which is a line of beetling cliffs, and lofty, snow-crowned mountains, broken by gullies, through which numerous waterfalls make their way. The part of the mountains depicted is the western slope, and the particular locality is about 750 miles north-east of San Francisco. The stream introduced is the head-water of the Rio Colorado, which empties into the Gulf of California. The highest peak is Mount Lander, its summit crowned with snow, and its sides bordered with glaciers. The Indian village belongs to the Shoshone tribe.

Having completed his studies for a landscape which should combine all the characteristic traits of Rocky Mountain scenery, he left Lander's party while it was still west of those mountains, in the Wasatch range, in South-

ern Oregon, and set out on his return to the States, through a dense wilderness and mountainous region, occupied by a savage people, and with only two men as attendants. For a great part of their journey they were obliged to depend entirely upon the game they could obtain, and in several instances were days without water. The party reached Fort Laramie in safety, after a journey of many days, through a country perilous even for a body of armed troops.

Of one of his finished studies in this little-explored region, on the north fork of the Platte, Nebraska, a critic has truly said: "Its breadth of light in the background, especially, is indeed admirable. Its rock-painting is particularly vigorous. Great tabular masses of limestone, up-ended and broken into successive ledges—their ruin partly bold and staring, partly veiled under tender foliage—are more picturesque than any remains of British abbeys, and in their symmetry amid destruction give almost a similar suggestion of the work of man. The sky and water of this landscape are pure to the last degree."

What a contrast to the artist-life of Rome and Paris is this fresh and free search for the picturesque in the remote and solitary heart of nature! Imagine the model of the Prairie, as thus described by a companion of the artist upon his last expedition:

"I presently rejoined one of my companions, and found him standing, with his hand on his horse's neck, by another dead bison. While our animals were resting we swept the horizon with our field-glasses, and saw buffaloes in every quarter save the north-east, whence we had come. From that direction the buggy was advancing toward us, its cattle doing all they could to make up the ground we had gained over them in our run. By the time they came within hailing distance, Munger, of the Overland Mail, our boldest rider and wildest hunter, appeared on the opposite divide, five hundred yards south-west, and beckoned us to come to him. He was on horseback—and a man so seated looks colossal across the prairies, relieved against the clear sky, at even a mile's distance. We could see that he had something of importance for us, and signing the buggy to follow, brought out our horses' remaining wind to reach him. Coming up, we found the largest old bull we had yet seen, standing at bay with a dozen revolver balls in different portions of his hide. Nothing but an elephant dies harder than the buffalo. I have pierced the much-vaunted cuirass of the alligator with bird-shot half-way between the legs, and killed him as easily as a snipe; but the buffalo bull, even with a Minie-ball through the lungs, does not fall immediately, once in a hundred times. Munger had purposely stopped this buffalo instead of killing him, that Bierstadt might have the rarest of artist-chances, the sight of an old bull charging before his death-shot. The buggy came up while we were holding him at bay. Our artist dismounted, brought out his color box, fixed his camp-stool, and took the charcoal in hand. We rode toward the dying warrior, and shouted at him. A new glare reddened his sullen eyes; he bowed his colossal head till his beard swept the tangled grass; he erected his tail, letting its tuft

wave back flag-like in the wind, and made one mad plunge forward. For a moment all his wild majesty was royally alive in him. We veered, and he turned on us. We pretended to fly, and again he charged. With every shifting posture the artist changed his place, and the charcoal quietly moved on. Parrhasius was among the buffaloes ! But he was more merciful than his ancient prototype. His line study was done quickly, and its better part was one of those instantaneous negatives which can never leave the brain of a man who has seen a buffalo on his death-charge. The three marksmen on horseback and another from the buggy drew up in line, and fired at the old giant's heart. With one great gasp he fell upon his knees—glared defiantly as ever—half rose twice and pawed the earth with one hoof, shook his great mat of hair—fell again—and with one universal shiver rolled over, a dead bison. Bierstadt spent the whole remainder of the morning in transferring our bulls to his sketch-box. I doubt if there be any other country but Kansas and Nebraska where the brush follows so hard on the rifle ; and wonder if ever before color-studies of charging bison have been taken in a double buggy."

Bierstadt is a true representative of the Dusseldorf school in landscape, as is Leutze in historical painting ; to this fact are to be ascribed both his merits and defects. *Knowingness* may be considered the special trait of this class of artists ; they are often excellent draughtsmen, expert, like all artistic Germans, in form and composition, but in color frequently hard and dry ; they abound in the intellectual, and are wanting in the sensuous element of the Spanish and Italian schools ; form comes from perception, color more from temperament ; and these must blend harmoniously, or sentiment will be lacking. Skill prevails over imagination in the Dusseldorf artists ; pure light is often wanting, sharp dewy green is apt to be too prominent ; and, as a class, these painters are inclined to the sensational ; there is an absence of the soft pure light of Troyon and Lambinet in their landscape, a mannerism in their composition ; they are more *effective* than *impressive ;* more clever than tender ; yet, withal, admirably equipped for their work, though often uninspired by it. One reason of the marvellous success of Bierstadt is that the Dusseldorf style was a novelty here, though familiar abroad. Some of the French, English, and American landscape-painters, with far less executive power and technical skill—far less facile and forcible, exhibit a soulful earnestness, a delicate, tender, and true feeling, which is more charming and satisfactory than the most brilliant executive aptitude : in a word, they have more to say, but are not always so well prepared to say it ; yet sometimes the *stammering* of truth is better than the most fluent egotism. We are glad to have the Dusseldorf school so emphatically represented as by Bierstadt ; it is admirably adapted to some scenes and subjects ; it adds to the variety and the popularity of our landscape art ; its contrasts are desirable ; and it appeals to an order of minds comparatively insensible to more vague and latent art-language. How assiduous and enterprising Bierstadt has been, is evinced by the following partial

catalogue of his later works, to which, in some instances, the dimensions and prices obtained are added :—

"The Rocky Mountains—Lander's Peak," belonging to James McHenry, Esq., 6 by 10 feet ($25,000).

"Storm in the Rocky Mountains—Mount Rosalie," owner, T. W. Kennard, 12 by 7 feet, valued at $35,000.

"The Domes of the Yo Semite," owner, Le Grand Lockwood, Esq.

"Looking down the Yo Semite," owner, U. H. Crosby.

"Lake Lucerne," owner, Alvin Adams, Esq.

"Laramie Peak," belonging to the Buffalo Academy of Fine Arts.

"Emigrants Crossing the Plains—Sunset," in possession of the artist New York.

"Sunlight and Shadow," owner, Miss Bierstadt, of New Bedford, Mass.

"The Arch of Octavius," belonging to the Boston Athenæum.

"Valley of the Yo Semite," owner, James Lenox, Esq., of New York.

"Italian Landscape," owner, G. W. Riggs, Esq., Washington, D. C.

"Cathedral Rock," owner, William Moller, Esq., of Irvington, N. Y.

"The Golden Gate," owner, Gen. J. C. Frémont.

"North Fork of the Platte," owner, Judge Hilton, 3 by 5 feet ($7,000).

"The Old Mill, Wesphalia," owner, John A. Weeks, of New York.

"The Domes of the Yo Semite" is panoramic in size ; it is a wildly magnificent and unique scene, drawn, with singular fidelity, from the solitary heart of the Rocky Mountains. Some defects of execution are discoverable, but the effect of the whole is grand.

"The mass of granite in the middle distance is the North Dome ; its precipitous walls descend abruptly to the plain, its summit is arched in the centre, like the dome of a cathedral ; the flitting, cumulous clouds above, cast soft shadows on its sides, and drop a veiling fragment of mist about its head. A ravine divides it from the South Dome, whose rounded half is turned from us. This huge pile is six thousand feet in height, the upper half being nearly perpendicular. Through a concealed opening behind it the hazy morning sunlight pours, and slanting across a projection of the companion rock, reveals with singular brightness its clefts and seams, its tints of brown and purple, and leads the eye of the observer onward to the glimmering mountain-tops beyond, white with perennial snows.

"The undulating surface of the central plain is thickly studded with oaks and pines, and its mellow coloring, its charming quiet, offer the happiest contrast to the sternness of the cliffs which surround it. Exquisitely true are the effects of wavering cloud-shadows on the trees and grass, and the reflections in the clear depths of the Merced. On the left of the foreground, down a precipice strangely stained and streaked with reddish-brown tinges,—the work of the untiring waters,—the great cataract dizzily springs, suggesting, at first, the leaden hue of *cumuli* beyond, but midway illumined to dazzling brilliancy by a broad beam of sunshine. Down it plunges, between two wooded bluffs into a hidden gorge, sending up a cloud

of vaporous spray, against which the pine branches of the immediate foreground are sharply defined. One almost listens for the roar of the falling waters, looks searchingly through the shimmering mist at the jagged rocks it shrouds, and starts to see the waves hurry out again in glancing rapids, toss into foam like the surf of the ocean, then, with added power, gather their forces for the next fall, and disappear behind a green hill in the foreground, to lose themselves in the river beneath.

"On the right is a lofty crag, whose laminated surface exemplifies the peculiar character of the granite of this valley. Crooked oaklings and the enduring pines bend from its notched sides, or struggle for existence on its brow.

"The extreme foreground is noticeable for the minute study evidenced in the bright coloring of moss and bark, the dainty crimson and gold of the flowers, and the grace of the ferns which droop over the rocks, or lie in the hollows of dewy emerald nearest the waterfall."

One of Bierstadt's most characteristic pictures is thus described and discussed by an independent but trenchant English journal. The London Saturday Review says of "A Storm in the Rocky Mountains":—

"Before speaking of the picture, let us attempt to describe, in as few words as possible, the scene it represents. We are somewhere in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, at a place in Colorado Territory, about eighty miles from Denver City. We are at a height of a few hundred feet from the level of a lake below us. This lake, which is small and very beautiful, receives a stream from another lake, on a considerably higher level, and at a distance of several miles. We see this second lake distinctly across the barrier of rock that separates the two, and over the barrier we see the little river falling in a cascade. Over the distant lake broods an immense mass of dark storm-cloud, and we see the distant shore, the base of some mountain, in a darkness like coming night. The cloud soon attracts our attention, because it is so terrible; and, towards its toppling summits, so elaborate. Above these summits is a glimpse of almost pure blue sky, with fragments of cloud, light and torn. In the high blue heaven there is something white, which we know by its form to be a mountain crest, and near this, but less easily distinguished, is a second crest. In the middle distance the rocky barrier between the two lakes rises to a great elevation at the right, and a still nearer mass, also to the right, fills the field of vision in that direction. Just under this, in the right corner, is a little pool of transparent mountain water, and further from us a stream rushes down the steep slope of the rock into the lake below. On the top of these rocks, to the right, the storm is just beginning to gather in shreds of settling mist. Near the little pool, and on the sloping pasture land in the foreground, are groups of many trees, and an alluvial plain near the lake is watered by a winding river, on whose banks grow beautiful clusters of wood.

"The qualities which strike us in Mr. Bierstadt, as an artist, are, first, a great audacity, justified by perfect ability to accomplish all that he intends. He is not a mere copyist of nature, but an artist having definite artistic

intentions, and carrying them out with care and resolution. Observe, for instance, how strictly in this work everything is arranged to enhance effect. It strikes you at once as a work of art, not a literal production of nature; indeed, the artifices used are sometimes even too evident. But in an age when some hold the theory that art may be dispensed with, and that mere copyism is enough, we welcome a man like Bierstadt, who, though as devoted a lover of the grandest scenes in nature as any painter who ever lived, is, at the same time, given to plotting and planning for purely artistic ends. He is always trying for luminous gradations and useful oppositions, and reaches what he tries for. The excess of his effort after these things may be repugnant to some critics, because it is so obvious, and seems incompatible with the simplicity and self-oblivion of the highest artist natures. We believe, however, that in art of this kind, where the object is to produce a powerful impression of overwhelming natural grandeur, a painter must employ all the resources possible to him. This may be condemned as scene-painting, but it is very magnificent scene-painting, and we should only be too happy to see more of the same kind. The storm-cloud is a success, especially the toppling crest of it, with the lurid reflected light under it. No picture that we have ever seen has more entirely conveyed a sense of natural sublimity, and there is so much to study that the spectator is detained before it for a long time. The foreground and lake are not new to us, as painting, being simply German foreground art of the best kind, but the cloud is new and audacious; and the relation between the base of the mountain, far away beyond the distant lake, in the dark cave of cloud, and the brilliant white peak in the blue heaven, apparently nearer than the foot of the mountain, and not at all belonging to it, is as true as it is rare in art. Mr. Bierstadt's picture is full of courage and ability, and his nature, which has a strong grasp of realities, is well fitted for the kind of work he has undertaken. The least agreeable quality in him is an excess of method and artifice; but we are not disposed to lay much stress on such a fault in his case, because without it he would never be carried safely through labors so formidable as this."

No more genuine and grand American work has been produced in landscape art than Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains." Representing the sublime range which guards the remote West, its subject is eminently national; and the spirit in which it is executed is at once patient and comprehensive —patient in the careful reproduction of the tints and traits which make up and identify its local character, and comprehensive in the breadth, elevation, and grandeur of the composition. Almost a virgin theme, the novelty of the subject alone would attract the student of nature and the lover of art; both of whom must feel a thrill of surprise and delight to find a scene so magnificent rendered with such power and truth. Far above and away, the snow-clad peaks rising into a pure, blue sky, and flecked with sun-tinted vapor; slopes rock-ribbed and icy in the higher range, subside by vast gradations into valleys of the richest emerald, whose narrow gorges at last spread at the base of the mountains into a verdant plain, into whose

luxuriant bosom leap bright waters overhung with mist; while huge cottonwoods, oaks, and pines are grouped in picturesque and umbrageous stateliness along the foreground. Sky, atmosphere, and foliage, are all, in hue and character, minutely authentic. The aërial perspective lures the eye and imagination away into infinite depths of space, until "Lander's Peak" inspires sublime emotions like those which Coleridge so eloquently utters in his Hymn in the Valley of Chamouni. The details of figures and still-life belonging to an Indian encampment in the foreground are all drawn from nature, and are not proportioned nor finished with the consummate skill of the grander features of the work. The artist himself recognized this incongruity, and it is one too easily remedied to mar the complete and high impression of the whole picture—which is a grand and gracious epitome and reflection of nature on this Continent—of that majestic barrier of the West where the heavens and the earth meet in brilliant and barren proximity, where snow and verdure, gushing fountains and vivid herbage, noble trees and azure sky-depths, primeval solitudes, the loftiest summits, and the boundless plains, combine all that is most vast, characteristic, and beautiful in North American scenery.

Since this memorable achievement, Bierstadt has delineated, with like emphasis and accuracy, Mount Hood, in Oregon Territory, the yellow, craggy valleys of Nevada, and the remarkable "Storm in the Rocky Mountains,"—all of which have excited earnest attention from the novelty of the subjects, and the masterly and bold, yet finished execution. Several smaller landscapes, depicting more limited but not less characteristic scenes in the same region, have found prompt and liberal purchasers. His portfolios contain a large number of careful and elaborate studies, and every interval of leisure has been and is still devoted to the study and transcript of natural phenomena. Having received a Government commission, Bierstadt sailed for Europe, in June, 1867, to make some studies for a picture of the discovery of the North River by Henry Hudson,—a subject admirably adapted to his pencil, and to national historical landscape. It was because of his conviction that the patient and faithful study of nature is the only adequate school of landscape art that Bierstadt, like Cole and Church, fixed his abode on the banks of the Hudson. His spacious studio, but recently erected, commands a beautiful and extensive view of the noble river, in the immediate vicinity of the Tappan Zee and the Palisades, within convenient access to New York, and in the midst of a genial and cultivated neighborhood. Wandering through the fields there, one summer day, we looked back from the brow of a hill upon one of those magnificent yet unusual sunsets, nowhere beheld so often as on this Western continent; a friend at our side remarked: "If it were possible to transfer these brilliant hues and this wonderful cloud-picture to canvas—how few would regard the work as a genuine reflex of a sublime natural fact!" "And yet," we replied, "its very unique loveliness is the best reason for preserving, as far as possible, its evanes-

cent glory." Just at that moment, in turning the angle of an orchard, we came in sight of Bierstadt, seated on a camp-stool, rapidly and with skilful eagerness depicting the marvellous sunset, as a study for future use ; and the incident was but another evidence of the wisdom and fidelity of his method in seeking both his subjects and inspiration directly from nature.

PORTRAITURE, GENRE, AND HISTORICAL PAINTERS.

Jocelyn.—Stone.—Agate.—Healy.—Ver Bryck.—Fink.—Flagg.—Jared B. Flagg.—Woodville.—Edmonds.—Freeman.—Latilla.—Mount.—Glass.—Catlin.—Kellogg.—Deas.—Cheney.—Duggan.—Rowse.—Ranney.—Matteson.—Lang.—Rossiter.—J. H. Beard.—Rothermel.—White.—Le Clear.—Gray.—Staigg.—Hunt.—Lambdin.—Terry.—Vedder.—Hennessy.—Boughton.—Coleman.—Powell.—Ames.—Wenzler.—Read.—Cranch.—Ehninger.—Hicks.—Johnson.—Darley.—Phillips.—Carpenter.—Furness.—Hall.—Dana.—Hoppin.—Tiffany.—Whistler.—Wilde.—Bellows.—Blauvelt.—Benson.—J. G. Brown.—Walter Brown.—J. F. Weir.—Noble.—Wood.—Lafarge.—Nast.—Baker.—Thompson.—Guy.—Homer.—Forbes.—Copeland.—Falconer.—Butler.—Gould.—Nehlig.—J. O'B. Inman.—Yewell.—Scott.—Mayer.—Genin, and others.—Bingham.—Audubon.—Tait.—Bispham.—Brackett.—W. H. Beard.—May.—Wight.

PHOTOGRAPHY has done and is doing much to banish mediocrity in portraiture, and it has, in a great measure, superseded miniature-painting; when, for a comparatively trifling expense, a literal, though sometimes unsatisfactory, likeness can be obtained by a mechanical and chemical process, the only delineators of the "human face divine" whose services are likely to be called into frequent requisition are those whose superior ability or original genius make their works infinitely transcend the commonplace and the familiar; accordingly it seems a just inference from the economy and facility of the photographic art, that the time will come when only the very best class of portrait-painters can find encouragement. Mechanical ingenuity and scientific success can never take the place of art; for the latter is a product of the soul, and its highest triumphs have a spiritual significance unattainable through material methods alone; but by the prevalence and success of the latter, the line between pure art and pretension thereto is more distinctly drawn, mediocrity is absolutely dis-

couraged, and hence the ideal and progressive in art is indirectly but immeasurably fostered.

Many American artists who have commenced with portraiture, or still occasionally engage therein, also devote themselves to historical and *genre* art. Inadequately equipped, with rare exceptions, for the latter, in consequence of want of requisite training as draughtsmen, comparatively few have reached excellence in a branch which has been so cleverly illustrated by popular French, German, and English painters, being without the essential foundation of correct drawing, or destitute of the talent for expression, or the sentiment which gives it value and significance. The majority of aspirants in the more refined and ambitious sphere of composition, fall far short of mastery, and original force and finish. An unfortunate prejudice too exclusively cherished against, or in favor of, the Pre-Raphaelite, the French, or the old Italian school, is apt to diminish or modify their efficiency by exaggerating the peculiarities or ignoring the true claims of one or another of these styles. In the former, the example of T. C. Farrar, an English artist in New York, is cited with emphasis by the ultra adherents of minute finish in details, while the conventional color of the French, and the literal fidelity of the Düsseldorf school, often detract from the native character of another class of works. The liberal, sympathetic, and discerning lover of truth in art, both in practice and criticism, will cherish and recognize an eclectic ideal.

Jocelyn.

Nathaniel Jocelyn was born in New Haven, Ct., in 1796, and still resides there, a highly esteemed and prosperous citizen. In 1810 he was a student, and in 1818 a successful practitioner of engraving; he was a member of the Graphic Company of Hartford, and devoted himself, with skill and good fortune, to bank-note engraving; he exhibited several portraits in 1826; and a few years later, was the occupant of an eligible studio, and known by his skill in likenesses.

Oliver Stone.

One of the most popular of our New York portrait-painters, Oliver Stone, noted for his beautiful heads of women and children, rich in color and graceful in treatment, studied his art with Mr. Jocelyn.

Agate.

Frederick S. Agate was born in Sparta, N. Y., in 1807; visited Italy in 1835; he was an excellent and amiable man, and an assiduous student in art; although he died without having executed works of great permanent interest, those he left prove no common talent for composition, and nearly all of them were engraved for the annuals; the best known are "The Dead Christ and Mother," "Columbus and the Egg," "The Ascension," and "Count Ugolino."

Healy.

George Peter Alexander Healy is a native of Boston; born in 1808, he visited Paris in 1836, and since that period has practised his art, with much lucrative success, alternately abroad and at home. His style is essentially of the French school. At the Paris Exhibition in 1855, an elaborate and characteristic work of this artist won much attention, especially as no less than thirteen portraits by the same hand were exhibited at the same time. The

subject of the large picture was "Franklin urging the Claims of the American Colonies before Louis XVI.;" another specimen of his historical portraiture, is "Webster's Reply to Hayne," in Faneuil Hall, Boston. Rugged, forcible, and characteristic, the portraits of Healey, when the subject is favorable and the artist in earnest, are among the best of their kind. The vigor of execution apparent in the best works of Healey is not less remarkable than his facility and enterprise: his likenesses often want delicacy, but seldom lack emphasis. His industry has rarely been excelled, and probably no American painter of our day has delineated so many eminent men; among them are Louis Philippe, Marshal Soult, Calhoun, Webster, Cass, and nearly all our leading statesmen and politicians; he has also painted portraits, often full-length and in elaborate costume, of ladies prominent in American society. The West has afforded him a new and profitable field of late years; and he has made his headquarters at Chicago.

In the group of the Webster picture are one hundred and thirty portraits: Healy's portrait of M. Guizot is in the Smithsonian Institute; that of Marshal Soult is owned by Mrs. Dalghren, of Washington, D.C.; those of Patrick Jackson, Nathan Appleton, and John A. Lowell, full-lengths, are in the Hall of Lowell, Mass.; that of George Peabody is at Danvers, Mass.; his half-length of Longfellow belongs to that poet's publishers in Boston; and his full-length of William B. Ogden is in that gentleman's possession, also a group consisting of his brother-in-law and two children; a full-length of Henry Farnham is at his residence, Chicago, Ill. Since Healy took up his abode in that city in the autumn of 1855, he has executed five hundred and seventy-seven portraits: those of the ex-Presidents of the United States are at the Capitol; that of Mr. Seward in the State Library, Albany; and that of Bishop McCloskey at the Church residence there.

Among the American artists of rich and delicate natures and high promise, who have been cut off in their youth, is Cornelius Ver Bryck;—loved and lamented by all who knew him; the brother-in-law of Huntington, and akin to him in aspirations and taste, he had won the warm regard of his associates in the study of art, one of whom, Thomas Cole, whose praise and sympathy are in themselves adequate testimony to superior worth, wrote the following tribute to Ver Bryck, in a leading journal:—

Ver Bryck.

"In compliance with a request of the National Academy of Design, the writer has attempted a short memoir of Cornelius Ver Bryck, the third member of that institution, whose remains they have been called upon to follow to the grave within a few months; and if the departure of one gifted with the highest moral and intellectual qualities should ever call forth the expression of sorrow, we are now emphatically called upon for our tribute of grief.

"The life of an artist is proverbially barren of those stirring incidents and strange vicissitudes that interest the reading multitude, and his biography consists, in a great measure, of an account of his birth and death, and a description of his works; and to this the life of Mr. Ver Bryck will furnish no exception. Yet, if the expression of what those who knew him feel for his

loss, were such matter as would interest in the columns of a public journal, their hearts could easily dictate a tribute to the memory of one so much loved.

"Mr. Ver Bryck was born at Yaugh Paugh, New Jersey, on the first of January, 1813. In childhood he discovered a predilection for the Fine Arts, which strengthened with his years, and at length caused him to become an artist by profession. The present writer is not informed of the time when he undertook the art of painting professionally; but, in 1835, he studied for some time under Mr. Morse, President of the National Academy. His health failing him, he went to Mobile in the fall of 1837, and a much esteemed friend of his, to whom I am indebted for much of the information in this memoir, says that he carried with him several pictures, among which were one of a Bacchante, and another of a Cavalier, which were much admired, and purchased from him at Tuscaloosa, Alabama. He remained in that place two months, and would have made a longer stay had his health permitted, as his encouragement was equal to his wishes. He returned to Mobile, and early in the spring he sailed for New York. In 1839, stimulated with the desire to behold, with his own eyes, the wonders of ancient art, and scenes that through history and poetry had long been familiar to his mind, he sailed for London, in company with his friends. Huntington and Gray, and for a time enjoyed, as such a mind as his can only enjoy, the works of the great masters, and the works of art to be found in London and Paris. But, unfortunately, his stay in the Old World was too short; for he was called home by the illness of a sister; his brother was at the point of death when he left New York, and died before he arrived in London.

"After his return home, he was occupied in landscape and historical pictures. Among the latter was one whose subject was 'And one was taken and the other left.' This picture was finely conceived; it represented a blessed spirit ascending toward Heaven, with enraptured expression, in the midst of light; while below, in murky gloom, was seen one of the accursed ones, with demoniac face, descending.

"The writer believes that in the year 1840 he was elected as member of the Academy, having previously been made an associate, a tribute due to his talent and character. For a few years he pursued his art, struggling against ill-health and unfavorable circumstances until 1843, when his friend Huntington, with his wife, who was the sister of one to whom Mr. Ver Bryck was deeply attached, proposed to visit Europe again. Suffering from disease, and in the hope that a voyage might restore him, Mr. Ver Bryck determined to accompany his friend. To accomplish this was difficult, but generosity and devoted love accomplished it. Mr. Ver Bryck was married on the eve of his sailing for Europe. The party sailed for England in May; the voyage was favorable, and as far as health would permit, Mr. Ver Bryck enjoyed the scenery of the Isle of Wight and England exceedingly. The cathedrals, castles, abbeys, and exhibitions, seemed to fill his mind with delight; but, alas! neither the beauties of nature nor the charms of art could check the inroads of disease, and even the ever-hopeful eye of affection could perceive in him no change for the better, and with

his wife he left England and arrived in New York in the autumn. Return brought no relief; the air of his native country had no healing balm; he lingered through the winter, suffering much, but at times cheated into hope by the deceitful slumberings of his disease, until on the 31st of May he expired. His mind was clear and calm to the last, when his soul, which through religion had been blest and purified, was freed from its mortal tenement.

"The principal circumstances of Mr. Ver Bryck's life have been thus hastily related, in order to dwell more particularly on his character, which is endearing to all who had the good fortune to be acquainted with him.

"It would almost seem that the higher the intellectual qualities possessed by man, the less fitted he is for encountering with success the stormy passage of life; that he whose mind is cast in nature's most finished mould—the mould of genius and taste—is least capable of withstanding the asperity of actual life, and we frequently find that the possessors of these fatal gifts become early tenants of the tomb. Of this class was Mr. Ver Bryck; the flame burnt too brightly to burn long. Endowed with the keenest sensibilities, his heart responded to every call. The love of the beautiful was the law of his being; the beautiful in nature and art his chief joy. A sight of the mountains moved him with unutterable thoughts, and he could truly say:—

> "'To me, the meanest flower that blows, can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

"Himself of poetic temperament, his taste for poetry was exquisite; but he loved most those antique songs wherein simplicity of sentiment and style were combined with the mystic grandeur of olden time. He had a deep reverence for antiquity; and what poetical mind has not? for it clothes the dim and shadowy forms of the past with drapery of its own.

"Music was a passion with him; his voice was low, but sweet, and he accompanied his songs on the guitar with great taste; and in his hours of quietness and solitude many a plaintive song of Ver Bryck's steals like an Æolian strain on the mind's ear of the writer of this memoir. Speaking, in a letter written during his last visit to England, of the pleasure he enjoyed in visiting Winchester Cathedral, he says:

"'We remained and heard the service chanted. To me it seemed very impressive—the sweet, plaintive tones of the boys—that long-drawn "Amen," so often repeated in rich harmony—the touching words of the psalm—"Have mercy on me, O Lord, for I am in trouble: mine eye is consumed for very heaviness, yea, my soul and my body." I thought I had never heard true church music before.'

"Alas! he could too well feel the words of the Psalmist, for disease was then consuming him.

"With all his artistic feeling and enthusiasm for art, the productions of Mr. Ver Bryck's pencil were not numerous; and perhaps when we consider the obstacles that rose in his path, there will be little reason for surprise at this.

"Portrait-painting, frequently the last anchor of the artist, which he casts out when all others have dragged, was not to him lucrative; and although it occupied many of his most valuable hours, and stole from him

precious moments which ought to have been employed in embodying the creations of his poetic mind, it scarcely furnished him with the means of support. He was of all men the least fitted for the portrait-painter; the disappointments, the delays, the pert criticisms, the tantalizing caprice of sitters and their friends, were hard for him to bear, and they wore upon him.

"His landscapes, which were simple productions—views or compositions exhibiting nature in her tranquil aspects—as well as his historical pictures, too frequently remained without a purchaser. The high qualities of his works, which ought to have brought him encouragement and profit, were passed unnoticed by the multitude, and the coarse scenes of the tavern could frequently find purchasers, while the chaste works of Ver Bryck had no attractions. The hand of the artist is palsied if he once feels his works produce no glow or sympathy in the minds of the beholders. Mr. Ver Bryck needed a more ample practice than he ever had in order that his executions should be equal to his conceptions; but difficult is it to toil on works which, when completed, will in all probability meet with the same cold reception from the world that their predecessors have done. 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick,' and this Ver Bryck had often felt. Hope *itself* died within him, for he had other and more unconquerable obstacles in his path than those of which I have spoken. There was a great shadow over him, for 'melancholy marked him for her own,' and solitude to him was next to death. Consumption, which had swept away brother and sisters, until of a numerous family but two or three remained, hung like a spectre over him, ever pointing to the grave. In the language of a friend who has been speaking of the absence of selfishness in Mr. Ver Bryck, in not comprehending that his society fully compensated others for their kindness to him, his guitar was his never-failing companion, and made him companionable to all. Melancholy and plaintive were the songs he loved best, characteristic of thoughts and feelings too often controlling him; when among his friends, no one could enjoy more or add more to the pleasure of others. No one needed more the excitement of society to make him forget the spectre which so closely followed him.

"Illustrative of the tone of his mind is a passage in one of his letters: 'They may say what they will of Hope and her pleasures. Oh! oft has she cheated me; but Memory—I love her, she is kind—doth she not make the pleasant seem more pleasant, the good better, the beautiful still more lovely? And even our past sorrows, she hath a way of softening them, till they are almost sources of joy. A ruin, a pile of stones and mortar, are unsightly; but Time covers it with moss and ivy, and it is beautiful.'

"In another letter he says: 'I believe I am getting old, for my pleasures are more of Memory than of Hope.'

"But as the sands of life wasted away, the flame of Hope burned more brightly in his bosom; and, lifted by religious faith above this shadowy vale of tears, his eye caught glimpses of a glorious future which made the past seem dim, and he longed to depart.

"His mortal remains rest in Greenwood Cemetery, in a spot chosen by

himself, in a quiet dell, beneath the shade of trees; and when he was interred, flowers, which he loved so much, were growing near the grave; and as has been said of another spot, where a child of genius, cut off also in the early promise of his years: 'It might make one in love with Death, to think that he should be buried in so sweet a place.'

"It is ours to regret that disease and death should so soon have checked the development of powers which seem to have been of the highest order. But though the works of his pencil were few, his virtues were many, and his friends will ever cherish the memory of them. And there is one whose widowed sorrow will be softened by the consciousness that her pure self-sacrificing love smoothed the passage of his spirit to the tomb.

> "'Peace! peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep,
> He hath awakened from the dream of Life.
> 'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
> With phantoms an unprofitable strife.'"

There is a picture of a "Dutch Bible and Skull" in the collection of the New York Historical Society, one of Ver Bryck's earliest attempts, which indicates decided artistic aptitude and skill;—a promise confirmed by his "Head of a Cavalier," "Charles the First in Vandyke's Studio," and the study for "Stephen before the Council;" the effect of light from the martyr's head, in the latter, is like Rembrandt.

Frederick Fink was born at Little Falls, N. Y., December 18, 1817; he went abroad in 1840, and made copies of Titian and Murillo. He was a grandson of Major Fink, of Revolutionary fame, and commenced the study of medicine with Dr. Beck, of Albany, and then joined his brother in mercantile pursuits; but, impelled by an invincible love of art, he went to New York, formed the acquaintance of Trumbull, Crawford, and Morse, and studied painting with the latter. The subjects of the few pictures he lived to execute are, "An Artist's Studio," "The Shipwrecked Mariner," "The Young Thieves," "A Negro Wood-sawyer," etc. Beginning at the age of eighteen with a portrait of W. S. Parker, which was much admired, through it he became known to Schoolcraft, obtained commissions, and went to Europe. He showed decided talent for *genre* art. He died in 1849, much lamented.

Fink.

Twenty-five years ago, one of our most promising young *genre* painters was George W. Flagg. Several of his portraits and a few of his compositions will be remembered by our older lovers of art. He has but recently returned from a long sojourn in London.

Flagg.

To an observant eye the metropolis of New York is an epitome of the Old World. One can there discover some hint or vestige, some emblem of all the nations of the earth. When we hear a returned traveller sigh for Europe, we lament that his imagination is so inactive; for, were it otherwise, he would find in his daily walks objects to rouse the dormant asso-

ciations of his pilgrimage, and transport him in fancy to the scenes he regrets. Herein have the poet and artist their advantage. In that grand fable of the division of the earth, after Jupiter had given his share to each applicant, the bard came forward, and there was no alternative but to assign him the freedom of the whole universe. If fortune was denied, all nature became tributary to his soul. Hence one of the race complacently exclaims, as it were in the very face of the world—"You cannot shut the windows of the sky!" and seems quite content that it is permitted him to look through them. We fell into this train of musing after leaving Flagg's room, one clear, warm day. He was just putting the finishing touches to a picture which took our eyes and heart at once, and the impression lingered very sweetly for hours after. This, by the way, is no inadequate test of the life in a work of art, though not of its abstract merit. We once heard a celebrated poet say, that memory was the best crucible in which to assay verse. Whatever possessed any of the divine afflatus, he declared, knit itself into the web of his reminiscences, so that a really fine bit of rhyme became a part of his intellectual vitality, and rose and fell on the tide of reflection like a water-lily, sometimes o'ershadowed by a cloud of care or drooping in the heat of daily strife, but ever and anon raising and opening its pure and fragrant leaves to refresh his vacant mood. The subject of Flagg's picture was quite familiar to all who daily pass along Broadway, and yet to him only did it offer itself in a picturesque and suggestive light—as a thing to rescue from the crowd, and embody in outline and color, and light and shade, and so enshrine as a type of the beautiful, a fragment of life the contemplatian of which might touch the chords of feeling, and make audible some latent strain of melancholy sweetness. It was the "Mouse-Boy," that little brown varlet who used to beg for pennies, and show his white mice, which he carried about in a small box strapped to his neck. A juvenile countryman of the discoverer of this continent demurely vagabondizing in its principal city, assuredly savors of the romantic; but Flagg enriched his model by deepening the eyes with Italian sensibility, and casting into the attitude and over the face that winsome and beaming tranquillity—that *dolce far niente* so southern, so infectious—the luxurious repose upon one's own sensations, to be felt rather than seen, as if the balmy sunshine of his native Genoa lay soft around the indolent urchin, and the blue Mediterranean was spreading to cradle the azure reflected from above, before his enamored gaze! There is an admirable simplicity in the design. The boy is seated upon a rock, his box upon his knee, and the left elbow very naturally resting on its lid, while over the back of the outstretched hand the mouse runs playfully along. The tone of the coloring is very harmonious, the position altogether graceful and easy, and the impression of the picture at once natural and pleasing. There is a class of subjects between the high ideal and the homely true, where the simplicity of mere nature is a kind of basis for sentiment, which are admirably calculated to enlist universal sympathy. The effect of such painting upon the mind is something like that of the poetry

of Burns. Jeannie Deans and the heroine of the Promessi Sposi are characters which assimilate to the range of which we speak, in fiction. Murillo finely represents it in art. If we look upon one of his Madonnas—not as a Holy Family, but only as a mother and her child—their exquisite nature is enchanting, although as poetical or religious conceptions they may disappoint; but there is a genuine humanity, a real natural beauty about them which excites love in the same proportion that more elevated compositions awaken veneration. This picture of Flagg's belongs essentially to the same school. It aptly combines nature with sentiment, and thus gives a true glimpse of what may be called the poetry of humble life. It is evident that this artist excels in subjects like these. We hope he will devote himself more earnestly to them. The picture which gained him the most reputation abroad was of a similar description—the "Match-Girl." It was just the thing which the countrymen of Gainsborough could instantly appreciate. Let Flagg work at this vein faithfully, and the result cannot be otherwise than highly satisfactory. He has proved in the picture we have noticed, that he can at happy moments throw aside the dry style of color to which he was formerly addicted, and emancipate himself from the trammels of imitation. George W. Flagg was born in New Haven, Connecticut, June 26, 1816, and passed his boyhood in Charleston, S. C. Of late years he has resided in London. He has labored under the disadvantage of having been a prodigy, for as a boy-painter he was the pet of the Bostonians, after a surfeit of injudicious though very natural admiration at the South, where his juvenile portrait of Bishop England excited no little wonder. As was to be expected, the youth soon began to work under the influence of love of approbation too exclusively to effect anything genuine. Fortunately he soon became a pupil of his uncle, Washington Allston, and enjoyed the inestimable privilege of that master's example and affectionate instructions for two or three years. He was by his side when he painted "Spalatro and Schedoni," and used to watch him as he started back from the canvas and threw himself into the attitude of the figure he was designing—which was his constant habit, and a fine illustration of nervous sympathy—the engagement of the whole man, body and soul, in his work. At the same period he painted "Rosalie," and Flagg is a witness to the fact that the inimitable head of that sweet creation was finished, contrary altogether to Allston's usual practice, in three hours.

The designs of Flaxman first revealed to Flagg the necessity of study, and the conversation of his gifted relative gradually opened to his view the immense treasures and far-reaching agencies of his profession. Allston prophesied future eminence for his nephew. "That boy," said he, "if I mistake not, will do great things one of these days." He frequently accompanied Allston in his walks, and the latter availed himself of every noteworthy object and impressive incident to urge some high or touching lesson. Especially did he endeavor to bring home to the feelings of his pupil the religious tendencies of Art, and to make him realize the need of aspiration, as an element of all greatness and exalted success. He stayed his incon-

siderate criticisms, and, on one occasion, wrote a beautiful little poem, expressly to charge his nephew's memory with the result of his own experience—that mere pleasure, sought for its own sake, was thoroughly unsatisfactory to an elevated mind. He described to him, when the labors of the day were over, the characters of the interesting men he had met abroad, and portrayed to his imagination, as only an artist can, the beautiful women he had seen. Such was the education of Flagg, a rare and enviable one, considering its superiority to that which ordinarily attends the early life of our painters. Among the efforts of his novitiate, still remembered, are "A boy listening to a Ghost story from the lips of a Hag," and "A Young Greek." At length he produced "Jacob and Rachel at the Well," which evinced such merit that Allston said, "Now you may consider yourself an artist." A full-length of a boy, exhibited at New York, caused him to be elected an honorary member of the National Academy; and a cabinet portrait of Madame Pico, in the character of Cenerentola, with Venetian architecture in the background, won him favorable notice during a successful operatic season. A picture of the "Murder of the Princess," from Richard III., had before procured him the liberal support of Luman Read, through whose assistance he visited Europe, and gave three years to intercourse with artists and the study of the best works abroad. Flagg has suffered from ill health, and his efforts have been unequal, and often wholly subservient to temporary necessities. In view, however, of the remarkable advantages he has enjoyed, and that maturity which only experience can bring, we cannot but look upon the happier specimens of his ability to which we have referred, as pledges of yet more consistent exertions, such as will amply vindicate the promise of his boyhood and the fame of his lineage.

Flagg's principal compositions in New Haven were painted for the late James Brewster, Esq., of that city; "The Landing of the Pilgrims," "The Landing of the Atlantic Cable," "The Good Samaritan," and "Washington receiving his Mother's Blessing." Most of his pictures during his six years' residence in London, were portraits; his best *genre* picture executed there, is thus estimated by the London Art Journal:

"Some time ago, a description was given in our columns of a picture then in progress, and now completed, by Mr. Flagg, the subject of which is the story of Columbus and the Egg. The incident having arisen from a conversation that took place at a dinner given by the Cardinal Gonzales, Columbus appears at the table with the egg before him, and the Cardinal by his side looking intensely at the simple solution of the question. We see at once in this picture a deference to the principles of the Venetian school; it is generally low in tone, but rich and harmonious in color, and the heads are distinguished by much nobility of character. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" also has supplied Mr. Flagg with a subject rendered by a single figure,—that of the unhappy heroine who appears to be nerving herself to meet the public scorn. "Haidee" is another subject treated by this artist, a single figure painted with much tenderness. Mr. Flagg has in early

life studied with profit the great Italian masters, and is still faithful in his allegiance to them."

Jared B. Flagg.

A younger brother of George was born in New Haven, Ct., June 16th, 1820; at the age of thirteen he commenced practice in drawing, with a view to become a portrait-painter; and, for six months, studied in his brother's atelier; he also received some instruction from his uncle, Washington Allston. At the age of sixteen he exhibited in the National Academy a portrait of his father, which was highly approved; removing to Hartford, he executed many portraits and a few ideal pictures; in 1849 he went to New York, and, the next year, exhibited his "Angelo and Isabella," from Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure;" it secured his election as an Academician. In 1854 Mr. Flagg completed a preparatory course of theological studies, and was ordained deacon in the Protestant Episcopal church. Since then he has filled several pulpits—having been for some years rector of Grace Church, Brooklyn, L. I., and now being connected with a New Haven parish. During his ministry, he has found time to continue, with success, his art-practice; his portraits have been numerous, and some of them excellent: his last ideal picture proved quite a favorite; it is called "Grandfather's Pet." Recently Mr. Flagg's knowledge of, and interest in art, have been auspiciously enlisted in the arrangement and inauguration of the Yale Art Gallery.

Woodville.

One of the most remarkable examples of special artistic ability, developed in a limited way, and for a brief period, yet suggestive of the highest excellence, is that of Richard Caton Woodville, of Baltimore, Md.; a graduate of St. Mary's College, and of eminent lineage. He was first known to the American public, as a painter, by a little picture of very humble pretensions, as regards subject, but bearing indications of decided executive ability. It was the interior of a bar-room with two vulgar *habitues* seated therein. The young artist had enjoyed the advantage of familiarity with what, at the time, was one of the choicest private galleries in the country—that of the late Robert Gilmore, of Baltimore; and perhaps he was induced to try his hand at painting by the specimens of the Flemish school thus open to his examination: but art was not then considered a desirable pursuit, and young Woodville's family and associations yielded him little encouragement. The immediate sale, however, of his first attempt seemed to justify the vocation; although the little picture was bought rather to aid a promising beginner, than because of any intrinsic attraction. Woodville soon went to Germany, and studied at Dusseldorf, where the teachings of Lessing were of great advantage, although he was the immediate pupil of another professor. He sent to the New York Art-Union, in 1847, "The Card-Players," which was engraved; the next year came "The Cavalier's Return," and "Mexican News." But the picture which made the greatest impression, and, in fact, established Woodville's claim to high finish and executive ability, was "A Man

Holding a Book;" it was justly regarded as one of the most *real* pictures which had emanated from a native hand. "Old 76" and "Young 48" were also engraved by the New York Art-Union; "The Game of Chess," painted in 1850, added to his fame; the fine work and characteristic expression herein displayed showed a remarkable maturity of skill. Goupil & Co. lithographed "The Politicians," another clever work. With all the promise and fruition manifest in these paintings, the artist's career was as brief as it was brilliant. His end was melancholy, and adds to the tragedies of artist-life. He left Dusseldorf in 1850, for Paris, where he spent several weeks, and then returned home; revisiting Europe in September of the same year, he passed a year and a half at the French capital; another brief visit to his own country, and nearly two years in London, completed his short life, which ended in the latter city, on the 13th of September, 1855. The memory of Woodville was pleasantly revived in New York, within a few months, by the exhibition and sale of the three pictures which he left undisposed of at his death, and which the exigencies of the war for the Union obliged his relatives in Baltimore to offer for sale. Those previously unacquainted with his remarkable promise and successful performance, and who have been accustomed to look for high finish and effective expression in this species of *genre* painting, almost exclusively to foreign artists, were surprised to see such power of execution and effectiveness of details as are evident in "Waiting for the Stage," and "The Sailor's Wedding," painted by an American artist so many years ago. It is frequently said of Woodville, "He lived before his time;" and, doubtless, with the present love of the familiar and the highly finished in art, and the prevalent sympathy for the better class of American artists, such a native painter as this, were he now living, would receive memorable encouragement and flattering recognition. His sphere was not a high one, but therein he was evidently a master; in homely truth and faithful characterization, he reminds us of Wilkie. Besides the two remarkable pictures mentioned, a vigorous, strongly modelled, and admirably colored head was also exhibited—indicative of singular artistic force and skill, and so mature in tone and expression, as to rival the old masters in this department; it is the portrait of an old Waterloo drummer. The blending of patient manipulation with distinct and individual expression, the significant details and the unity of conception in the *genre* pictures of Woodville, suggest to the experienced observer the highest aptitude for that kind of art in which the best Flemish painters excelled, and one cannot but regret that an artist so disciplined and dexterous, had not lived to delineate the characteristic scenes in American life. A recent critic thus describes the "Sailor's Wedding":—

"It represents the office of a Justice of the Peace in Baltimore, who is interrupted, just as he is being served with his luncheon, by a party consisting of a stalwart sailor and his modest little rose-bud of a sweetheart, with the groom's next man, his old father and mother, and a single bridesmaid. The groom's man, with an overpowering politeness, points with his

gloved hand to the couple, and informs the judge that they are in immediate need of his services to splice them in a true-lover's knot; while the judge himself, by no means pleased at the interruption, seems to hesitate as to whether he will splice them and be done with it, or make them wait until he has finished his luncheon. Meanwhile, the old black servant continues her preparations for the Squire's meal, kneeling on the floor and taking the good things out of the ample basket, while the little daughter, who was just setting a jar of pickles on the broad window-sill, stands with it in her hands forgetful, absorbed in delighted wonder at the smart appearance of the bride. That pretty creature is dressed in a white muslin gown of a rather scrimped pattern, with deep tucks in the skirt, a waist of preternatural length, and long sleeves, with white cotton gloves. Her hair is neatly arranged, with a white rose among the braids, and she is most delightfully sheep-faced and prettily modest, and would tremble if she did not have hold of that mighty Jack's arm, who looks as scrubbed, and brushed, and proud, and good-natured, as an American sailor should, especially when he is going to be married.

"To study the people in this little drama is a satisfying pleasure, for, without exaggeration or apparent effort, they are true to simple nature. And it shows how much of an artist Woodville really was, that although the minuteness of its details is extraordinary, yet the eye is long in coming to perceive how fine the work is; but is taken, first of all, with the story, and with the way in which it is told, and the play of character; and then is pleased with the breadth and largeness of the treatment; and, little by little, begins to find out what a wonder of patient minuteness and truth this small canvas really is. For there is nothing in this room that is not finished as with a microscope, and yet with such freedom as to redeem the execution from all charge of pettiness or niggling. To go over the whole catalogue of details would be wearisome—from the Franklin Almanac pasted on the side of the bookcase—too much paste having been used, the superfluity was smeared over the wood—to the old hair-trunk, filled with bundles of papers, which the judge has been examining; from the pattern on the old negro woman's gown or that on her child's apron—and while you are looking at her apron, look at her hair—to the embossed ornament on the spittoon, or the figure on the oil-cloth; everything is painted with an absolute perfection, true to nature at once in its delicacy and in its effect."

His "Bar-Room Interior" belongs to A. M. Cozzens, Esq., the original purchaser; the "Card-Players" is in the possession of W. J. Hoppin, Esq., of New York; "The Cavalier's Return" belongs to Col. Andrew Warner; "Mexican News," to M. O. Roberts, Esq.; "Head of a Soldier," to W. H. Aspinwall, Esq., also "A Man Holding a Book;" "The Game of Chess" was owned by the late John Van Buren, also "Mexican News;" "Politicians in an Oyster-House" belongs to J. B. Latrobe, Esq., of Baltimore, Md.; the "Sailor's Wedding" originally belonged to W. T. Walers, Esq., of the same city; the head of the "Waterloo Drummer" is in

the collection of J. Taylor Johnston, Esq.; and "Waiting for the Stage" is in the possession of Lucius Tuckerman, Esq., of New York.

Some of our readers can recall the time when almost the only specimens of humorous every-day-life-scenes, at our picture exhibitions, were the production of a Bank cashier: the subjects were homely, with a certain *naïve* literalness that commended them to average taste: in this characteristic manner was *genre* painting introduced to the masses. Coarse but clever as are these pioneer conceptions, in a sphere of art in which excellence is so rare among us, it is curious to revert to the themes which then were popular. The following is a list of the exhibited pictures of John W. Edmonds: "Sammy the Tailor;" "The Skinner;" "Dominie Sampson;" "Ichabod Crane teaching Katrina Van Tassel Psalmody;" "Comforts of Old Age;" "The Penny Paper, or Commodore Trunnion;" "The City and Country Beaux;" "Sparking;" "Italian Mendicants;" "The Bashful Cousin;" "Stealing Milk;" "Beggar's Petition;" "Image Peddler;" "Sam Weller;" "Vesuvius;" "Aqueducts at Rome;" "Florence;" "Facing the Enemy;" "The New Scholar;" "Lord Glenallan and Espeth Macklebackit;" "Sleepy Student;" "Wood Scene;" "The Orphan's Funeral;" "First Earnings;" "Trial of Patience;" "The Two Culprits;" "Courtship in New Amsterdam;" "What can a Young Lassie do wi' an Auld Man;" "The Speculator;" "Passage from Burns;" "Taking the Census;" "The Thirsty Drove;" "All Talk and no Work;" "Time to Go;" "The Windmill;" "The Pan of Milk;" "Bargaining;" "The New Bonnet." Edmonds.

An ingenious British writer calls the spirit of trade the Capua of the fine arts, intimating that the very luxury incident to commercial prosperity, by enervating the mind, limits and degrades its better instincts. This view is, however, more applicable to the author's own country than to general fact. The Flemish painters have thrown a spell of beauty around the thriving cities which mercantile enterprise reared, and the memorable epochs of Italian art gave birth also to her merchant princes. Instead of regarding the spirit of trade and the cause of art as altogether inimical—which in some respects they doubtless are—it is the part of wisdom to endeavor to render them mutually serviceable. Art gives intellectual, and benevolence moral dignity to the possession of wealth; and as civilization advances, the well-being of every nation is more and more symbolized in the refinements of its architecture, painting, and statuary. One of our travelling countrymen quaintly observes, that between a shot-tower and a cathedral spire there is the same difference as between the society of a ponderous bore and a buoyant poet. As communities feel truths like this, they generally blend taste and industry, and turn from plodding routine to the amenities of horticulture, letters, or the arts. Such a process is visibly going on in this country. The enthusiasm for music, the increased sale of poetical works, the tone of newspaper criticism, and social intercourse, all evince this transition state; and it is daily becoming more common for the devo-

tees of gain to lay their offerings upon the shrines of knowledge and of taste.

We have some remarkable instances of the successful prosecution of objects usually deemed incompatible with each other. Indeed, versatility of occupations is one of our national characteristics. Trades are often hereditary in Europe, and it is comparatively seldom that any one exceeds or diversifies his vocation; but the exigencies of life here, and the varied spheres in which the citizen is obliged to act, give more flexibility to his mind, and perhaps in no country are there so many surprising changes of employment, and such ready adaptation of talent to circumstances. Mr. Edmonds was a rare example of this indefatigable spirit, whereby necessity and inclination are reconciled, and the barrenness of toilsome detail redeemed by a liberal pursuit. His services were constantly in demand by associations and individuals when any respite occurred in his duties as cashier of the Mechanics' Bank. At the National Academy, as well as in Wall street, Mr. Edmonds was cordially recognized, and proved himself so adequate in these apparently opposite spheres, that the most exclusive votaries both of Mammon and of Art never questioned his ability. So jealous was the painter, however, of his reputation among the "hard-eyed lenders and the pale lendees," that it was only by judicious degrees that he permitted his friends to know that he was addicted to the pencil. His studio was for a long time as impenetrable as the laboratory of an alchemist, and his pictures were exhibited under a fictitious name. We may imagine his amusement at the conjectures of the critics, and his vexation, on one occasion, at discovering that the address he had ventured to send, in order to secure the return of his works, proved to be a vacant lot, so that the paintings were left at a corner grocery! Quite early in life he had evinced a fondness for drawing, and books relating to art were among the first that seriously interested him. He also found peculiar satisfaction in the society of artists; but while quite a lad his career as a business man had begun, and he had the sound judgment to regulate the gratification of his taste in accordance with more imperious claims. This was comparatively easy, since his cast of mind was judicious and systematic, rather than sensitive, and his aim in painting, the graphic, humorous, and homely. This tendency led him to illustrate scenes from Smollett and Scott, and give shape to many of the every-day phases of life. The "Epicure," "Gil Blas and the Archbishop," and the "Comforts of Old Age," were among the subjects which, at the outset, he successfully treated. "The Penny Paper" may be considered among his best efforts. It cost no little study. Almost every subject delineated, even to the old shoe that hangs upon the wall, is a legitimate imitation. "Sparking" is a familiar and popular instance of Edmonds' talent, having been engraved by the Art-Union. When proposed as an associate of the New York Academy, the question arose whether he was an artist or an amateur, and the fact of his having sold the fruits of his pencil decided his professional claims, and secured his election. His health having become impaired from too con-

stant application, he sailed for Europe in the winter of 1840. Before this period, it had been his custom to be at his easel from sunrise until bank hours, and from three in the afternoon until dark; nor is it surprising that such assiduity should have worn upon the springs of health. Indeed, to severe and constant labor may be ascribed all that this painter effected. He owed little to chance or intuition. He had not that kind of ability which seizes quickly on results, but achieved his ends wholly through methodical industry, a principle not so effective in art as finance. Abroad, Mr. Edmonds visited and carefully observed the principal collections. He fell in with several countrymen attached to the same pursuits, and among the delightful episodes of his tour, remembered with peculiar and vivid satisfaction a sketching excursion made with a party of artists, among whom was Durand, to Amalfi, Capri, and Salerno. After his return, he exhibited among other pictures, "The Bashful Cousin," "Boy Stealing Milk," "The Beggar's Petition," "The New Scholar," and "Facing the Enemy"—a popular illustration of the temperance reform. His business talents were also successfully enlisted in behalf of the Art-Union, originally called the Apollo—an institution at one time on the decline, but, through the exertions of Mr. Edmonds and his coadjutors, soon in the full tide of usefulness.

This brief statement is an encouraging proof of what may be accomplished by one who really loves a tasteful object, and with ideal aptitudes even in the face of that eager devotion to mere physical good with which our nation is reproached. More than one of our poets have exemplified the same truth in regard to literature, and a few more instances of the same kind will do more than a volume of reasoning to quell the absurd prejudice which holds it impossible for a man to play the flute, turn a stanza, or execute a picture, and, at the same time, be dexterous and thrifty in affairs. Thus the war between utility and beauty, the ideal and the practical, will gradually subside. It will at length be acknowledged that the human mind is capable of a twofold coincident development, and that prudence and imagination may amicably inspire together. Thus the arid face of society will be fertilized, and an element of cheerfulness and grace be woven into the web of existence to redeem and brighten its monotonous hues. Similar causes for a long time opposed the progress of artistic culture in England. Half a century ago, an able advocate* of the fine arts there, deemed it necessary to plead the argument of utility, and point out the influence of design upon manufactures, tracing the effect of high art in the beautiful models of Wedgewood, and the patterns of stuffs, furniture, tapestry, and china, thereby bringing home to the plain common-sense of the Saxon mind, that important series of causes and effects by which a principle of truth or beauty infuses itself through the whole range of social wants, from the highest demand of imagination to the most common of domestic necessities. There is, it has been truly said, an affinity between all works that are beneficial to mankind. The diamond and charcoal have been proved by science to be identical; and much of what is apparently incompatible

* Prince Hoare.

in human pursuits, arises from the limited view in which they are regarded, or the narrowness of spirit and want of character with which they are followed.

Edmonds was the son of General Samuel Edmonds. Born in Hudson, N. Y., Nov. 22, 1806, he was a bank clerk there until 1830, and at the age of twenty-four became cashier of the Hudson River Bank in his native town; in 1834 he was appointed to the same office in the New York Leather Manufacturers' Bank, and in 1839 was chosen cashier of the Mechanics' Bank; in 1855 he retired to a country home on the Bronx river, and died there a few years since. His "Bashful Cousin" and "Boy Stealing Milk" belong to Jonathan Sturges, Esq., of New York; his "Image Peddler," "Windmill," and "Bargaining" to R. L. Stuart, Esq.; "Dame in the Kitchen" to S. L. Claghorn, Esq., and "Gil Blas and the Archbishop" to J. Taylor Johnston, Esq.

It is generally conceded that Raphael sought the triumph of his art in expression, Correggio in the effects of light and shade, and Titian in color—not that these were the exclusive objects of each, or constitute their only title to fame, but that they severally pursued truth with peculiar relish and success through these different means. If we admit these distinctions, it is easy to account for the superior rank claimed for Raphael, since there can be no question that to produce the greatest effects in art chiefly by means of expression, is to achieve the highest victory. There is more or less of illusion in every other process, and a reliance upon ingenuity rather than genius. The same is true in literature, whose most enduring monuments owe their vitality to the richness of the thought or image, and not to the perfection of the style. Racine's dramas boast a more sustained unity and elegance than Shakespeare's, and yet have no hold upon the permanent interests of men. Expression is the very soul of Art. It consists in seizing upon the most subtle of nature's phases and fixing it in marble or upon canvas—even as the great dramatist has stamped certain traits of humanity upon his page for ever. The sentiment of devotion, as it beams in the upturned face of St. Cecilia, or the holiness of maternity, as it rests on the lips and in the eyes of the Madonna della Sedula, are, in like manner, represented with an integrity that endears them to all the world. It is, therefore, an evidence of loftier intelligence in an artist to aim principally at expression. Unfortunately, many artists lack self-knowledge as to their appropriate sphere of expression. This was a great fault in West. He habitually selected the grandest and most sacred themes, and brought to their illustration skill in drapery, grouping, and mechanical detail, without any commensurate reach of mind and sympathy in the subject. It is no small part of wisdom to understand one's province of action. The example of the old masters is too much followed in the choice of subjects. Perhaps the rarest of all adaptation is that for religious art, and not a few failures are to be ascribed to a want of courage in following out individual tendencies. It is equally meritorious, in the abstract, to make a good picture

Freeman.

of a peasant as of a saint, the important point being intrinsic excellence. An artist's subject should spring from his natural powers, and not from external dictation. He certainly cannot deal successfully with expression, unless at home with the idea or feeling to be expressed ; and this depends more upon character than imitation.

Among those of our artists who have decided genius for expression is Freeman. At a very early age he was brought by his parents from Nova Scotia to Otsego. Through many difficulties and hardships he made his way to New York, to gain instruction in the art he loved ; entered as a student the National Academy, and soon gained the honor of membership. Inman, whose appreciation of dawning merit was as quick as his expression of it was frank and ardent, was among the first to acknowledge the youth's promise. He was attracted by the head of an old revolutionary soldier, whom Freeman had hired as a model, and declared he should be proud to have painted it. In Cooper's novel of the Pioneers, there is a graphic description of the family mansion of the author's progenitors, in the western part of this State. Freeman occupied as a studio the identical building for more than one winter. He, however, has resided for some years past in Italy, and there studied his profession with a devotion and independence rarely equalled. Of this, adequate proof may be drawn from his conversation. He may have prejudices, but he also has arrived by observation and thought to the dignity of opinions. Perhaps his tastes are too exclusive to be generally followed, but they are based upon no temporary arguments or limited experience. His standard is exacting, and his philosophy just. The principles upon which he views art and endeavors to win her laurels, are of a character to obtain the respect of those who regard the subject from an intelligent point of view. Few of our artists are better informed as to the essential grounds of their profession, and few of them have such authority for their pursuit. We can say of Freeman with perfect confidence—what cannot by any means be declared of the majority who paint and model—that he is an artist both from education and native endowments. With this conviction we parted from him, on his last departure for Rome, with sincere regret, and a renewed belief that what is called success, both in art and literature, in this country, has little necessary connection with merit. A shrewd copyist or mechanical draughtsman, who knows how to

> "Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
> That thrift may follow fawning ;"

who can stoop to court the wealthy and ignorant visitors of the "city of the soul," may obtain commissions to his heart's content ; but the man of genius, whose very nature unfits him for resorting to any extraneous measures to secure patronage, who relies simply on his art, and the appreciation of his countrymen ;—waiting as it becomes him, to be recognized, and scorning the appliances of the charlatan, is likely to starve by neglect. His fame is apt to be altogether posthumous ; late honors are yielded in the

place of that living sympathy for which he pined; and, instead of the gratifying spectacle of his actual and conscious prosperity, we are too often directed to his monument, and obliged to confess that he asked for bread, and received a stone.

Before Freeman went abroad, he painted an Indian girl of rare beauty. The picture was greatly admired, and is highly prized by its owner. There is something in the manner and execution of the portrait quite unique. It is the best representation of an aboriginal female we have ever seen. To a European collection it would be invaluable, and no one with a particle of imagination can look upon it without interest. The peculiar complexion, and a certain blending of tenderness and fire in the countenance—to say nothing of the flowing hair—convey at once a romantic impression. The rich arterial blood seems to glow through the olive skin with a truthful vitality, and the dark eyes and expressive lips whisper some hidden and winsome revelation. Nor is this surmise erroneous. The girl was a celebrated beauty, and a story of no ordinary romance belongs to her name. It is very seldom that a portrait combines so many associations, and though among the earliest of the artist's productions, it is one at which he evidently wrought with earnestness, and consequent success.

The picture by which Freeman is best known is "The Beggars." It was the gem of the exhibition, a few years since. The composition is simple, but remarkably felicitous, consisting of one erect and one sleeping figure; but the attitudes, the atmosphere, the execution, the finish, and above all, the expression, are in the highest degree artistic and suggestive. We doubt if any one who has never visited the south of Europe could thoroughly estimate the work, as a delineation of nature. To such as are familiar with those regions, it is singularly eloquent. The pleading, *datemi-qualchecosa* look of the standing boy, is more significant than the rags in which he is clothed, and the bare extended arm. The face of the sleeper is calm—a beggar in attire, but a happy child in reality—happy in the noonday repose of that soft clime, the eager lines of importunity and want softened by the careless spirit,

> "Folded alike from sunshine and from rain,
> As if a rose should shut, and be a bud again."

This picture is an epitome of Italy, of her poverty and her clime—her balmy nature and her degraded humanity—her urbane spirit and narrow destiny. It carries one at once to the Piazza d'Espagna steps and the Colosseum. Its elaborate, highly-finished, and thorough execution is worthy of a master. There is a fine *relievo* effect in the countenances, that makes them seem palpable. In this, as in other of Freeman's works, we are struck with the amount of study it will bear. There is nothing evasive or tame, but all is well thought and worked out. We feel that it was made to last and to contemplate, to impart ideas, waken the fancy, and yield permanent satisfaction. This artist paints like a man who has breathed a calmer air than our own, and grown familiar with labors that cost years of toil. There

are few marks of haste, of that compromising spirit, so fatal to the enduring value of a work of art, which renders abortive some of the best conceptions of our artists. Freeman has never ceased to be a student. There is an intensity in his aims and habits; he has more vigor than delicacy. He appears to understand clearly his object, and to pursue it without diversion. Every one of his pictures we have seen, remains in our memory—a distinct creation. They satisfy, instead of perplexing us. Two executed during a visit to America, displayed the same characteristics. One was a child, whose sun-burnt face and elfin locks furnished an excellent basis for a rural witch. But Freeman portrayed her with such a look of weird intelligence and laughing wickedness, that it was the very personification of a gipsy. The expression was so keen, vivid, and real, that it haunted one—so that the accessories of a ruined tomb, poisonous herbs, and mouldering bones were unnecessary, though appropriate. Of quite a different expression was "The Bad Shoe"—a little fellow seated in a barn window, amid a wintry landscape, and holding his frost-nipped foot pitifully in his hand, his chubby face full of that pathos born of early suffering—which Dickens has so effectively described. Both of these are genuine touches of nature, caught by the eye and transfixed by the hand of the artist—in no careless or accidental manner, but with just and effective labor. Freeman works slowly, and is rarely in advance of his commissions; he is not equally happy in the choice of subjects, but when the theme is congenial, the drawing, color, and expression often exhibit mature excellence. "The Crusader's Return" is a cabinet picture, of the coldest hue, representing a knight with pallid brow and auburn beard, kneeling in prayer over the marble effigy of his betrothed. The armor is finely executed, and all the parts highly finished. It is evidently one of those experiments to which genius is prone, and intimates no ordinary skill, were ample scope afforded for its deliberate unfolding. A later specimen of his peculiar ability is the "Flower Girl"—a round-cheeked, curly-headed little girl, in scarlet tunic, grasping a bunch of wild-flowers and leaning against an old wall—a simple theme, but most ably treated;—vigorous, solid, mellow, expressive—it recalls the gems of the old masters. Another felicitous work—full of nature, expression, and technical skill—represents a Roman peasant girl overtaken by a storm on the Campagna; she sits on a rock trying to hold her fluttering garments about her, while her dog crouches by her side in dismay. A late visitor to his studio writes from Rome:—

"I would refer to the large picture of a Tuscan peasant gathering grapes, as a pleasing representation of one phase of Italian life. The coloring is extremely brilliant; the face is perhaps not enough idealized, but is for that reason more true to character; it is that of such a peasant as the traveller constantly sees. 'The Marys at the Sepulchre,' a picture well conceived, but inferior in execution to the artist's best manner, is now about to be sent to America.

"Still in progress is a picture suggested by the well-known passage in 'Uncle Toby,'—'the accusing spirit who flew up to heaven with the oath,

blushed as he gave it in, and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever.' The painting promises to realize singularly well the idea of a parable with the feeling of which every one must be touched, whatever criticism he may pass upon its theology.

"'The Savoyard Boy in London' brings Italy and Ireland into the edge of Cheapside. In the background, the ever-rushing crowd, and the Cathedral spire dimly seen through a London fog; in front, the Italian boy, his black locks drooping over his ruddy face as his head reclines in profound slumber, while a little Irish child, with the blond complexion of the north, is seated on the pavement watching the sleeper with timid pity and wonder; on the wall above are placards which appeared there when the war in America, of which they tell, was raging.

"Still another unfinished picture of the 'Fisherman's Wife watching in the Storm' appears calculated to be very successful. The babe in the cradle sleeps tranquilly, while the storm rages with rising fury. The hand of the mother just touches its form with an instinctive care, while her looks and thoughts are far away from the child and the storm, striving to reach one little bark which bears life's best hope.

"But, in the judgment of the writer, the finest thing in the studio, and a real gem, is a picture called 'Young Italy.' It is a painting of an Italian child, so life-like that it must be a portrait, so intellectual that it cannot be a real face, just enough idealized. Full of life and merriment, yet for the moment abashed and shy, she shades her eyes with one chubby hand in the attempt to execute the difficult feat of seeing you without having seen her. The complexion and costume are childish and national, without being a whit exaggerated, and the finish of the whole is very complete and consistent."

Freeman's drawings from models and sketches from nature, evidence long and various study, and manifest how much the genuine love of art, and patient investigation of its principles, have occupied his thoughts and feelings.

His "Girl and Dog on the Campagna" belongs to Edmund Miller, Esq., of New York; his fine "Study of an Angel" to C. C. Perkins, Esq., of Boston; other of his pictures are in the possession of General Dix, Miss Jane Knower, Mr. Satterlee, and J. Tuckerman, of New York; while some of the best are owned in England.

Freeman married a lady of artistic taste and talent, whose father was Italian and her mother English; her brother passed several years in and near New York, and died at Chataqua, Westchester county, a few years since. Soon after his arrival in New York, we accompanied Freeman to one of those spacious avenues projected by the sagacious counsel of Gouverneur Morris, which redeem this metropolis; a glance suffices to convince us that it is not the fashionable one: a railroad-car glides along the centre; plain, substantial brick dwellings line the way; provision, drygoods, grocery-shops, form the basement-range; the street, though broad, has a most provincial and trading look;

Latilla.

even an old Dutch gable would be a relief to the eye ; but only monotonous, unadorned fronts, and flaunting ells of woollen and chintz, or huge quarters of pork, vary the perspective. Yet even in this unpicturesque thoroughfare we discover an artist. Ring at that yellow door where the plate is inscribed with the musical appellative of Eugenio Latilla ; by his velvet coat and straggling beard, giving a Vandyke air to the figure, we should know him anywhere for a painter ; and here he was established in the Sixth Avenue, a man that had fraternized with some of the best artists of the day, lectured to his English students, presided at meetings of the British Institution, and after a long sojourn in Italy, brought to the new world his versatile ability and wide experience. He executed in Florence a series of fine linear etchings on steel, illustrative of the New Testament, with the passages in original characters of his own invention richly illuminated. This elegant volume is a gem of its kind; the heads, figures, and grouping are in a chaste style, and abound in devotional feeling. Fortunately the plates were retained by the artist, and several copies of the work have been disposed of to lovers of Christian art in this country. Haydon once addressed a letter to Latilla commencing : "My dear Fresco Master ;" and it is in this branch that he excelled ; two houses in New York bear witness to his superior taste and execution in encaustic painting ; and the wonder is, that this beautiful method of decoration is not more generally adopted. He had also studied architecture with much success, and planned a modified Gothic remarkably adapted to the wants of this country. As a portrait-painter he had skill and taste ; witness that lovely face over the fireplace ; it is one of those fair and delicate English girls who seek the mild skies of Italy, and bloom there in exotic beauty : it was painted in Florence where the lady's family reside. Opposite is an elaborate historical painting, the subject biblical, which gained the approbation of capital judges in London. This artist painted the portraits of fifty of the most eminent American clergymen, taken from daguerreotypes, of cabinet size, and intended for a large engraving. What a fine head is that Greek of Malta, near the window ! Latilla proved of signal benefit to the School of Design. His instruction bears fruit, in the well-executed wood-engravings of the pupils ; his benevolent sympathies as well as his artistic intelligence were enlisted in this philanthropic scheme. He afterwards devoted himself to rural architecture, and for that purpose permanently resided in the country. All who are familiar with the biography of Campbell, are aware of the poet's idiosyncrasy, analogous to that of Goethe, a sentiment for childhood, not as psychological as that of Wordsworth, but having all the character of an individual attachment. This beautiful trait seems quite appropriate to the author of the "Pleasures of Hope ;" it was not, however, entirely the result of his ideal and sensitive nature, but doubtless gained emphasis from his domestic misfortunes ; in the prime of life he was deprived of those enjoyments which a home yields, and on which his heart was singularly dependent. One day Campbell entered the house of a friend, and was instantly magnetized by the portrait of a child

that hung on the wall of the drawing-room; it was one of those bright, winsome faces that appeal irresistibly to the sense of beauty. The poet was eager in his inquiries as to the history of the picture, and learned that it was borrowed from the artist, and a genuine likeness of his little girl. He could not rest until his friend promised to obtain for him the refusal of the work; then he desired an introduction to the painter, and when the portrait became his own, he sought the acquaintance of the beautiful child, who immediately became an object of the most enthusiastic interest; he visited her with the regularity and the devotion of a lover; and to her were addressed the ardent "Lines to a Child," in his poems. The head that accompanies them, in the illustrated edition, is engraved from the portrait; the painter was Latilla, and the original was his daughter, whom I have seen by his fireside, and could trace the resemblance clearly in the eyes. She became the fair bride of a clergyman, and her early death was much lamented. Freeman's wife, Latilla's sister, and also his daughter are artistically gifted—the former in plastic, and the latter in pictorial art.

One of the first American painters to do justice to the humorous and genial phase of the negro character, was William S. Mount. As an accessory to the rural scenes of Long Island, the artist's home —an old and quaint or young and funny African, forms a significant figure; whether fiddling in the barn or restlessly turning about his ebon pate when asleep on the hay and tickled with a straw by the mischievous farmer, so expressive and well-wrought are these pleasant local compositions, that several of them have enjoyed a wide popularity, and been circulated in the shape of lithographs and engravings.

Mount.

The two brothers—H. S. Shepherd and William Sidney—sons of a thrifty farmer of Setauket, L. I., first adventured in sign-painting, but by mutual emulation, soon transcended its limits. William painted a good portrait of himself in 1828, and the next year was professionally occupied in New York. His first composition was "The Daughter of Jairus;" his full-length portrait of Bishop Onderdonk, and many clever portraits of children, gained him reputation; but working in the city affected his health, and when he exhibited "Husking Corn," his special talent for *genre* art was recognized, and Allston advised his studying Ostade and Teniers; and in that field, especially its humorous phase, he has given some notable illustrations. Of late years he has exhibited little, and has resided at his Long Island home. A pleasant mention of his life there is thus noted:

"William S. Mount, the comic painter of American life, has provided himself, at his residence in the country, with a movable studio. It can be drawn from place to place on wheels by a pair of horses, and when stationary, can be turned about from one point of view to another, so as to allow the artist, sitting comfortably within, to make, not merely sketches, but the most deliberate and finished studies from nature. On one side of the room the wall is formed by a large parallelogram of strong plate-glass, like those used in the more sumptuous shops in Broadway, but of the most perfect and aërial transparency, and through this the artist has

his view of the objects he chooses to delineate. Within is every convenience which the painter requires—easels, tables, drawers for the paints, and a stove for keeping the room warm in cold weather. The ventilation of the room is also provided for. By means of the accommodation afforded by this studio a winter landscape may be transferred to the canvas, at the artist's perfect leisure, when the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer is below zero."

Very expressive and clever are Mount's happy delineations of the arch, quaint, gay, and rustic humors seen among the primitive people of his native place ; they are truly American. His "Farmer's Nooning," "Wringing the Pigs," and "Turning the Grindstone," belong to Jonathan Sturgis, Esq. ; "Boys Gambling in a Barn," to A. M. Cozzens, Esq. ; "Turn of the Leaf," to James Lenox, Esq. ; "Bargaining for a Horse," to the New York Historical Society ; "Raffling for a Goose," to M. O. Roberts, Esq. ; his "Dance of the Haymakers" was sold at the Wolfe sale to J. T. Sanford, Esq., for five hundred dollars.

There has not been wanting among us one of those artists who delight in the battle-scenes and spirited equestrian dramas for which Salvator was renowned. Among the topographical draughtsmen of our Coast Survey and Fortification Service, under Talcot & Cullum, was a generous and frank, as well as energetic and accomplished, young man, whose mother was a Virginian, married to an English merchant, who for several years was British Consul at Lisbon and Cadiz, in which latter city their son, James W. Glass, was born. Perhaps the combination in his blood of two races, among whom the best horses are bred and the chase a favorite pastime, may partly account for his passion for this noble animal as a subject of study and delineation. The use of his pencil, as an engineer, led him to desire an artistic career ; and, in 1845, he became a pupil of Huntington, in New York ; after two years of practice he embarked for England, to join his mother and sister ; and commenced in London the earnest study of the special branch of his profession to which he was drawn by taste and temperament. After residing a while at Kensington, he established himself among the artists in Newman street, entered their Life and Costume Academy, and exhibited a picture at the British Institution, in 1850, which was purchased by an eminent amateur the very day it first appeared. His next picture was the "Duke of Wellington on Horseback." When Glass first applied to the Duke, his proposal was very coolly received ; like other famous men, that nobleman was weary of sitting for his portrait : "How long do you want me ?" he asked. "Half an hour," was the artist's reply. The Duke doubted if that would suffice, but consented to sit ; in twenty minutes Glass had made a spirited sketch of his head. This so mollified his sitter, that he offered to comply with any wish of the artist, who, thereupon, asked for another sitting, and to see the Duke's horse. Having a fair chance thus to study his subject, he made so clever a picture of Wellington coming out of the Horse Guards, with his servant, that the

Glass.

Royal Family desired a copy ; it was exhibited with success, was declared by some the best portrait ever taken of the Duke, and was finally purchased by Lord Ellesmere. He had seized a popular subject in this work, significantly entitled, "The Last Return from Duty," and he received commissions from the Duchess of Sutherland, and others. Meantime, and previously, his promise in America had been amply recognized ; and, as a painter of horses and battle-scenes, he was justly regarded as a leading artist. His "Royal Standard," "Free Companion," "Edge Hill," "Puritan and Cavalier," and other similar illustrations of war and history, are familiar and memorable. There was a remarkable vitality and spirit in the conceptions of Glass ; some of his hand-to-hand encounters of mounted soldiers, compare favorably with the most famous exemplars in this department of *genre* and historical painting ; and when, in 1856, he returned to New York, he was most cordially welcomed, as a successful man in his own chosen sphere, and as one destined to add new and special distinction to American art.

Betrothed for several years to an accomplished lady—his marriage repeatedly deferred on account of his limited means—after years of struggle, he had not the courage to tell the patient object of his affections that he was not, as yet, in a position to offer her a home, nor could she live contented as the wife of a poor artist in London. While enjoying the hospitalities of his friends, despair was in his heart ; and he, without their genial society, fell into that lonely and desolate mood so common to one newly returned and unsuccessful, not in his profession, but his fortunes ; to whom the future seems blank and the present forlorn ; his temperament, combined with these untoward circumstances and this secret disappointment, unsettled his mind, and cut short his career.

His pictures in the possession of American amateurs are much prized ; among them the "Battle of Naseby," long in the Wright collection, was a characteristic example of his spirit and manner. This painting represents Cromwell and Fairfax examining prisoners after the decisive battle of Naseby. The figure on horseback, to the left, is Lord Fairfax. In front, standing up, is Oliver Cromwell. In the centre are Lord and Lady Ashley. In the background, on the right, is the king's carriage, and beside it are the ladies of the court. Many of the characters are likenesses by Vandyke. Another, called "Safe," is effective in its simplicity. A trooper is supposed to have been pursued, and to be looking back, in safety, across the valley he has just passed.

The very field he preferred, and the fierce life and action he loved to depict, suggest a latent intensity of will and feeling, the reaction whereof is often fraught with extravagance or despair. It was his misfortune, while encouraged in his vocation by appreciation abroad and sympathy at home, to encounter, in his private relations and hopes, keen disappointment, which, acting on a morbid and overwrought mind, led to a sad and sudden death. On a dim winter morning, a few days after his return, a score or two of his friends collected in the parlor of the New York Century Club to

pay the last tribute to his memory. It was a sad and suggestive occasion. A cheerful fire blazed in the grate; around the wall casts of masterpieces of Thorwaldsen, in *basso relievo*, were still decorated with Christmas garlands; and, in this room, associated with literary recreation and social delight, appeared the unwonted spectacle of a silent and tearful group: the prominent artists of the city here gathered around the coffin of their brother, cut off in his prime. After the service for the burial of the dead had been recited, a clergyman who loved art and artists, in feeling tones and with the eloquence of sorrow, spoke of the sensitive organization of those whose pursuit it was to embody and represent the grand and beautiful; of the liability to extreme fluctuations of spirits thence resulting; of the retired and ideal life, the strong tendency to love and aspire characteristic of the artist; and of the fearful crises of emotion incident to such a nature and career, inferring therefrom the profound need of religion to the artist, and the strong claims he has upon human sympathy. The circumstances of this painter's death, the festal season of the year, the scene, the audience, and the gloomy weather, combined to add solemnity and pathos to his obsequies.

George Catlin was born in Wyoming Valley, Pa., studied law in Connecticut, and then devoted himself to painting in Philadelphia. A party of Indians, as a delegation, having arrived there, struck with their appearance, and desirous of visiting their homes, Catlin started from St. Louis in 1832 in a steamer called "The Yellowstone," being greatly assisted in his object by Mr. Chatcan, her owner; and, after three months' passage, reached the mouth of the river whose name she bore. He visited forty-eight tribes, who numbered four hundred thousand souls; he collected information, visited Arkansas and Florida, and published the fruits of his tour in a series of illustrated letters in 1841. His gallery of aboriginal portraits was a popular and interesting exhibition both at home and abroad; and some of the practical knowledge he obtained, added to the legends and statistics collected by Schoolcraft, with the numerous portraits and scenic views published by them and other native explorers, form curious historical artistic data. Catlin.

Miner K. Kellogg, of Cincinnati, Ohio, during a long residence in Florence and London, has painted an interesting and well-executed series of what may be called national representative portraits, such as the Circassian, the Greek, and the Jewish and Moorish; he has also executed many individual portraits, of which that of General Scott in the New York City Hall is a fair specimen. Long study of the old masters has rendered him an intelligent collector and a careful artist. His "Greek Girl," "Philosopher," and "Moor" are in the collection of G. W. Riggs, of Washington, D. C.; and Sidney Brooks, of Newport, R. I., has a fine *replica* of his head of General Scott. During a recent visit to this country he exhibited and sold a picture remarkable for its flesh tints, and perhaps Kellogg.

objectionable for its nude motive, representing an Eastern beauty reposing after her bath.

The gardens of the desert, as one of our poets calls the prairies, constitute a peculiar feature of American scenery. To an experienced foreigner the great charm which invites a pilgrimage to this continent, is the interesting spectacle afforded by primeval nature, and the juxtaposition of civilized and savage life, so richly in contrast with scenes familiar in the Old World. If there be any legitimate foundation for a literature essentially American, it is doubtless referable to like sources. A man of genius, with keen powers of observation, who came over in one of the earliest steamers that crossed the Atlantic, complained to us, after a few weeks' residence in Boston, that he could discover nothing characteristic or original, except the eloquence of a well-known sailors' preacher. He could scarcely realize that he was not in an English provincial town. The stranger's disappointment ceased at once when he found himself in the Far West. There life assumed a new aspect, and nature presented striking phases. He received what he earnestly sought—vivid and lasting impressions. There was a moral excitement awakened quite different from the luxurious dreams he had known on the shores of the Bosphorus, the mental stimulus derived from the intellectual circles of London, and the suggestions of art and antiquity in Italy. He saw, for the first time, majestic rivers flowing through almost interminable woods; seas of verdure decked with bright and nameless flowers; huge cliffs covered with gorgeous autumnal drapery, and resembling the ruined castles he had beheld in Northern Europe. Nor was this new experience confined to the externally picturesque. He became acquainted with the hunter and the Indian. The guest of a frontier garrison, he heard the cry of wolves, while sharing the refined hospitality of the drawing-room; and often passed from the intelligent companionship of an accomplished officer to the lodge of an aboriginal chief. He witnessed the grave bearing of a forest-king, and the infernal orgies of a whole intoxicated tribe. The venerable sachem, the graceful squaw, the lithe young warrior; the war chant, the council fire, and the hunter's camp, furnished ample materials to his senses and imagination.

Deas.

It is somewhat remarkable that a field so peculiar to our country has not been more ardently explored by native artists and authors. There is nothing in the life of our cities which may be deemed original. Their comparative youth renders them far less suggestive than those of Europe, where a greater variety of elements, and a more intense social being, create ever new sources of inspiration. We are educated under the same influences as our English progenitors. Their poets and philosophers are ours also, and have their parallels among us. In fact, the general culture is the same, and it is in our border life alone that we can find the materials for national development, as far as literature and art are concerned. Yet the greater part of what has yet been done in America, in the way of writing and painting, echoes the past, instead of representing a new present,

or foreshadowing a great future. We are not advocating originality as alone desirable ; on the contrary, a good poem, in the style of Pope, a fine essay, in the diction of Addison, or a portrait, after the manner of Sir Joshua, for us have each their intrinsic interest, wherever produced. We can see no reason to complain of our artists and writers, if the scenes or the sentiments they illustrate have no peculiar "native American" zest, provided they are in themselves noble and lovely. There is, indeed, no little cant prevailing on this subject, and it is absurd to expect from a mind educated in one of our northern cities, any other than a Saxon development. Greater freedom of thought, a bolder reach of speculation should, indeed, distinguish men of talent in a republic ; and there are a few local traits of climate and scenery which our poets should chronicle ; but, as a general rule, our tastes are formed on the same models as those of England, and our mental characteristics are identical with the race whence we sprung. It is with reference to the frequent complaints of the want of transatlantic appreciation, that we allude to this question. It is unreasonable to expect that any great interest will be excited abroad in the fruits either of the pen or pencil here, except so far as the subjects are novel, or the execution superlatively great. Tales of frontier and Indian life—philosophic views of our institutions—the adventures of the hunter and the emigrant—correct pictures of what is truly remarkable in our scenery, awaken instant attention in Europe. If our artists or authors, therefore, wish to earn trophies abroad, let them seize upon themes essentially American. The young artist named at the head of this sketch acted on this principle. Those who were accustomed to look occasionally into the rooms of the Art Union in New York, cannot fail to have seen, from time to time, very spirited representations of Indian or hunter life. There was a wildness and picturesque truth about many of these specimens, in remarkable contrast to the more formal and hackneyed subjects around them. We remember one, in particular, of an Indian maiden standing on a rock, and gazing forth upon an immense prairie, her figure relieved against the evening sky, and her whole air full of the poetry of grief. One could have surmised the tale at once. She had been abandoned by her lover, and was about to cast herself from that precipice. There she stood alone, calm and voiceless, watching the sun go down—as she had often done beside the faithless object of her devotion. Another represented a Pawnee, galloping on an unshorn and unbridled horse across the prairie. Its authenticity was self-evident, and everything about the rider and his steed in perfect keeping.

The maternal grandfather of Charles Deas was Ralph Izard, whose recently-published correspondence honorably identifies him with our Revolutionary history. His promising descendant was born in Philadelphia in 1818, and received his education from the lamented John Sanderson. His first ideas of art were derived from some good copies of the old masters belonging to his family, and from a habit acquired very early, of diverting himself by drawing at school on a slate, and modelling little horses in beeswax at home. He possessed great sensibility to color. According to

phrenologists, this depends upon organization, and facts warrant the inference. A striking difference is observable in individuals, both in regard to the correctness of their natural perceptions, and the feeling they have in this regard. The remark of a blind man, when asked his idea of scarlet, that it was like the sound of a trumpet, is well known, and indicates how much reality there is in such impressions. It was one of the earliest delights of Deas to note the mysteries of color, and trace the manner in which the brilliancy of one is heightened by the gravity of another. To one who has the soul of a painter, the effects of light and shade are a world in which it is as pleasant for him to expatiate, as for a soldier in military tactics, or a bard in the intricacies of the heart. Visits to the old Pennsylvania Academy, to Sully's rooms, and loiterings on holiday afternoons before the print-shop windows in Chestnut street; drawings from casts of the antique, and experiments in portraying his playmates, were among the significant tendencies of our painter's boyhood. His views, however, from the first, were directed with enthusiasm toward a military life; and upon leaving school he went to live on the Hudson, and prepared himself to enter the Military Academy there situated. Meantime, however, his leisure was wholly given to exploring expeditions amid the beautiful scenery by which he was surrounded. His constitution thus became inured to fatigue, his eye practised in the observation of nature, and his dormant artistic propensities fostered into new vigor. He was a zealous sportsman, and found his purest enjoyment when wandering, equipped with gun, fishing-rod, and sketch-book. This independent existence, alternating with periods of secluded application, was finely adapted to harmonize his character. Having failed in obtaining an appointment as a cadet, he immediately turned his whole attention to the art of painting, and sought to enlarge and deepen his scenic impressions by a tour to the head-waters of the Delaware, and through the magnificent scenery of the White Hills. A year or two were then given to the study of his profession, under the auspices of the National Academy, and to improving fellowship with other artists. The era of manhood brought with it a revelation to the moral nature of the student, and he learned to recognize the authority of the higher sentiments. His first successful picture illustrated a frequent local scene, familiar to the denizens of the Hudson. It was called the "Turkey Shoot," and was so graphically delineated as at once to hit the fancy of a genuine Knickerbocker whose ancestors were among the early colonists, who became its purchaser. The next year he exhibited a variety of cabinet pictures, drawn chiefly from familiar life, which met with more or less success. "Hudibras Engaging the Bear-baiters," "Walking the Chalk," "Shoeing a Horse by Lamplight," etc., were among the subjects.

With the tastes and habits we have described, it is not difficult to fancy the effect produced upon the mind of Deas by the sight of Catlin's Indian Gallery. Here was a result of art, not drawn merely from academic practice or the lonely vigils of a studio, but gathered amid the freedom of nature. Here were trophies as eloquent of adventure as of skill, environed

with the most national associations, and memorials of a race fast dwindling from the earth. With what interest would after-generations look upon these portraits, and how attractive to European eyes would be such authentic "counterfeit presentments" of a savage people, about whose history romance and tradition alike throw their spells! To visit the scenes whence Catlin drew these unique specimens of art, to study the picturesque forms, costumes, attitudes, and grouping of Nature's own children; to share the grateful repast of the hunter, and taste the wild excitement of frontier life, in the very heart of the noblest scenery of the land, was a prospect calculated to stir the blood of one with the true sense of the beautiful, and a natural relish for woodcraft and sporting. A brother of the artist was attached to the fifth infantry, then stationed at Fort Crawford, and in the spring of 1840 he left New York for that distant post. By the lake route he reached Mackinaw—one of the most romantic spots in the country—and here, for the first time, he saw genuine sons of the wilderness, many of the Chippewa tribe being encamped on the beach. He thence proceeded to Green Bay, through the interior of Wisconsin, by Fort Winnebago and Fox Lake, to his destination at Prairie du Chien. Besides a happy meeting with his brother, he was cordially received here by his messmates. General Brooke was at that time commanding in the North-west, and through his influence and that of the gentlemen connected with the Fur companies, he was enabled to collect sketches of Indians, frontier scenery, and subjects of agreeable reminiscence and picturesque incident, enough to afford material for a life's painting. Keokuk, the great chief and orator of the Sacs and Foxes, was at Fort Crawford holding a council with the Winnebagoes. The assemblage and their proceedings were very imposing, The Sacs were endeavoring to "cover the blood" of a young man of the other tribe who had been killed some time previously. They tendered a considerable sum of money, which was at last accepted by the opposite party. The Sacs and Foxes were living in tents allowed them from the fort, in an enclosure attached to the palisades. A relative of the deceased object of the conclave, wishing to insult Keokuk, took advantage of the absence of most of the party, to crawl up under the shelter of a fence in the rear of his tent, where he was seated in state. The costume of the venerable chief was superb, a tiara of panther and raven skin adorning his head. The intruding Winnebago quietly lifted the canvas of the tent, and suddenly tearing this gear from the old man's person and scattering it over the mats, retreated as he came, before the sentry could arrest him. This insult to their leader produced many serio-comic scenes, and gave Deas a fine opportunity to observe the expression of Indian character. Keokuk maintained a dignified silence, but the gloomy light of his eye betokened how keenly he felt the mortification. His enraged spouse was by no means so calm. Her imprecations caused an outcry which called out the officer of the day, and it was long before the storm was quelled. The scene afforded striking pictures of Indian character. The new post of Fort Atkinson, fifty miles west of Crawford, was also visited. The picturesque appear-

ance of the cabins and tents, the novel mode of life in the open air, the excellence of the grouse-shooting on the route, the success of which was enhanced by the perfect training of the pointers, rendered the trip delightful, and furnished some camp incidents for the sketch-book. After his return to the "Prairie," a command was sent to the "Painted Rock" to attend a payment of the Winnebagoes. Here the artist saw the natives to advantage in their every-day life. Every moment of the excursion was replete with interest. The party ascended the river in a Mackinaw boat. Several Indians were allowed to come on board, one of whom was quite a character, known by the sobriquet of "Two Shillings," which he obtained by his adroitness in procuring quarters of dollars from visitors at Washington, while there on a deputation. The scenes witnessed at this payment would require a volume to do them justice. Sickness in all its stages was there, from the first listlessness of ague to the raging madness of high fever. All were attacked, from the mother with her first-born to the aged crone, from the venerable sachem to the young warrior. In passing from lodge to lodge, the most extraordinary incidents presented themselves; and in the stillness of the moonlit nights, the echoes of the Indian lover's flute blent with the battle-chant or the maiden's shrill song.

On another occasion, Deas left the hospitable walls of Fort Crawford to accompany an expedition into the interior of Iowa, and penetrated the country as far as the east branch of the Des Moines river. While absent, besides enjoying fine sport, he enriched his portfolio, and thus ended with renewed gratification his first summer in the West. Prairie du Chien, at this period, was almost a French village, and the lively manners of the inhabitants, their races, and other out-door amusements, during the fine autumn weather, afforded new subjects of observation. The groups of half-breeds, Indians, and voyageurs, always to be found about the trading-houses and fur depots, realized all that an artist needs in the way of frontier costume and manners. In the winter of 1840–41, he visited Fort Winnebago, went down on the ice to Rock river, and returned to paint the likenesses of the prominent members of the tribe. He again visited the new post, the surgeon's room being his studio. The ensuing summer he made a tour to Fort Snelling and the Upper Mississippi, painted a view of St. Anthony's Falls, and several of the fine-looking Sioux in the vicinity. The latter enterprise was attended with some difficulty. The Indians, believing that the governor had sent a "medicine man" to carry away a portion of their visible bodies with a view to the utter destruction of the tribe, refused to sit. Tommah, a great conjurer, was at last induced to submit to the ordeal, after much persuasion, and the others soon followed his example. Deas remained a week or two on a beautiful sloping prairie, dotted with the conical lodges of the race of Indians who make such regions their home. Here he saw some admirable specimens of the human form, and witnessed the celebrated ball-play in its perfection, each man appearing in a gala dress, and painted from head to foot. There were also dog feasts, rice feasts, dances, songs, and recita-

tions by the old men, of their principal exploits in war. The occasion was the ratification of a treaty, and called out all the display of which the Indians were capable. At a subsequent period, our artist joined the command under Major Wharton, ordered to proceed to Fort Leavenworth, to the Pawnee villages on the Platte river.

It will be seen from what has preceded, what extensive opportunities he enjoyed in the sphere which he has chosen for the exercise of his talents. If it be true, as is maintained by many advocates, that Nature is the best guide, and that the poet and the painter are most successful who throw themselves heartily into her embrace, who are jealous of the encroachments of authority, and seek mainly to reproduce what they see and feel, independent of the dictation of schools and public opinion, we may justly look for rich and peculiar results from such youthful experience of the artist. He was long established at St. Louis, and it is gratifying to add, from his own testimony, that he there found all that a painter can desire in the patronage of friends, and general sympathy and appreciation. Among the subjects which then occupied him are, "Long Jake," designed to embody the character of the mountain hunter; the "Indian Guide," whose prototype was a venerable Shawnee who accompanied Major Wharton; "The Wounded Pawnee;" "The Voyageur," "The Trapper," two illustrations from the history of "Wenona;" "A Group of Sioux," and "Hunters on the Prairie." The most important epic subject which engaged his attention is taken from the life of General Clarke, of Kentucky; it is the meeting of the Council of the Shawnees at North Bend, when by his firmness he saved the frontier from the horrors of an Indian war. Another picture, entitled, "The Last Shot," was founded on an incident which occurred immediately after the battle of Rio Grande—the parties being Captain Walker and a Ranchero. Art, it will be thus seen, has not been without its representatives in the Far West; and diverse as is the school from those of Europe, it has its own permanent interest, and one which, we trust, will be more and more worthily recognized and illustrated.

In his latter years Deas was deranged; and this mental malady, before it unmistakably declared itself, thwarted his art-efforts; he executed several poor and positively bad pictures, and then was long the inmate of an asylum, where he died. Yet his talent even when manifest in the vagaries of a diseased mind, was often effective; one of his wild pictures, representing a black sea, over which a figure hung, suspended by a ring, while from the waves a monster was springing, was so horrible, that a sensitive artist fainted at the sight.

The most absolute test of mastery in limning is doubtless found in the work of the draughtsman, who, without adventitious aids, and with no instrument but a bit of chalk or crayon, puts upon paper, canvas, or panel, by mere lines, his conceptions or imitations. Artists recognize in the Cartoons Raphael's sign-manual both of genius and acquirement; and many a dazzling or subtle colorist hides his poverty of ideas, or false drawing, under evasive or seduc- Cheney.

tive tints. The chaste and charming possibilities of the crayon, even in portraiture, were first notably exhibited among us by a man whose aspect and influence were decidedly those of genius. No one who ever knew Seth Cheney can forget the spiritual expressiveness of his clear blue eye, or the quick and sensitive language of his temperament. One of several brothers of a family identified with the little town of Manchester, Connecticut, where they have long quietly prospered as manufacturers, the artistic proclivities of the younger were enlisted at an early age by his brother, John Cheney, then justly regarded as the best engraver of heads in America. When the best faculty of the one was reproduced by the burin of the other, a rare result, both in character and refinement of execution, was secured.

Seth Cheney was a keen and delicate lover of beauty ; his choicest work was in delineating, with the crayon, exquisite female heads ; and some of these far surpassed anything ever before achieved on this side of the water ; his likenesses were unequal ; fastidious and susceptible, it was requisite that he should be *en rapport* with his sitter to succeed. He often relinquished commissions, even when the subjects were eminent characters, because he found between them and himself a moral antagonism which chilled and confused his touch and feeling.

A man so organized and resolute was, of course, ill calculated to prosper, in the common significance of that term ; but Seth Cheney had all the independence, as well as the varied sympathies and strong personality, of the artist-character. He loved art for its own sake, and cultivated it with disinterested though desultory zeal. His standard was high, his affinities refined ; and he gave those who were intimate with him the impression of a spiritual rather than an executive minister at the shrine of art ; they found reflections of the man in his congenial subjects, recognized a subtle beauty and grace in his drawings which confirmed the personal impression ; but the number and character of his works were of too limited a range to make his fame at all commensurate with his gifts. Seth Cheney, notwithstanding, initiated in this country the cultivation and appreciation of crayon portraiture, and left peerless examples thereof, breathing a delicate and delicious mastery of the very elements of expression. It was written of him, with truth, that these felicitous exemplars were eloquent of that "intensity of feeling and that delicate passive power which a pure soul radiates through the features." Cheney thus brought us near to the mysteries of character in his limning, as he did to those of life in his influence ; somewhat of the supernatural, of the poetry of consciousness wherewith Allston impressed his intimates, marked the genius and exhaled from the presence of Cheney. His life was an earnest pursuit or rather recognition of beauty ; four times he visited Europe ; fragile, fearless, and fond, he was a *seer* in his way, a keen and æsthetic observer ; he was deeply loved and mourned, and there was a strict poetical propriety in his moonlight burial, after a calm and prolonged decline, in his native village.

Crayon-limning has found many admirers and skilful votaries among us

since the death of Cheney, which occurred in the autumn of 1856. Some of the portraits of Rowse for expression and finish are deservedly held in high estimation; Furness, Darley, Miller, Mayer, Collyer, Miss Cheney, and others have won reputation and achieved success therein. Barry's "Motherless," his "Evangeline," head of Whittier, and other works, attract the finest astistic sympathies; and Paul Duggan was to a large circle in New York what Cheney was to one in Boston; and although his art-studies occasionally resulted in a masterly oil head, like the one he painted of the late lamented George L. Duyckinck, the crayon was his favorite medium. He died in the winter of 1861. Duggan.

"Paul Duggan," writes one who knew him well, "was an Irishman. He came early to this country; studied art as a painter; was made Professor of Drawing in the Free Academy of New York; felt ill with consumption; went to Europe eight or nine years ago, and came home somewhat better; found himself unable to work in the Academy or the studio; and returning to England, lived quietly there until a short time since, when he went to Paris for a visit, and there suddenly died. And how much has died with him!

"He has left no works; nothing that will compel the world to remember him and wish he had lived longer. But upon a small circle, and especially upon the memory of his old associates among the Centurions, he has carved his name in imperishable lines. There are few men so purely unselfish as he was; so naturally gentle and unobtrusive. Yet it was not because he was a negative person, for he was a thinker, and a man of strong convictions and great talent. His nature was exquisitely artistic; full of sympathy for all kinds of grace and beauty; delicately sensitive to sounds and sights and mental emotions, and of the truest humor. His appreciation of wit and humor lighted his whole soul with laughter. 'A good thing' was an inward and constantly recurring delight. The expression was never boisterous, but it was delightful. Humor affected him like electricity, putting his system into a cheerful glow."

Rowse is one of the most delicate and true crayon-limners in the country; some of his heads are unsurpassed for fine feeling and exquisite drawing. "At the entrance of the American Department," says a critic of the Paris Exhibition, "Emerson's face *questions* you from one side, and Lowell's *quizzes* you from the other;" these heads are from the peneil of Rowse, and this unconscious recognition of their speaking similitude, suggests how much vital character this gifted draughtsman puts into his likenesses. Rowse.

A few years ago, there was an artist's studio at West Hoboken, which formed a startling contrast to most of the peaceful haunts of the same name, in the adjacent metropolis; it was so constructed as to receive animals; guns, pistols, and cutlasses hung on the walls; and these, with curious saddles and primitive riding gear, might lead a visitor to imagine he had entered a pioneer's cabin or Ranney.

border chieftain's hut: such an idea would, however, have been at once dispelled by a glance at the many sketches and studies which proclaimed that an artist, and not a bushranger, had here found a home. Yet the objects around were characteristic of the occupant's experience and taste. He had caught the spirit of border adventure, and was enamored of the picturesque in scenery and character outside of the range of civilization; and to represent and give them historical interest was his artistic ambition. After a brief attempt to reconcile himself to a mercantile career, William S. Ranney connected himself with the army, and during the Texan war, witnessed many remarkable scenes of nature; he had grown familiar with the wilderness, studied the aspects of hunter and aboriginal life, realized the thrill and throe of the explorer's achievements, and came back to the heart of civilization, prepared with subjects and material to make that condition of humanity strongly contrast with primitive life and adventure. His pictures, albeit not remarkable for finish in detail or maturity of execution, had the freshness and force derived from a congenial subject, treated by a sympathetic, though not highly disciplined hand: accordingly they were not wanting in dramatic truth, natural and local interest, or picturesque effect; and were therefore popular. A more characteristic introduction to *genre* painting in America can hardly be imagined. The "Burial of De Soto," "The Trapper's last Shot," "Boone and his Companions Discovering Kentucky," are among the works of Ranney which won the common eye and heart, and have a genuine American scope and tone. An earlier favorite was "The Sale of Manhattan to the Indians." Doubtless Ranney's range was sometimes too ambitious for his artistic power; he wanted culture, not inspiration; he had struck out a native and promising path, and with time and opportunities, would have achieved a memorable success in a fresh sphere: in costume and minor details he was remarkably accurate, and his subjects were often chosen with dramatic skill. Ill-health long preyed upon his strength and spirits; his later years were, therefore, unprosperous; but his brother artists came earnestly to the rescue of his family, when left unprovided for by his death, and it was the impartial verdict of criticism that his ability "only needed cultivation to place him high among historical painters." Besides the kind of subjects mentioned, there are three characteristic works of Ranney in the collection of Marshall O. Roberts, Esq., of New York—"Wild Horses," "The Muleteer," and "The Old Oaken Bucket."

Matteson.

The name of Matteson is associated with patriotic and popular prints; with more complete early advantages he would have been a finished, as he is already an expressive, *genre* artist. His "Spirit of '76" was, and is still, greatly relished by the people; and several American historical scenes have been delineated by him, and are to be found in various parts of the State of New York. His portrait of Mayor Havemeyer is in the New York City Hall; a characteristic work of his is "Captain Glen claiming the Prisoners after the Burning of Schenectady." These early groups judiciously avoid extravagance, are often

harmonious in color, but sometimes want vigor of handling. Among his latest pictures is a series of domestic rural scenes conceived with simplicity and graceful feeling—"The Rustic Courtship"—a young farmer talking with a country lass in a porch, with the old mother in the background of the room, seen by an open window; "The Morning Meal"—a girl feeding chickens by a leafy farm-cottage, with children; and the "First Ride"—a rustic father holding a little fellow on a horse's back, while his mother gazes delightedly from the veranda; familiar subjects, unpretending and genial in treatment, and well fitted to charm rural households.

Whoever enjoys a friendly talk with Matteson, at his pleasant home at Sherburne, Chenango Co., N. Y., if successful in awakening a reminiscent mood, hears a story of early hardship and struggle which seems like the opening chapter of a local novel. Born at Peterboro', Madison Co., N. Y., on the ninth of May, 1813, his father, a sagacious politician, named him for Governor Tompkins, in whose recent election the Democratic party was then rejoicing; appointed deputy-sheriff of Morrisville, the elder Matteson allowed his boy free access to the cell of an Indian incarcerated on the charge of murder, whose carvings and drawings were famous in all the country round; supplying this unique master with the materials of his art, the young Tompkins learned to crudely practice and to faithfully love the vocation.

His first lesson was sketching a gable at his mother's knee; he followed an itinerant silhouette-limner about the village, and copied his instrument; obtained a paint-box, borrowed prints from a passing traveller, engaged in mechanical contrivances with an ingenious comrade, and improved on his schoolmaster's attempts at colored drawings, until the necessity of earning a subsistence obliged the boy to remit his favorite pursuit, tend a drug store, and became a tailor's apprentice; even then he managed to draw the figures in the "mourning-pieces" of the girls at the village academy; and finally to start off with crayons and knapsack, and, on foot and by stage-coach, seek chances to take a likeness for a few shillings, trudging wearily in the sun, faint and fasting by the wayside, sleeping in canal-boats, and reaching Albany, at last, penniless and discouraged—to return home a wiser and sadder youth, weary of Dutch boors, of short commons, and forlorn wayfaring. He passed a week with Bradish, a portrait-painter of Manlius, N. Y., set up for himself at Cazenovia, and was sent to New York to study at the expense of a gentleman of Lenox. There, after the usual discouraging lecture, Colonel Trumbull advised and cheered him; he drew from the antique in the Academy, opened a studio in Broadway, and in 1839 returned to Western New York, and for three years was lucratively occupied with portraits, greatly befriended by Rev. Dr. Hale, of Hobart College. On a subsequent visit to the metropolis, his "Spirit of '76" won the attention of Edmonds, the *genre* painter, who secured its purchase by the Art-Union; a shout of praise hailed its drawing, and thenceforth Matteson prospered. Among his pictures is one delineating a scene at the burning

of Schenectady, painted for James W. Beekman, Esq., of New York, one of whose ancestors figures therein; "The first Sabbath of the Pilgrims," "The Last of the Race," "Lafayette at Olmutz," "Whirling the Platter," and "Redeeming Forfeits;" his "Examination of a Witch," one of the largest of his compositions, was painted for William D. White, Esq., of Albany; and one of his best is "A Justice's Court;" he made the designs for the popular engravings of "The First Prayer in Congress," and "Washington's Inaugural." Henry Dwight, Esq., formerly of Geneva, N. Y., induced Matteson to resume practice in New York, and in 1841 he again established himself there, and was prosperously occupied, deriving much pleasure and profit from an "Art-Reunion," of which Elliot, Kensett, May, Gifford, Duggan, and other leading painters, were members, and where lectures and a library facilitated their progress. In 1850, Matteson purchased a home at Sherburne, and soon after painted for William Schaus, the art-dealer, the pictures of the "Signing the Contract on Board the Mayflower," "The First Sabbath of the Puritans," and "Perils of the Early Colonists," etc.; his "First Sacrament on the American Shores," much praised by Bishops Delancey and Coxe, was painted for Henry M. Mygate, Esq., of Albany, N. Y.; "Elliot Preaching to the Indians" was sold to L. Annesley, Esq., of the same city; "Rip Van Winkle's return from the Mountains" belongs to Gilbert Davidson, Esq., of Albany, and the "Hop Yard" was painted for Mortimer Conger, Esq., of Waterville, N. Y. The national and rustic subjects drawn by this pioneer *genre* painter, indicate the average taste of the people, and suggest what themes, executed with greater finish and more subtle elaboration, would most successfully illustrate this branch of art among us. Matteson was elected, in 1865, President of the Chenango Agricultural Society; he has delivered addresses before similar associations at Sherburne and Oxford; and in 1855 was chosen to represent his Assembly district in the State Legislature.

Lang.

Louis Lang is a native of Würtemberg, and was born at Waldser, March 29, 1814. His father was an historical painter, and intended to educate his son for the musical profession, for which he evinced a decided aptitude; but he had a strong taste for and an early aptness in painting, and during the illness of his father, assisted in the support of the family by painting carriages, designing monuments, and decorating churches. He also performed in the cathedral choir, and at the age of sixteen had acquired skill in pastel likenesses, of which, during four years passed on Lake Constance, he executed several hundred. Having, in 1834, visited Paris, and sojourned awhile at Stuttgard, he came to America in 1838, and settled at Philadelphia; three or four years after he went to Italy, and spent five years successively at Venice, Bologna, Florence, and Rome; returned to the United States, and has ever since resided in New York. For two years he was chiefly engaged in decorations, and modelling plaster figures for ornamental purposes. In 1847 he paid another visit to Italy, and two years after directed his attention exclusively to painting. Lang indulges in brilliant colors, and has exe-

cuted several large and glowing pictures of our popular holidays. He is fond of delineating female and infantile beauty, with gay dresses and flowers, and has adventured somewhat in historical art. One of these efforts represents Queen Elizabeth and Margaret Lambrun ; it belongs to Joseph Harrison, Esq., of Philadelphia. Another subject is "Mary Stuart distributing Gifts ;" it is in the possession of R. L. Stuart, Esq., of New York, who also owns his "Maid of Saragossa." His "Sewing Society" was in the Wright collection.

Thomas P. Rossiter was born in New Haven, Ct., September 29, 1818. He commenced the study of painting in that city with Nathaniel Jocelyn, and in 1838 began the practice of his profession in his native city, painting chiefly portraits. On the 1st of June, 1840, he sailed for Europe in company with Durand, Kensett, and Casilear ; studied six months in London, and travelled through England and Scotland. He then passed a year in Paris, sharing apartments and studio with Kensett, studying in the life-schools, and copying in the Louvre. In the autumn of 1841 he accompanied Thomas Cole to Italy, passing through Switzerland. Arriving at Rome, he took a studio in the Via Felice, and passed five consecutive winters studying in the galleries, and painting a number of pictures ; among them, "The Last Hours of Tasso," "Puritans Reading the Bible," "Italy in the Olden Time," and "The Parting between Ruth, Orpha, and Naomi." His summers were passed at Florence, Venice, Naples, Switzerland, and Germany, where he copied and studied in the different galleries and schools. Rossiter.

Returning to America, he established himself in New York. Here he remained, painting portraits occasionally, but was chiefly engaged on a series of large scriptural pictures—"Miriam," "The Return of the Dove to the Ark," an "Ascension," and "The Ideals."

In the spring of 1851 he moved, with Kensett and Lang, into a Broadway Studio, which was arranged and built for their accommodation. Here he remained two years, painting "The Jews in Captivity," a number of portraits, and other pictures. On the 28th of May, 1853, he again sailed for Europe, making the tour of England, Holland, Belgium, the Rhine, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Sicily, and Malta. From thence he went to Paris, where, in December, 1853, he opened a studio, remaining nearly three years. He here made the study for a large picture of "Tuesday in Passion Week at Jerusalem," and executed "Joan of Arc in Prison," "Venice," "Wise and Foolish Virgins," and other works, some of which were exhibited in the Exposition of 1855, when he obtained a gold medal.

In the summer of 1856 he returned to New York, and painted portraits until October, 1857, when he opened a studio, and commenced a large picture of "The Representative Merchants," and painted "The Discoverer," "The Home of Washington" (in conjunction with Mignot), and other compositions. In 1860 he removed to Cold Spring, Hudson Highlands, where he has since resided, in a house which he designed and built for his professional needs. Here he has painted "The Prince of Wales'

Visit to the Tomb of Washington," "Coming from the Fields," "A Picnic in the Highlands," "Eve," "Morn, Noon, and Evening in Eden," "Palmy Days at Mount Vernon," "Washington in his Library at Mount Vernon," "Washington's First Cabinet," etc., etc.

At intervals, during his residence at Cold Spring, he has been engaged on a series of compositions representing "The Life of Christ," to which he is desirous of devoting his remaining years. He was elected Associate of the National Academy of Design in 1840, and Academician in 1849. His large scriptural pictures of "Miriam," "The Jews in Captivity," and "Noah," have been exhibited extensively in the South and West, before the war, with success. His later exhibitions have not been remunerative.

James H. Beard.

James H. Beard, for many years well known in the South and Southwest as a leading artist of that region, was the eldest son of Capt. James Beard, who was the eldest son of Judge James Beard, of New Haven, Conn., and, as far as there is any record, the name of James descending from father to eldest son. James H., the subject of this sketch, was born at Buffalo in 1815. While he was still an infant, his parents removed to Northern Ohio, which was then scarcely more than an unbroken wilderness. After trying two or three localities, they finally settled in Painesville, where his mother and three sisters still reside, and where his younger brother William was born. At about his twelfth year his father died, leaving his mother with five small children, of whom James was the eldest and William the youngest, then an infant, with little means for their support, which little was still more reduced by the dishonesty of her husband's partner, who, taking advantage of Capt. Beard's illness and his wife's helplessness, appropriated what remained. Soon after Mr. Beard's death there came to the little village a portrait-painter by the name of Hanks. Hanks was probably not a great master, but to the eager and inexperienced eyes of the young James, his heads were marvels of art. Hanks, who it seems was obliged to turn everything to account, would not allow the boy to see him paint, but would *teach him for fifty cents a lesson.* So, begging two dollars from his mother, James obtained the benefit of four lessons, and with this small stock of knowledge, and no small share of enthusiasm, he set up for himself. The portraits he then painted are described as "strong likenesses, though not flattering." Hanks, who had charged ten, and in some cases fifteen dollars, had painted nearly all the inhabitants of the small settlement. But James, whose prices were from three to five dollars, had a few commissions from those who were not able to pay so high a price as that charged by the great master, Hanks. But this field was soon exhausted, and at the age of fourteen James left his home to try his fortune in other parts, where he would not be subjected to such formidable competition; worked his way through various vicissitudes to Pittsburg, and finally to Cincinnati, where he married and settled, and where he formed the acquaintance and won the friendship of many of the prominent citizens of the South and West. Among the latter were General Harrison, Henry Clay, and General

Taylor, all of whose portraits he painted. When General Harrison was elected President he appointed Beard bearer of despatches to the Court of St. James. He was preparing to depart, with Mr. Clay, intending also to visit continental Europe, when the untimely death of the President dispelled his bright dreams. When Harriet Martineau visited this country, that estimable lady formed a warm friendship for young Beard, and expressed her admiration in her book on America. Soon after Beard's arrival in Cincinnati, two of the leading artists of the West died, and he fell heir, as it were, to the entire field of portraiture, which he has since held, with, however, an occasional aspirant to dispute the inheritance. Many adherents in the South-west still hold to him, and will have their portraits by no other hand. In the earlier part of his career Beard confined himself almost entirely to portraits, and about the year 1837 he painted the heads of John Q. Adams and General Harrison. The first compositions of Beard, which attracted much attention, were "The Long Bill," "The Land Speculator," and "The North Carolina Emigrants." The latter was brought to New York some years ago, when it soon found a purchaser. Mr. Beard has devoted himself more to composition and animal painting the latter part of his life. He confines himself in the latter sphere almost exclusively to domestic, while his brother betrays a greater fondness for wild, animals.

For several years historical painting has been represented in Philadelphia by P. F. Rothermel; his facility of composition and his aptitude for grouping, costume, and scenic effects, have led him to produce a large number of works with a rapidity incompatible with grand permanent results, however indicative of talent and knowledge. With unequal power, but frequent fidelity to the conventional requirements of his historical painting, his career, in view of the department he illustrates, has been remarkably prosperous; the pictures he has exhibited abroad have gained him "honorable mention," though confessedly unfinished. He received a commission to paint the Battle of Gettysburg on the walls of the Capitol extension at Harrisburg, Pa. This artist did not begin the study of his art until the age of twenty-two, and he is now a little over fifty. Some of his most celebrated pictures are: "De Soto discovering the Mississippi," "Columbus before Isabella the Catholic," and the "Noche Triste," from Prescott's Conquest of Mexico. His picture of "Patrick Henry before the Virginia House of Burgesses" is perhaps better known than any of his productions. In his "Saint Paul preaching upon Mars Hill to the Athenians," a group of about thirty persons surrounds the apostle, and in the distance looms up the Acropolis.

Rothermel.

His "Patrick Henry" belongs to Joseph Harrison, Esq., of Philadelphia, Pa.; his "Beggar Girl," and "Cromwell breaking up the Service in a Church in England," are in the collection of Marshall O. Roberts, Esq., of New York.

An admirer thus alludes to one of his latest pictures—"Christian Martyrs in the Colosseum."

"To say that it is Mr. Rothermel's best painting is to compliment it very

highly; but it is his best, from many reasons, which all intelligent lovers of art can appreciate. We remember well many of the fine works of this artist, but none that boasted so much beauty and possessed so little blemish. It is in composition and color that Mr. Rothermel, by common consent, is admitted to excel, and his composition was never finer, his color never more pure and charming. Upon this large canvas, with this noble subject, he has had ample opportunity to use all the resources of his genius. He has never chosen a better subject, or treated one with more energy and elaboration."

Edwin White.

One of the first pictures which gained for Edwin White any notice was "Age's Reverie," from Coleridge's Youth and Age; it is in the possession of the West Point Academy; "Luther's Vow," and "The Death-bed of Luther," were distributed by the Art-Union; "Milton's visit to Galileo in Prison," "The Old Age of Milton," and the "Beggar Boy," were also purchased by the Art-Union; and these were his principal works before going abroad.

During his first year in Paris he painted "Michael Angelo at the Atélier of Titian," in the possession of the Hon. Andrew D. White, of Syracuse, N. Y. A duplicate was painted a few years after for the late General Wadsworth; also "The Visit of Consolation," painted while in Rome, for the same gentleman. "Raphael at the Studio of Fra Bartolomeo," his next picture, was painted at Düsseldorf. The "Requiem of De Soto," and the "Separation of the Pilgrims at Delft Haven," belonged to the late Simeon Draper, Esq., of New York. In Florence he painted a picture of "Columbus partaking the Sacrament on the Morning of his Embarkation," "Holy Teachings," and "The Errand of Mercy," the last, for Mrs. Holbrook, of New York; his next work was "The Signing of the Compact on board the Mayflower," and "Pocahontas informing Smith of the Conspiracy of the Indians," painted for the late Gen. Kearney; "Washington resigning his Commission at Annapolis," was painted for the Senate Chamber of the State of Maryland; "The Evening Hymn of the Huguenot Refugee," was in the possession of the late Mrs. Lee, of Boston; "The Landing of the Huguenots at the mouth of the St. John's River, Florida, 1564," is another of his elaborate works; "Washington reading the Burial Service over the body of Braddock," was painted for Henry Sheldon, Esq., of Brooklyn, L. I.; "The Sacred Lesson," "A Morning with Luther," "The Pifferini," and "The Prayer of Faith," are in the possession of Robert M. Oliphant, Esq., of New York; "The First New England Thanksgiving," and "Bunyan's Dream," in the collection of Abraham Embary, Esq., of New York; "Major Anderson raising the Flag at Fort Sumter," belongs to Mrs. Zabriskie, New York; "Raphael at the Vatican," was painted for J. Couper Lord, Esq., of New York; "Murillo sketching a Beggar Boy," belongs to Thomas Jefferson Bryan, Esq., New York; "The First printing of the Bible," to Colonel Arthur B. Lansing, N. Y.; "The Vision of St. Stephen," "Evangeline," and "Hagar and Ishmael," are in the possession of J. Elliot Condict, Esq., of New York; "The Sabbath of the Emigrants," and "Lionardo da Vinci and his Pupils," are as yet unfinished. Of *genre* subjects and

portraits he has painted a large number; the principal of which are "The Antiquary," "Thoughts of Liberia," and "Olden Time," in the possession of Robert L. Stuart, Esq., N. Y.; "Sunday Morning," and "A Summer's Afternoon," belong to John R. Murray, Esq., N. Y.; a repetition of "Sunday Morning," with some changes, in the possession of Charles Gould Esq., "The Fisher Boy," in the collection of Shepard Gandy, Esq., N. Y.; "The Country Studio," belongs to B. W. Bull, Esq., N. Y.; "The Pearls," painted for Henry Day, Esq., N. Y.; "The Artist," in the collection of Marshall O. Roberts, Esq., N. Y.; "The Strawberry Girl," and "Doubling Yarn," are in Boston; "Tired of Work," is in the possession of Rutherford Stuyvesant, Esq., N. Y.; "Hop Scotch" and "The Puzzle," are at Utica, N. Y.; "The Beggar Girl," is in the collection at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; "Grandpapa's Pet," "Glimpse of the Future," "Writing to Papa," "The Sunday-School Book," and "The Little Model," have been repeatedly exhibited. "The Match Girl" belongs to William Fowler, Esq., of Brooklyn, L. I.; and "The Studio" and "Contentment," to Edward Clarke, Esq., of New York.

The mere enumeration of Mr. White's paintings indicates his industry; and when we remember that all this has been achieved between youth and middle age, and that, in the mean time, he has constantly had students in his *atélier* to oversee and instruct, it must be admitted that he is one of our most assiduous painters. He has studied faithfully, and acquired no inconsiderable knowledge in art; but the historical sphere has been so grandly illustrated, and demands such positive genius, that perseverance and conscientiousness alone will not insure triumph therein. Accordingly Mr. White's more ambitious efforts are correct rather than effective; and his talent is better evinced in some of his unpretending *genre* compositions. He received six thousand dollars from the State of Maryland for his picture of "Washington Resigning his Commission;" and it now hangs in the very room, at Annapolis, where the memorable event occurred. His "Emigrants' Sunday," is a pleasing and suggestive work: it represents a family drifting down a Western river in a flat-boat, on a soft sunny day of rest, listening, as they float, to one of the elder sons expounding the Scriptures. The various attitudes of the sons, with their wives, children, and old mother, are sweetly simple and devout—while the youngest baby of all, who, tired of "meeting," looks forward at us over the gunwale of the boat, leaning on her hands, is a curly-headed cherub. In his picture of "Lionardo in his Atèlier," Da Vinci is seen seated before his easel, which bears a canvas with an outlined head drawn upon it. Luini, one of his young pupils, is showing him the sketch for a head of the Saviour. Other figures of students engaged with brush and pencil are seen in the background, where a model is posing for the work Da Vinci has before him; while, on the walls, or upon other easels, are cartoons and sketches of some of the great Italian masterpieces. This picture has the evidence of the artist's superior knowledge and drawing of the human figure, while it is picturesquely composed, and is harmonious in color.

This estimable man and assiduous painter has been encouraged by some of our most tasteful amateurs, and has striven to inculcate the practical knowledge essential to historical composition, while some of his illustrations of familiar life-scenes are positively true to nature. A critical lover of the old masters says of him: "He has good taste, pure sentiment, industry, and a correct intellectual appreciation of historical subjects: there is nothing, however, great or original in his art."

Among the comparatively few American portrait-painters who have steadily progressed in their art, is Thomas Le Clear; he was born in Owego, Tioga county, N. Y., March 11, 1818. His first instinctive attempt at portraiture was made at the age of nine, with lamp-black, Venetian red, and white-lead, upon a bit of pine board. Of an aspiring temper, at the age of twelve he attempted a St. Matthew, which made a sensation in that rural vicinage; copies were ordered of the boy-painter at the rate of two dollars and half each, and many a head did the urchin dash off to the wonder of his rustic neighbors. The unnatural strain upon his undeveloped faculties by this premature exercise of a genuine artistic talent, without the wholesome discipline of methodical training and gradual practice, so depressed his vital energies that young Le Clear soon had to forego his favorite occupation,—a fortunate disappointment, as he thereby regained strength, and probably avoided faulty habits of execution, which, otherwise, would have been confirmed. In 1832, his father removed to London, Upper Canada, a thinly-settled and ungenial place, where Le Clear painted a few portraits, but met with little sympathy and no encouragement, until the Hon. John Wilson, a former member of Parliament, recognized the latent ability of the youth, commended and cheered his isolated labors, and sat to him for a portrait, which was so successful that thenceforth he had an abundance of commissions. In 1834, during a lapse in the demand for portraits, and when he was but sixteen years of age, Le Clear visited Goodrich, on Lake Huron, and decorated the panels of a steamboat, under the direction of the owners, whose taste was exclusively for "low art," to the disgust of the painter, who desired to portray historical scenes. Eager to return to the "States," he left Goodrich for Norfolk, N. Y., a small town, where, for two years, he lived by any honorable work he could find, painting when opportunity offered. Thence he went to Green Bay, Wisconsin, sketching Indians on the way; here he found adequate occupation for the summer; and even ventured a part of his earnings in the land-speculation, which was the mania of the day in that region; but without any prosperous result. Revisiting London, U. C., his friend Wilson advised him to go to New York city. The ensuing spring he started for that goal, but his funds gave out at Elmira, N. Y., and he had to resort to every available means for subsistence. This was the most trying part of his novitiate in artist-life; discouraged and needy, for there was little call for artistic work in that region at the period, the death of his mother added to his despondency, and for a considerable time he had not the heart to take up the pencil and

Le Clear.

palette. At length, rousing himself from the lethargy of grief, he went to Rochester, found enough to do in portraiture, and felt himself steadily improving therein. In 1839, Le Clear arrived in the city of New York, an almost penniless stranger, opened a studio in Broadway, and, by honest industry, soon maintained himself with comfort and respectability. A picture called the "Reprimand" gained him the attention of lovers of art; and it was purchased by the Art-Union in the palmy days of that institution. In 1844 he married a daughter of Russell R. Wells, Esq., of Boston, Mass. The following spring he went to Buffalo, N. Y., and remained there, constantly employed upon portraits, until 1860, when he returned to establish himself permanently in New York. While in Buffalo, Le Clear painted a few compositions; the "Marble Players," bought by the Art-Union, and "Young America," painted for the late gallant and lamented Col. Porter, of Niagara Falls, and now in the possession of Mr. Congdon, of Brooklyn, L. I., were deservedly favorites. The "Itinerants," exhibited at the National Academy in 1862, was also much praised.

"Young America," which contains over a dozen figures, is remarkable for its skilful grouping, and the harmony of tone which pervades it. The chief interest of the work centres in "Young America," a lad, who, from the top of a drygoods box, is making a speech to the boys gathered about him. The figures are drawn with a true perspective, and each is evidently a study from life. The man in the blouse, the two boys wrestling, the girl carrying a basket, and the old woman with apples, are especially noticeable. The locality is a street in Buffalo, and the man on the sidewalk evidently engaged in counting up his gains is a portrait of a well-known operator in stocks, who goes by the name of "three per cent. a month."

The "Itinerants" represents a boy playing on a violin, and accompanied by his sister, who has drawn around him an admiring group of listeners, each one of whom is differently affected by the music, as is shown in the varied expression of their countenances. As in the last-mentioned picture, each figure is a study from life, and is drawn and painted with great carefulness. The sentiment of the picture is finely preserved, and the entire work harmoniously carried out in all its details.

We have spoken of Le Clear as a signal example of steady progress in portraiture. A singular test was afforded us, at a recent visit to his studio. There had been found at Owego, N. Y., his childhood's home, a portrait from his hand, at the age of nine. The drawing was so like a boy in the exaggerated outline of sleeve and shoulder as to excite a smile; the drawing, of course, was very defective, and the color crude; but a decided individual expression of the mouth, and something characteristic in the whole physiognomy, rude and unsubdued as is the execution, made us readily believe the assertion of the family, to whom the coarse old canvas belongs, that it was "a *striking* likeness." To this native facility for imitation Le Clear now unites remarkable power of characterization, a peculiar skill in color, and minute authenticity in the reproduction of latent as well as superficial personal traits. In some cases his tints are admirably true to

nature, and his modelling of the head strong and characteristic. Whoever is familiar with the aspect and expression of the late Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, of Binghamton, N. Y., will recognize in Le Clear's portrait of him, in the attitude, complexion, eye, mouth, costume, natural language, and expression, the very man himself; and whoever has often seen Edwin Booth as Hamlet, and well knows his face off the stage, will find that Le Clear's portrait is a masterpiece, not only as a resemblance, but in point of character, individuality, and powerful expression. We might also cite his portraits of ex-President Fillmore; Col. Thorpe; Col. Porter, now in the possession of his sister at Niagara Falls; of Gifford; McEntee, and Hubbard, the artists, as illustrations of his peculiar fidelity and maturity of execution. His portrait of Mr. John E. Russell and Mr. Dennison are instances of firm, truly tinted, strongly outlined, and clearly expressed heads, with vital truth and vigorous yet refined treatment—indicating how well Le Clear has studied his art, how truly he recognises *character* as essential, and with what insight he has succeeded in combining the analytical and the realistic elements of portraiture.

Few of our artists exhibit so clearly the results of academical study as Henry Peters Gray; his careful and sympathetic knowledge of the masters of pictorial art is evident in all his pictures, the best of which have the mellow and finished tone which distinguishes the Italian school. This assiduous and graceful painter was born in the city of New York, June 23d, 1819; at the age of twenty he began his art-studies with Huntington, and, after a year's practice, went abroad and passed several years, and grew intimate with the masterpieces of art, especially devoting himself to the Roman and Venetian school, and to acquiring facility and accuracy in drawing. The results of this patient discipline soon appeared in the portraits and compositions which he elaborated with skill and taste; of the latter, three at once won for Gray the confidence of adequate judges, who justly regarded him as better equipped for his profession than often is the case with young American painters. "Thou Art Gone," "The Roman Girl," and the "Billet-Doux," established his promise, if not his reputation; and, on his return to his native city, in 1843, he was commissioned by many lovers of art to execute cabinet portraits and *genre* pictures.

Gray.

Feeling the necessity of a still better acquaintance with the old masters, and craving the inspiration which only comes to the artist in Rome, Gray made another visit to Europe, in 1846; during which he painted several of his most characteristic works, of which "Teaching a Child to Pray," "Proserpine and Bacchus," and "Cupid Begging his Arrows," are memorable. He sought subjects favorable to his tact and taste in delineating fine contours and admirable flesh-tints. Of his later pictures, the 'Wages of War," and the "Apple of Discord," attracted high praise. It has been objected to this artist that he is too conservative in taste and practice, renewing obsolete mythological subjects, and giving his artistic sympathies wholly to the past. But the skill and mellowness which mark his style

are applicable to more domestic and modern subjects, as is apparent in his picture illustrating the Beatitude—"Blessed are the Pure in Heart," and Irving's touching story of the "Pride of the Village." "Hagar and the Angel" is an exquisite specimen of his drawing and color; and he has executed between two and three hundred highly-finished portraits—full-lengths, groups, and heads.

All readers of Irving know and love the "Pride of the Village," and remember the closing scene of that pathetic story. The refined sentiment and skill of Gray have enabled him to catch the spirit and reproduce the expression thereof. His picture is of cabinet size, and represents the interior of an English farmhouse of the better class. The beautiful and stricken girl leans upon her mother's breast, and her hands are held by those of her afflicted parent, whose good-natured but commonplace features contrast finely with the superior nature visible in the form and expression of the daughter; herein romance and reality are admirably suggested; the May garland hangs fading upon the wall; the house-dog looks piteously up to the wan face of his mistress; the old man has turned lovingly from the open Bible to his child; through the open window a summer landscape, in Sabbath repose, is visible; and in the distance, far up the road, is seen an officer on horseback. Another of Gray's pictures, which early attracted favorable notice, is called "The Greek Lovers;" a classically draped and beautiful female figure touching a lute, is finely executed. "The Apple of Discord" might more properly be called "The Judgment of Paris." "The Wages of War" represents a youthful figure, armed and impatient to go forth to battle; his young wife hangs on his neck weeping; on the left is a fallen warrior, grasping his broken sword, and the widowed wife droops over a sarcophagus, with a sweet boy at her side; the relievos on this monument are suggestive, and the lowering sky harmonizes with the sad, though somewhat academic, eloquence of the composition. "Sappho," "Cupid Begging his Arrows," "Proserpine and Bacchus," "The Good Samaritan," "Timon of Athens," "Immortality of the Soul," "Susannah," "Venus," Coleridge's "Genevieve," and others, are treated with the same careful finish, subdued glow, and graceful contours which characterize those memorable forms which make the galleries of Italy attractive; faults of a technical kind have been indicated by the critics, and there is a class of art-lovers whose sympathies are so exclusively with the modern French, English, and German school, that pictures conceived and executed in the spirit of the Roman, have for them little interest; but, on the other hand, another class of amateurs are wedded to the latter kind of pictures, partly from association, and partly from their intrinsic and historical significance; and to these Gray's style and method were full of interest, as being legitimate, though retrospective. His "Hagar and Ishmael" belongs to Jonathan Sturges, Esq.; his "Greek Lovers," to A. M. Cozzens, Esq.; his "Judgment of Paris," to R. M. Olyphant, Esq., of New York; "Cupid Begging his Arrows," is in the Carey collection, at Philadelphia, Pa.; "Just Fifteen," belongs to Marshall

O. Roberts, Esq.; and another, "Hagar," to J. Taylor Johnston, Esq., of New York. Some of his portraits are remarkable, not only for a mellow and harmonized tone and tint, and accurate drawing, but for a refinement of treatment, and a most tasteful and effective arrangement of drapery and accessories. Still, Gray's efforts are unequal, and perhaps the complex taste and practice in art now, compared to the more limited range thereof when his first works appeared, have somewhat lessened his activity in the special sphere to which he has been so faithful.

There is, indeed, something in Gray's best pictures that gives one the feeling of maturity, one of the most rare sensations of American life. A refreshing absence of the crude, the glaring, and the melodramatic, lends a singular charm to his studio. Here is something like discipline; all is not experimental; and we feel the comfort of achievement, instead of the unrest of endeavor. How clean are the outlines of his best heads and figures! no attempts at evasion, but so true and gracefully drawn as to gratify our sense of exactitude and completeness. Gray is what may be called a conservative painter: he does not sacrifice the enduring to the temporary. His subdued tints, in such pleasant contrast to the gaudy hues prevalent in our streets and houses, attract the eye at once. They are mellow, and linger on the artistic sense as old wine on the palate; his *chiaro-oscuro* is often exquisite; some of his portraits have the deep, clear tone and the high finish which are the distinction of the old masters. They look as if painted to last, to become heirlooms and domestic treasures, and as if they ought to be hung against carved oak panelings, or in cabinets sacred to meditation and illumined by a tempered light. There is a sweet autumnal spell often radiated from the canvas of Gray. It may be a fanciful idea, but his most characteristic pictures affect one like his immortal namesake's verse—correct and thoughtful—and with a latent rather than a superficial charm. What a deftly-grouped study is that of "Hagar, Ishmael, and the Angel;" what a strong contrast, yet how much pure harmony in the composition. The rigid gaze and oriental face of Hagar, the aërial position and rich blonde of the heavenly visitant, the bowed form and pure tints of the drooping child; figures, drapery, color, and grouping, all betray the patient and skilful artist. A nude figure, which he will turn from the wall at your bidding, is a triumph of color and form. Note, in a sympathetic mood, the little picture called "Twilight Musings;" how cool and sweet is the light, how graceful the loose-clad figure; what a *penseroso* attitude; how the tessellated pavement, the dark-veined wood, the vase, the open window, each object induces reverie; and how admirably is the tone of the whole in accordance with the reflective enjoyment that steals from the lovely countenance of the musing girl! The London critics appreciated this picture. The "Peace and War," though too allegorical for popular effect, has many of the excellences of drawing and color and expression, that distinguish this accomplished artist. We are not surprised that his cabinet portraits are so much sought. Many of them are gems of art, and, when associated with the features of the loved

and lost, must become greatly endeared to their possessors. It is delightful to have a picture adapted by its size to a boudoir or drawing-room, that combines the attraction of mellow coloring and high finish with the personal associations of a family portrait.

Richard M. Staigg, like Baker, began as a miniature-painter, in which he reached a degree of excellence, under the friendly guidance of Allston, which fairly associates his name and fame with Malbone, the endeared artist in the same sphere, whose memory is still so warmly cherished at their common home— Newport, R. I. Staigg's miniature portraits of Allston, Webster, and Everett are memorable; the two latter have been exquisitely engraved; while the female beauty peculiar to our country has found no more refined delineator. Within a few years Staigg has painted several remarkable portraits, wherein the character and tone are masterly, and the skill exhibited as delicate as it is truthful. His cabinet coast-scenes and *genre* pieces, especially the *naïve* figures of peasants, school-children, little crossing-sweepers, skaters, etc., are highly valued, and at a recent sale brought large prices. Staigg is a native of England, and came to this country in his earliest childhood; while engaged in mechanical occupations at Newport, R. I., he became interested in drawing, and received the most valuable advice and instruction from Jane Stuart, daughter of the eminent portrait-painter; she introduced him to the kindred of Malbone; that delicate colorist's exquisite miniature of "The Hours," as well as many of his portraits, were loaned to the young student, and a better school it would be difficult to find for a novice in America. Staigg's taste and practice were auspiciously influenced thereby, and with the additional aid of counsel and encouragement from Allston, he soon attained a high and deserved reputation as a refined and skilful miniature-painter; his talents were in constant requisition, and only of late years has he found time to expatiate in the more original sphere of scenic and *genre* art. Staigg.

The first efforts of Staigg which won him recognition from artists, were miniatures of his sisters; one of the late Mrs. N. Amory, of Newport, gained the artist the advice and encouragement of her friend Allston; Miss Stuart showed him the beautiful scale of her father's palette: and these hints, with the sight of Malbone's heads, initiated Staigg into the practice of art, which he had mainly to acquire for himself; he never saw any one paint on ivory, until he had executed some of his best miniatures. Two of these were taken to London by Stephen Perkins, Esq., of Boston, and shown to Leslie and Sir William Ross, who united in advising that the artist should come to London. The next year a few specimens of his skill were sent to the Royal Academy, and given a distinguished place; among them were a beautiful miniature of Miss Marion Shaw, and one of Charles Codman, of Boston, Mass. It is to the credit of this accomplished artist that his earnest desire to go abroad for art-study has, again and again, been cheerfully sacrificed to filial and fraternal duty. Nor is there anything to regret in the disappointment, as far as his progress is involved,

—for that has been steady and satisfactory. Among his memorable achievements in portraiture, are a miniature of Madame Baury and her granddaughter—"eighty and eighteen;" others of Miss Cordelia Sears, Miss Lyman, Miss Dwight, of Springfield, Mass.; and other beautiful young American ladies. Staigg visited Cambridge, Mass., on one occasion, to paint Lowell's wife, the Rev. Dr. Lowell, his then venerable father, and Mrs. William Story, wife of the celebrated sculptor; who told the artist that he had just come from Europe and had waited for his return to America, to have him paint his wife's miniature. This is a striking evidence of recognition of Staigg's excellence in this department. His miniature of Dr. Lowell is admirable. He has thus delineated many of the leading citizens of Boston—David Sears, W. H. Prescott, Abbott Lawrence, John and Joseph Belknap, Mr. Tilden, James Savage and his wife, etc. All the time which he could command at Newport, where he had built a cottage for his mother with his first earnings,—and which place was his cherished home, except when on professional sojourns in the cities,—he devoted to practice in oil painting; and, at last, executed a portrait of his mother, and one of a foreign, vigorous, and picturesque ideal—called "The Exile"—which established his reputation in this sphere. He then went to New York, and there painted miniatures of Kensett and Mignot, the artists, Mrs. C. K. Griffin, and T. J. Bryan, Esq., the latter a masterpiece of expression and color. A series of crayon heads of children, remarkable for delicate accuracy and truth, were much admired. Having thus attained remarkable success in three different styles of portraiture, Staigg painted several *genre* pictures, which were immediately recognized as naïvely expressive, simple and true in feeling, and most gracefully conceived and colored: the subjects were—"The Crossing-Sweeper," "Reading the Illustrated News," "Skaters," "Cat's Cradle," "The Sailor's Grave," "The Patriotic Maiden," "Knitting," "The Love-Letter," "News from the War," "Somebody's Coming," and the "Beach at Newport—Moonlight." His last miniature was painted five years since—that of Mrs. Eugene Langdon, and it is one of his best. Of late years Staigg has had his studio in Boston, where he has been constantly employed. Among his later and very successful oil portraits, are a three-quarter length of Mrs. Charles Appleton, a nearly full-length of Dr. Ray, and especially the portraits of General Stephenson and Captain Grafton, who were killed in battle during the War for the Union. There is a mature tone of color, a rich vital force, an individuality and a harmony in Staigg's best portraits, which are rare and invaluable qualities; he has a fine feeling and a delicate insight; there is nothing crude or exaggerated in his style; and he comprehends the refinements of his art, of which his ideal is exalted, and to which his devotion has been single and earnest. His "Cat's Cradle" and the "Novel Reader" belong to R. M. Olyphant, Esq., of New York; "Two Children at the Sailor's Grave—Newport, R. I." is in the collection of R. L. Stuart, Esq., of New York; his "Little Crossing-Sweeper" belongs to J. Tuckerman, Esq.; and a *replica* thereof, with "The Little Gate-Keeper," to J. Taylor Johnston, Esq., of New York.

A critic of one of the Academy Exhibitions in New York thus estimates Staigg's contributions to the *genre* department:

"We call 'Cat's Cradle' by far the best work of art which ever, within our knowledge, came from Staigg's studio. No picture of sweet young heads by the tenderest of old English child-painters better deserves to become a classic than this little gem—and nothing can be simpler in its means or motive. A girl of ten stands showing the 'Cat's Cradle' trick to another a head shorter; the former sweetly experienced and demure in her look and full of world-wisdom, so far as cat's cradle goes; the latter sweetly absorbed in the wonderful skill which her elder is putting forth, and modest no less than admiring to the tenderest degree of little girlhood. The taller is a golden-haired beauty in a basque of blue—the younger has dark-brown hair and long black lashes. The flesh tones and the whole coloring of the picture are soft and bright to fascination. 'The Faggot-Gatherer' is a boy with a bundle of sticks on his head—good in light, but too undecided in drawing. 'By the Sad Sea Waves' is the title of a pleasantly-colored picture of a young lady at the sea-coast—quite too pretty to be left long disconsolate, and too modern in her watering-place dress and appearance to be mourning in dead earnest. She will flirt that pretty handkerchief at Fitz-Potts the very next time he rides past her barouche on the sands. 'Reading the Extra' and 'Going Home in the Snow' are two specimens of Staigg's happiest mood.

Within a few years, several of our artists have devoted themselves, with more or less success, to that kind of *genre* painting in which the modern French school has become so eminent; comparatively few, however, boast the thorough equipment in color and drawing which gives to those gems, even when destitute of much invention, a certain artistic value. In the more prosaic and homely phase, as we have seen, Edmonds has produced some popular but inelegant works; Flagg, a nephew of Allston, aimed at more refined subjects with some success; Lambdin, though crude in execution, has a true sense of the pathetic; but the choicest studies of the kind have been made by Hunt, Ehninger, Staigg, and Eastman Johnson.

Hunt.

William Morris Hunt is a native of the beautiful rural town of Brattleboro, Vt. At the age of sixteen he entered Harvard University, but failing health obliged him to abandon study and go abroad. His fondness for art led him to become a student thereof at the Dusseldorf Academy, in 1846, his first intention being to devote himself to sculpture; but in a few months, having clearly ascertained his own qualifications and predilections, he went to Paris, and became a pupil of Coiture. Few of our artists more distinctly manifest in their native endowments and tone of mind so legitimate a claim to the profession.

Nothing can present a greater contrast than one of the large, dreary studios of Rome, where a solitary artist works slowly and fondly over some favorite conception, and the life-school wherein the student of painting at Paris learns to draw. Coiture's studio, where several American

artists acquired their facility as draughtsmen, and their aptitude for *genre* art, is situated far away from the fashionable centre of Paris. In a vast hall, a crowd of young men from every quarter of the globe may be seen and heard, yielding unconcernedly to a vivacious mood that is quite the reverse of that earnest, contemplative atmosphere which we associate with art-studies. They whistle and smoke and sing and argue, sometimes blaspheme, and sometimes narrate or dramatize, as the humor suggests; but all the while they observe, practice, think, and, if endowed with the least skill or ambition, *learn*. Excellent models, valuable hints, the example, encouragement, or criticism of the master, emulation, sympathy, and a certain social ardor, quicken perception; and it is rare that a practical facility and felicity of execution, and in the choice of the *naïve*, picturesque, or dramatic, in life and nature, do not result from the curious combination of discipline and *abandon* thus realized.

It is impossible to associate with Hunt, however casually, without recognizing in him the artistic organization and perception. He has a wonderfully quick eye for the picturesque; he notes the characteristic in people, and the beautiful and expressive in nature with singular emphasis. The discipline to which art-students are subjected in Paris insures them, when there is the least ambition and fitness, a facile mastery of the conventional requirements of their vocation. They learn how to draw, and command the alphabet or language of art; but, besides this thoroughness, where there is the least inborn capacity, they are made to feel how essential to a picture is expression; they come to understand how useless is skill in technicalities—fluency in the elements—if they have nothing to say. All things being equal, therefore, it may be predicted of the *elèves* of the best French artists that, with accuracy of drawing, they have also a clearer and more positive method, less vague conceptions, the habitude of distinctly realizing a picture in their own mind before attempting to put it on canvas. Moreover, the practical excellence thus derived leads to a habit of close and wise observation, whereby fresh subjects are continually inspired. Hunt has executed several memorable portraits wherein the choice of attitude, costume, and accessories, as well as the force and individuality of expression, indicate this scientific observation of nature. There is nothing crude or conventional in these works; they are full of character—a result obtained by the most simple artistic expedients; they are also remarkable for harmony of tone—for a treatment thoroughly adapted to the subject; and, therefore, as works of art, independent of their value as likenesses, the best of Hunt's portraits are choice and charming. But while so many of the fraternity are obliged to resort to portraiture as the most lucrative and available sphere of work, the genius of Hunt is eminently creative. He excels in the *naïve*, and is a kindred spirit to Frere. Choosing the most unpretending—often the most familiar subjects, he throws over and into them that "touch of nature" that "makes the whole world kin." It may be a ragged urchin, or a demure little shepherdess, a lovely chorister, a pensive deer, or a mischievous

rabbit, that takes his eye ; but he gives thereto such a natural or human significance, either of *naïveté*, sweetness, or character, that the delineation is too attractive and significant to be forgotten. For more than three years Hunt contributed to the Paris annual exhibitions, enjoyed the intimacy of the cleverest adepts and the most earnest students in art, then and there, and brought home with him a well-trained and richly-furnished mind, and the dexterity and devotion of a genuine artist.

An interesting and characteristic memorial of his studies consists of a series of what have been called "types of city life"—well known through widely-circulated lithographic copies, executed by the artist himself. Simple and true, *naïve* and expressive, the merit of these figures is perhaps best indicated by their suggestiveness. Who that has sojourned in the French metropolis can look at the "Girl at the Fountain," the "Child Selling Violets," or the "Street Musician," and not have his reveries at the window and his strolls about the city streets, recalled with all the vividness of reality? It is not the quantity but the quality of visible objects that excite associations ; and the absolute truth and nature, the very simplicity and *naïveté* of these humble fragments of life, isolated from the vast multitude amid which they have a characteristic and familiar existence, brings home that life and the subjects themselves not only to the eye, but to the heart, the imagination, and the consciousness.

His "Lost Kid" is a gracious rural image, mellow and expressive—it is the property of Sidney Brooks, Esq. ; his two Girl-Choristers not only sing, but their very figures and faces are tenderly imbued with music and maidenhood.

Again, here is a patch of hillside whose tint and rocks recall the vicinage of Boston ; a plain old wooden domicile crowns the declivity up which a blue-coated soldier makes his lonely way ; nothing can be more commonplace than the scene, and yet it is so expressively painted as to tell a story and excite a mood at once. "The Marguerites" is a beautiful girl slowly testing her love by nipping leaf after leaf from the flower of that name—simple in action, but so naïvely true to nature, that it has became a popular lithograph.

His portrait of a youth who died from illness contracted in the Union service as a Richmond prisoner, taken after death, is a mature, finely modelled, and vitally genuine head ; it belongs to Dr. David King, of Newport, R. I. Hunt has painted several portraits of ladies, wherein the position, costume, character, and expression are given with the highest artistic tact. His ability in this sphere is constantly in demand, so that it is only at intervals that he can work out a *genre* theme. He has lived and painted much abroad ; when at home, in Newport, R. I., and Boston, Mass.

A picture which has long occupied this gifted artist, and will prove a remarkable evidence of his original skill and feeling, is the "Morning Star." For spirit, genuine action, and true character, the Horses of the Sun in this powerful conception show masterly talent. He first modelled them, and the cast is a fine study for sculptor or painter. Some of Hunt's portraits are

among the best produced by native art. He seizes upon the natural language of his sitters, and gives the expression of their character; in some instances he has succeeded in the latter, where other painters have failed from the inherent difficulties of the subject; in others, his likenesses are not satisfactory; but he has been memorably successful in some female heads; while his portrait of Chief-Justice Shaw, Dana, the poet, and others, are perfect triumphs of the pencil. In these, and in his impromptu landscapes, the influence of the French school is manifest in the effects he produces, through what may be called fidelity to expression as distinguished from fidelity to mere details, although the brown tints prevail too much to be always true and pleasing. There is, however, a feeling and a significance seldom attributable to the subject itself, but eliminated therefrom by virtue of the artist's insight and sympathy. The tone of the sky, the texture of a bush, the figure of a girl or a domestic fowl, the most simple and familiar scenes and objects, he often renders with a *naïve* truth and reality of feeling, which is one of the most rare and racy charms of pictorial art. On the other hand, a more spirited figure cannot be imagined than his "Drummer Boy" or "Bugle Call," two of the most popular and significant pictorial illustrations of the war for the Union. Whether dealing with the animated expression of real life, or the *naïve* phases of nature, or the simple expression of character, there is a truth, grace, and power in his work that instantly reveal original artistic genius.

Lambdin.

Representations of poverty and illness in pictures of cabinet size, by George C. Lambdin, of Philadelphia, have again and again made an impression at Exhibitions, because of the skill in pathetic expression, both as to human features and the still-life accessories; but there is an evident lack of discipline in the technical details; we can easily imagine a mature training would develop memorable results; the superstructure, but not the foundation, of *genre* art is manifest. We feel and know that the painter has something very definite and touching to say on canvas, and he says it, but not always with the clear and complete emphasis which comes from accuracy and disciplined aptitude. Amateurs have liberally recognized the genuine sentiment of Lambdin's best pictures. His "Mother of a Large Family" and "Initials" belong to R. M. Olyphant; "The Reverie" and "Sunday Morning in Spring" to J. Taylor Johnston; "Lazy Bones," "Gathering Cherries," "In the Library," and "Autumn Grasses," are in the collection of Marshall O. Roberts; "The Little Knitter" and the "Blowing Bubbles" belong to J. B. Murray, of New York. In a picture by Lambdin, selected for the Paris Exposition, and called the "Last Sleep," foreign critics have recognized great pathetic expression; secluded sunlight and other points are remarkably well given.

His picture called the "Consecration, 1861," represents a young volunteer officer parting from his sweetheart, who kisses his sword, and thereby dedicates it to freedom and victory. Another has true power and pathos. It is the visit of a bereaved husband to the body of his young wife. The

blinds are drawn ; the fair youthful form lies stilled in death, and the husband, utterly crushed with grief, has flung himself across the bed. His face is not seen, but we can imagine its pallor, even as in fancy we can hear the choking sobs with which his bosom heaves.

For many years American visitors at Rome have enjoyed the hospitable guidance of Luther Terry, and many of them have brought away or ordered a picture from his studio as a grateful memorial of pleasant intercourse. He has painted historical, portrait, and *genre* compositions ; and, with few exceptions, the latter class, especially when devoted to local and familiar subjects, have been the most satisfactory ; while sometimes too ambitious in his choice of subjects, he has given us many pleasant illustrations of Italian peasant-life. One of his latest pictures is a curious allegorical subject ; it is intended to represent the " North and South ; " a female figure in a sitting posture occupies the centre, and personifies America ; on her right is another, recumbent on a cotton-bale, slightly draped, and with tropical fruits at her feet ; while, on her left, a third, completely draped, holds a volume upon which she is intent ; it needs not the New England village in the distance to indicate that she is the fair representative thereof. Terry.

Of all our *genre* painters, Elihu Vedder is the most individual and independent. A scion of the old Knickerbocker stock, and but now in his prime, he has pursued his artistic way with singular self-reliance, freedom, and faith. Whatever defects there may be in his pictures, they are never uninteresting, rarely unimpressive ; and this is because his mood and manner are his own ; he follows out a weird, fantastic, or ideal vein, which is the reverse of the conventional and familiar, and yet is too genuine to be grotesque. Perhaps no one of our artists has excited greater expectations. We instinctively imagine him about to surprise or enchant us, so many hints of the strange, the psychological, and the poetically suggestive, are given by his compositions. He passed several years in Italy, then opened a studio in New York, his native city, and has again gone abroad. Among his memorable paintings are " The Arab Listening with his ear to the Great Sphinx," " St. Simeon Stylites on his Pillar," with the dangling rope of communication, and the lower columns in the distance, on which he had lived before ; the " Lost Mind " wandering among the waste places of the earth ; and " The Lair of the Sea-Serpent ; "—subjects which indicate the original cast of his mind and the peculiar sphere of his art. In an illustration of Tennyson, " The Monk upon the Gloomy Path," Vedder gives us the sea-shore, with a cedar bowed by the storm, but, as it were, visibly struggling with the adverse elements of destiny ; a little " White Fortress," isolated, bare—Spain's red and gold flag " shuddering " against a stormy sky—is wonderfully impressive ; the Sea-Serpent, coiled slimily on a desolate sand-bank, makes one feel as in reading Victor Hugo's terrific description of a similar monster in Les Miserables ; in the " Sphinx " picture, the cold, early daybreak reveals a lonely Arab in the desert, with his lips at the mouth Vedder.

of the vast mystical image, asking for the great secret. There is an irresistible appeal to the imagination in such works; they strike a key-note in the mind; they kindle the fancy; they create a mood—wild or weird, desolate or grand—we feel that it is his thought, and not a mere outward image which the painter portrays. Such an artist's external life is of little interest compared with his mental experience. The proof of the originality of his work is, that it acts so decidedly upon the senses and the sensibility, and often through means apparently the most limited. A critic, for instance, thus describes the picture called "The Lair of the Sea-Serpent," when exhibited at the Academy of Design:—

"After wandering through a wilderness of mediocrity, it renders one speechless to come suddenly upon so much originality of idea and power of execution. At last the myth of the sea has found an interpreter. Criticisms on this painting are loud and various, and though many are repelled by the steel-gray monster that is the only bit of life in a wonderful landscape, all are obliged to allow the exceeding ability of the artist. Fancy a background of silvery-blue sea, and soft transparent sky which is a reflex of the water, a dead calm pervading, allowing scarce a ripple of the water, even where it nears the land, a warmth so tropical, that you feel as though you stood on the equator. In the foreground lies a sandy, sultry waste, stretching out into the sea with a wonderful effect. Tufts of grass, burnt yellow by the scorching noonday sun, show how dead is vegetation, and a cluster of scrubby brush is the centre, around which is the serpent's trail. Back of this, on higher ground, lies the sea-serpent, coil on coil, his head resting upon the sand, with a dilated eye as glittering and sultry as the still-life around it. Critics have exhausted the passions of hate, revenge, etc., etc., in describing what they consider to be an 'evil eye.' To us that eye expresses nothing more terrible than insatiable, impatient longing. Here is a creature drearily alone in his lair, the last of his kind, doomed to roam the sea, another species of Wandering Jew, no likeness to other monsters of the deep, no recognition from them—a friendless thing, that sees itself unlike all nature in its solitude, that seems to ask, in a dumb, passionate way, how many ages more existence must be prolonged? To us, this picture is the tragedy of solitude. Many are disappointed that the sea-serpent is not painted in gay colors; such a serpent would be contrary to nature, which gives dark coloring to the largest animals of both sea and land."

A correspondent of a London journal, recently writing from Rome, says:—

"The studio of M. Vedder, who has just arrived from Florence, contains at present but few works, among which I may mention a weird and novel representation of a scene at the Crucifixion, the dead portrayed as meeting the living, as the crowds pass to and fro between the city and the Cross. It is a conception which gives much room for striking effects of light and shade, and the depicting of contrasted feelings; but one which we cannot but wish were connected with some scene less awful and holy, where the

free play of imagination need not be checked by any sentiment of religious awe. A view of the Convent of San Miniato is very carefully and effectively colored, and one remarks a neat little series of illustrations of the celebrated fable of the father and son who bought a donkey, and having little of that animal's resolute independence of character, endeavored to please every one in the disposal of their purchase, until, at the expense of the animal, they learned the futility of the endeavor."

Elihu Vedder was born in the city of New York, February, 1836. His father, a dentist, was then in practice there; but soon after went to Cuba, where he still resides. Both the parents of the artist are of the old Dutch stock of the Mohawk Valley, and came from the vicinity of Schenectady. As a child, the little Elihu would chew sticks into brushes, and invest his money in cheap paints; at the age of twelve, he painted a fruit-piece of decided promise; he used to delineate the cat, dog, cow, and members of the family, and, from the first, showed skill and taste in color; he took a quarter's lessons in drawing, and soon after went to Sherburne, N. Y., to study with Matteson; this preliminary discipline was followed by a visit to Europe, whence he returned to open a studio in New York; during the last few years he has lived in Italy, visiting other parts of the continent. While a student with Matteson, he was painstaking, patient, and earnest, with a very modest estimate of himself. In company with Andrew Warren, a fellow-student, he made out-of-door studies from nature; but his taste was for figure-painting. Ardent in temperament, and diligent in pursuit of art, he was also eminently social, and had a keen appreciation of humor. His first original attempts were timid; he made several copies, among them Wilkie's "Blind Fiddler;" but it was only by degrees, after a year's study of the rudiments with Matteson, that he exhibited that fertility of imagination and vigor of handling, which have since characterized his works.

W. J. Hennessy, though his pictures are sometimes deficient in vitality of tone and purity of color, manifests no ordinary facility in that kind of artistic aptitude which enables the pencil to outrival the pen in telling a story. He has been an industrious, and, with a certain class, a popular artist, in some branches of *genre* painting. He lately exhibited a little picture representing a poor old woman picking up sticks in a forest at dusk; and the look of extreme age, indigence, and toil about the solitary figure, reminded the spectator of Goody Blake in Wordsworth's Ballad, on account of the sentiment of privation so keenly suggested. Hennessy.

Hennesy has been a hard student and industrious illustrator. His picture called "Drifting" first gave him reputation: it is poetically sad; a pensive figure in a lonely boat floating adrift through a lowering landscape; then he showed his humorous talent by the picture called "Getting himself Up;"—a boy in a garret vigorously brushing his hair—with genuine boyish will and glee; and in the pathetic, another work indicated equal talent, touching and true; it is called "Morning Devotion," and represents an old

woman at prayer in a garret. Since this early success Hennessy has executed many elaborate pictures, in which he has aimed to express sentiment, or illustrate scenes of tenderness and humor.

"Under the Pines," represents a young lady, who has apparently just arrived at the dreamy age of sweet sixteen, seated on a mossy bank beneath the shadow of a noble group of pines. The expression of her face is contemplative, as if she were gazing into some pleasant visions that her fancy has conjured up. Out under the pine boughs on the left is a quiet pool of water, reflecting clearly the shrubs and reeds upon its brink. The painting is broad in its masses, and the effect is very summer-like.

Another picture is called "Mon Brave," and represents a lady kissing the portrait of a soldier, whom she has given to die for the great fight for liberty. "The Beach at Long Branch," is effective. The time selected is afternoon, and on the long sandy stretch below the bluffs are gathered groups of ladies waiting for their dilatory beaux. Some are reading, some are sewing, and others are looking dreamily over the scarcely agitated water. The afternoon effect is well rendered, and the appearance of the sandy beach is given with truth to Nature.

"Hennessy," says a critic of one of the recent Academy Exhibitions, "is rapidly rising toward the foremost rank of our American *genre* painters. 'Gathering Faggots' is chiefly valuable for its glimpse of brilliant red sky, and the fine relief of a figure against it, standing on the crest of a wooded hill whose base was in deep twilight shadow. 'The First Day Out' represents a charmingly serious little experimentalist taking the earliest steps in the world, surrounded by his doting and anxious, yet delighted family. The expressions on their faces are as significant as an utterance—but that of the baby is more delicious yet. He is so solemn—so absorbed—such a veritable Columbus discovering unknown territory in the shape of legs—that you wonder whether Hennessy is not still younger than he looks, since he remembers so well how a baby feels. 'The Height of Ambition' is a spirited picture of the same baby, a few years older, marshalling a company of wooden soldiers on a table to the music of his first drum. The happiness of childhood's martial phase scarcely ever had a livelier exponent. But by far the best of Hennessy's contributions to this Academy is his 'Passing Away.' The lovely harmony of design and pathos of motive belonging to it can hardly get just suggestion by our describing it as the picture of an aged woman, sitting in calm meditation by the dormer window of a garret, through which streams the pensive, fading light of an autumnal sunset, with her long-used Bible before her, and the wrinkles of many sorrows on her forehead, but the pain gone from every line, and only the patience of experience, the hope of the early end, left behind upon her features. The story is told with the strong simplicity of real genius."

Boughton.

When a youth in his brother's shop—a prosperous hat manufacturer, in Albany, N. Y., George H. Boughton was known among his few intimate associates as fond of sketching, and full of humor and sentiment. He sent a series of illustra-

tions of Shakspeare to a New York publishing house, and, although the proposal to issue them was declined, they were recognized as having decided and original merit. Soon after, Boughton tried his hand at landscape; in 1857 he sent to the committee seeking contributions to the Ranney Fund, a little picture called "Winter Twilight:" it was highly praised by the artists for its sentiment, simplicity, and truth. Soon after he made a small sketch called the "Lake of the Dismal Swamp," an imaginative, yet none the less real, landscape, breathing the very soul of desolate and weird nature; the feeling in this sketch was prophetic of Boughton's artistic development, and it is therefore an interesting memorial. It is in the possession of his friend, Launt Thompson, the sculptor. From scenic to figure pieces the transition was natural; but herein Boughton was conscious of his inadequate training, and he went abroad to study. He has sent home many beautiful evidences of his progress. Of English birth, he married in England, but has lived much on the continent; he has had a successful career in London. No one of our artists has exhibited such genuine pathos and pure latent sentiment upon canvas; some of his small pictures are gems of their kind, they tell a touching story so naïvely—as their very names indicate—like "Coming through the Rye," "Passing into the Shade," etc. "Coming from Church" represents an old French peasant woman and her granddaughter, slowly walking home from Mass; the lonely, snow-clad country, the coarse but neat Normandy dress of the elder woman, and of the fair young girl upon whose arm she leans, who wears a large bonnet and carries the prayer book—the artless beauty of the young, contrasted with the furrowed countenance of the elder woman; their slightly abstracted air, and the calm simplicity with which the holy shadow of their recent devotions rests on their expressions, and is reflected, as it were, in the still, cold, peaceful landscape, are singularly pleasing and impressive.

There is an eclecticism in art as in philosophy, not only as regards style, but subject; the technical divisions in painting do not comprise all its possible varieties; not only do portrait-painters often excel in landscape, but adepts in the latter include a tact and ability which combines therewith the most salient traits of *genre* art. Hence it is needful to go beyond the arbitrary distinctions, and recognize a multiform or eclectic genius. Among American artists who, with a decided taste and ability for landscape, combine therewith the *naïve* and weird elements which belong to the most expressive kind of *genre* art, is George H. Boughton, of Albany. For a considerable period before his peculiar merits were generally recognized, little pictures and sketches, contributed to casual exhibitions, won the attention of judicious observers by the originality of idea, or the feeling displayed, both in treatment and choice of subject. Among the earliest of these were snow scenes, rustic figures, glimpses of humble life, bits of fantasy and sentiment, indicative of a keen and tender sympathy with natural language. Many of these were instinctively pronounced "charming"—that word best expressing their kind of attraction;

in pathos as well as in quaintness, in the superstitious as well as the tranquil side of character and life, Boughton manifested an insight and a skill full of promise. He improved his executive talent by study at Paris—the best school for the discipline and development of his special gifts as an artist. An anecdote of his life there, evinces that humor which almost invariably accompanies sentiment. While copying a picture in the Louvre, one of those egotistical and verdant Englishmen, so often encountered on the continent, entered the gallery, guide-book in hand, and *lacquey de place* at his heels; many students, *flaneurs*, and strangers were looking at the pictures. The *Anglais* approached Delaroche's "Hemi-cycle," and, examining the figures through his eye-glass,—one of which, in costume and figure, bears a striking resemblance to Dante,—"Ah," said the irate islander, reproachfully, to the *valet de place*, "what does this mean? all the great men, including Dante, but not Shakespeare; just like these infernal Frenchmen—left out Shakespeare!" and then in a loud and angry voice, and with a threatening gesture, he exclaimed: "It is an insult to England!" and savagely stalked away, to the infinite amusement of the bystanders. But the comedy was not yet over. Boughton gravely, in his turn, examined the famous work of Delaroche, and pretended also indignant surprise, exclaiming: "Ah, what is the meaning of this? all the great men of the world, and Washington left out! It's an insult to America!" The part was so well enacted as to delight the auditors.

Boughton's French practice, added to his native perception and genuine feeling, seemed to complete his artistic equipment; and the works he exhibited, abroad and at home, unpretending in size and simple in subject, have won the most discriminate recognition on both sides of the channel; their breadth and softness of tone and color, and their genuine sentiment. have been repeatedly designated as superior and satisfactory. "Through the Fields," "Hop-Pickers Returning," "Twilight," "Cold Without," "The Cottage Window," "Morning Prayer," and "Passing into the Shade," are subjects which demonstrate the scope and tendency of this artist's talent and taste; nature and sentiment, the familiar but suggestive, and, above all, the human element, is what he seizes and embodies. A leading London critical authority declares that Boughton "has learnt the secret of putting natural feeling into rustic figures, which has been almost entirely wanting to English painters."

"The Ambush" is a happy effort. Every one who has ever seen "Young America" in winter, recognizes at a glance the wonderful fidelity to nature in every detail of this picture. Boughton's "Match-Boy" belongs to A. M. Cozzens, Esq., of New York; his "Scarlet Letters," to R. M. Olyphant; "Moonlight Skating," to J. Taylor Johnston; "Coming through the Rye," to Lucius Tuckerman; "Passing into the Shade," to W. T. Blodgett; "Lake of the Dismal Swamp," to August Belmont; "Coming from Church," to Sheppard Gandy; "Gypsy Woman," to M. O. Roberts; "The Old Story," to the National Academy, and "Winter Twilight," to R. L. Stuart, of New York.

"Passing into the Shade" represents two old peasant-women, the one care-subdued, and the other worn, but cheery, slowly walking over the dead leaves and under the faded boughs of a woodland; the November tint of the foliage, the denuded trees, the dim chill atmosphere, and the infirm, pensive, and poor old strollers, tell the story at a glance; nature and humanity have here together "fallen into the sere and yellow leaf;" there is deep pathos in the figures, accessories, and contrasted expression.

An old peasant woman on her knees beside her lowly bed, in the cold twilight of a wintry dawn,—a little girl watering flowers at a cottage window, or Whittier's "Maud Müller,"—subjects which owe all their effect to the feeling with which they are delineated,—show Boughton's affinity to the school whereof Frere is so endeared an expositor. One of his pictures, in a late Academy exhibition, is thus described: "The picture, entitled 'Cold Without,' is not the potable of that designation, but another kind of attempt at raising caloric, instituted by one very old and another very young female peasant, in a room through whose diamond-paned windows the bitter cold snow may be seen lying in crystal powder upon the frozen sills out-doors. The old woman is a typical peasant of the hardest worked and poorest fed French class—dry, meagre, gnarly-faced and brown, but gayly attired in a tasteful red turban, brown sack, and blue skirt. As she sits, feeding a reluctant stove with those pipe-stem sticks which form the French fuel, her little grandchild, ill-favored and tawny, but bright-looking, from a finely managed Rembrandtesque fire-reflection thrown upon her face, blows sturdily away into the hearth on a big bellows. The same softness of tone, lovely arrangement of color, and graphic drawing of forms and expressions, which make all Boughton's pictures so fascinating, have here their full opportunity and use."

Boughton has been quite successful of late in finding a ready sale for his pictures in London; they are, indeed, exactly adapted for that domestic enjoyment to which art so genially ministers in Great Britain; and we cannot but attribute this artist's skill and *naïveté*, in part, at least, to the free experimental initiation he enjoyed at home, followed by the admirable system of the best French *ateliers*. An English art-journal, in a critical notice of the pictures in the British Institution, thus confirms this view, while paying a high and just tribute to two of Boughton's recent works:

"Amid the imaginative unfeeling pictures of the commonest common life, which seem the stock-in-trade of the painters here, there are few which show study, thought, and taste. One of the best of these is a small picture by Mr. Boughton, entitled 'Passing into the Shade,' which represents a couple of aged peasant-women tottering along through a wood, painted with infinite grace and feeling. Like all works exhibited by this painter, it is very French in style, but the Gallicism is that of education, not of affectation. A second little work by the same hand—shamefully hung, by the way—called 'Jack Frost,' is most original and humorous. If punning were allowed us, we might say that the earliest of erl-kings is painting away on a window-pane for a canvas, and covering it on a cold

and frosty morning with lovely coral shaped and ferny patterns, for which purpose he has half used up the tube of flake-white pigment left on the window sill."

The life-record of this refined artist is as uneventful as it is suggestive; he owes his progress to the judicious culture of genuine gifts. Born in Norfolk, England, in 1836, he was brought to America when between three and four years of age; commenced art-studies without a teacher, at the age of sixteen, at Albany, N. Y., where his parents had settled; sold his third or fourth picture to the New York American Art-Union, and received such substantial encouragement from that institution, that he was enabled to go to London in 1853. He studied, chiefly out of doors, for six months, and then returned to Albany, and thence removed to New York. In 1859 Boughton visited Paris, and studied by himself, aided, however, by kindly suggestions from various artists, and, among others, by Edward Frere. In 1861 he opened his studio in London, and has since remained there.

This clever *genre* artist is now in Europe. He was born in Buffalo, N.Y., and for several years studied there with W. H. Beard. One of his most careful works—"An Artist's Studio"—with a portrait of Vedder, is in the possession of S. C. Evans, Esq., of New York; another, "Interior," crowded with still-life accessories, and a virtuoso occupying the room, was quite successful, and remarkably elaborate in detail. Coleman's later works are still more picturesque and significant.

C. C. Coleman.

Another American artist found subjects for his pencil among the distinguished literateurs of the French capital, whither he went to execute a picture for the vacant panel of the Rotunda of the Capitol at Washington,—a commission bestowed upon him rather in deference to his Western origin than because of priority of claim in point of rank or age. Originally intended for Professor Morse, the order was solicited by the friends of Inman, Huntington, and others; but, according to the singular system of applying to art-commissions the principle of State-rights, it was finally awarded to a young artist from Ohio—William H. Powell. He chose for his subject the discovery of the Mississippi by De Soto, who is represented in knightly costume, attended by his soldiers and priests, and mounted on a charger—the group emerging through one of the leafy oak openings upon the banks of the mighty river then and there first revealed to the sight of European adventurers. Powell brought home portraits of Lamartine, Dumas, and other popular French writers, and has also executed full-length portraits of Washington Irving and other native celebrities, besides a large number of heads of private individuals. But the most elaborately finished of Powell's pictures is the "Battle of Lake Erie," painted for the State of Ohio. A better subject for an historical picture can hardly be imagined. Who has not pictured to himself the gallant Perry as he left the shattered hulk of the "Lawrence," and, amid the flying shot of the enemy, dashed in his boat to the "Niagara," brought her into action, and won the day? Cooper

Powell.

and Mackenzie, Calvert and Dr. Parsons, Bancroft and others, have narrated the event with more or less authenticity and eloquence. The moment chosen by the artist is that when the boat leaves the "Lawrence," whose bow, encumbered with broken spars, and overshadowing a seaman's corpse, looms over the frail boat thus exposed to the storm of the cannonade; two or three gallant tars cheer her departure; around and above is the thick smoke of battle—through which the spars of the enemy's squadron are discernible in the order in which they had fought and drifted. A shot has struck the water under the gunwale of the boat, to the evident consternation of Perry's black servant, Hannibal; the others, though more than one has been wounded, are intent upon rowing, though it is evident from their earnest looks that sympathy with and admiration for their heroic leader, swell their hearts: he—the central figure, the soul of the picture—is standing with outstretched arm, and resolute and confident look, unconscious of his handsome little brother, who tugs at his dress, or of the deprecating gesture of the helmsman to make him sit down and avoid the terrible exposure, of which, in the excitement of the moment, he is unaware; he is evidently just from the heat of the action, having his coat thrown open, his collar loose, his hair flying in the breeze, and his brave heart absorbed in the fight; he has evidently caught up his sword from the binnacle or deck, seized his commodore's pennant, and sprung into the boat to redeem the day. The men are genuine nautical types—models from the Brooklyn Navy-yard; and, in every detail, of rig, uniform, attitude, emblem, etc., the artist has availed himself of authentic materials and the best professional counsel; and thus obtained an effective, harmonious, and inspiring result.

Powell's portraits of Generals Anderson and McClennan are in the New York City Hall; his "Landing of the Pilgrims" and "Scott's Entry into the City of Rome," belong to M. O. Roberts, Esq., of New York. His portraits of private individuals are numerous.

Joseph Ames is a native of Rosbury, New Hampshire, where his grandfather was the original "lord of the manor." When twelve years old he attempted a portrait of his little brother on a piece of board in the barn—which crude experiment showed an aptness for likeness in amusing contrast to lack of knowledge in artistic method. Soon after an artist lent him a picture to copy; and, by practice, his facility so increased that he soon embarked on an active career. In Baltimore and Boston he found, for several years, more sitters than he could accommodate; as well as frequent orders from New York and Washington. Among his popular portraits, often repeated, are those of Webster, Rachel, and Choate. His "Death of Webster" has been engraved; his portrait of Pius IX. was much admired; and of fancy pieces his delineation of types of rustic New England beauty, like "Maud Muller," and the "Old Stone Pitcher, or Girl coming from the Well," have been favorites. His portrait of President Felton is at Harvard College; that of the prima donna Marietta Gazzaniga is a good example. Ames paints on an aver-

Ames.

age seventy-five portraits in a year; of course they often lack high finish; but his fresh and bright tints and frequent success in likeness—even the rapidity of his execution—contribute to his prosperous activity.

A. H. Wenzler, a Dane by birth, but long a citizen of New York, whither he came in boyhood, is as devoted a student of art as is to be found in that metropolis. His standard is high, his zeal unremitted. In spirit he is kindred with the most self-devoted of his profession. No one has painted more exquisite miniatures, with such lovely flesh-tints, such fine drawing, and delicate color. They remind us of the *chefs d'œuvre* of that branch of art, hoarded in the caskets of beauty and worn on the bosom of affection. One of his last triumphs in a department of art where mediocrity is so common and the highest success rare, is a portrait of the highly-endowed and deeply-lamented son of our respected fellow-citizen, Dr. Francis. Although dependent on a daguerrotype and his affectionate memory alone, so perfect in expression, so life-like in lineament, so characteristic to the minutest detail, is this beautiful work, that we feel, as we examine it, that love inspired what genius conceived, and thus reproduced the living image so endeared, to console hearts otherwise indeed bereft of all but the memory of his nobleness and his worth. The oil portraits of this artist have won great admiration for the extreme reality of their details and for their excellent drawing: in tone and hue they have been more experimental, and therefore less satisfactory; there is an extremely literal imitation of local facts almost photographic in its character.

Wenzler.

A favorite young artist of Ohio, a State remarkable for the number of gifted sculptors and painters to whom it has either given birth or encouragement, is Thomas Buchanan Read, who is, perhaps, better known by his verses than his pictures, both of which are remarkable for a certain grace of conception and refinement of execution. He was born in Chester County, Pennsylvania, March 12, 1822, removed to Cincinnati at the age of seventeen, entered a sculptor's studio, but soon devoted himself to painting. In 1841 he established himself as a portrait-painter in New York, and subsequently in Boston and Philadelphia. In 1850 he went to Europe, and resided for several years in Rome and Florence. Of his ideal pictures the "Lost Pleiad" and the "Water Sprite" are the most characteristic. The tone of mind of this artist is essentially poetical; he has strong sympathies with beauty, both in nature and in expression, which find fluent utterance in verse, of which he has published several volumes.

Read.

His portrait of George Peabody is in the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, Md.; and those of Longfellow's children, in a group, are well known through a popular photograph. He executed several fanciful conceptions; and his powers of expression seemed to find vent as readily in language as in color. His first local reputation was acquired in portraiture; his alternate residence at the West and North, and his sojourns in Europe,

have somewhat scattered the evidences of his art-industry; and although he continues to practise as a painter, he is best known as a writer of graceful and graphic verse.

Christopher Pearse, son of the late Chief-Justice Cranch, of Washington, D. C., is another instance of artistic vocation springing from a love of beauty that dominates mere intellectual culture and professional education; like Greenough and Story he was the recipient of a college education, and destined for a learned profession. Born in Alexandria, Va., in 1813, he was graduated at Columbian College, Washington, in 1831: for three years he studied theology at the Divinity School in Cambridge, Mass.; became a licentiate, and after preaching for some time, withdrew from the ministry in 1842, and devoted himself to landscape art. As a writer his tendencies are æsthetic rather than theological; he is a keen and loving observer of nature; and sentiment colored all his views with a light born of contemplative sympathy with the latent beauty of life and the universe; moreover he experienced, as do all men thus constituted, an inaptitude for conventional conformity; he is sensitive and imaginative rather than practical; and, by temperament as well as taste, is an artist. He first found expression in verse; and many of his descriptive and psychological poems, as well as two ingenious fairy tales for children, which he also illustrated, indicate a fancifulness and feeling which demand the scope and habitual sustenance that art alone yields. Cranch was a contributor to that memorable organ of the New England transcendentalists—the "Dial;" he has much affinity with German literature; in 1854 he published a volume of poems. After residing a while in New York, he visited Italy, and remained there several years; returning to the United States, in 1853, he renewed his sojourn in Europe—residing chiefly at Paris. His time has been divided between the French metropolis and the different cities of Italy. Perhaps Sorrento has best ministered to his love of the beautiful in nature, as expressed in art; he has, during his ten years of exile, executed many admirable landscapes; those devoted to Swiss and Italian scenery have been justly admired for their grace, quiet truth, and ideal charm: there is, perhaps, a want of emphasis in the landscapes of Cranch, especially in the details of rock and foliage; but in the more ethereal elements, he often exhibits a skill and feeling which win the spectator; his clouds, atmosphere, and all the traits which bear generalization, evidence the hand of one in true though often vague relation with nature, especially in her loveliest and most serene moods. Since his return from Europe Cranch has resided in New York, and at Fishkill, Dutchess County. He has painted numerous views of Venice, several fruit-pieces, and other compositions, with attractive little bits of local scenery.

Cranch.

Since Ehninger's last return from Europe,—where he left many clever fruits of his pencil—he has completed several pictures, which have a force and finish that mark his practical advance; moreover, they are of a kind which few of our artists

Ehninger.

have attempted with any success, and represent some of the most charming phases and features of the English school. The subjects are taken from familiar rural experience, and bring home to the sympathetic mind the sensation and the sentiment of country life; there is a flavor about them which reminds us of Moreland and Gainsborough. Take, for instance, an English harvest field—how sweetly and truly the light falls on the golden sheaves and the patient farm-horses; how natural and English are the figures of the rustic laborers pitching the grain-shocks into the cart, the woman and the child seated in the pleasant field, and the whole air of peace and plenty! In drawing, color, composition, and feeling, this picture is most pleasing and masterly. Not less so is the American scene of a farmer halting his plough in the furrow, while his gudewife sets the baby on the horse; or the *naïve*, expressive donkeys in another rural subject—all conceived with simplicity and truth, and adapted much better than melodramatic and exaggerated sentimental pictures, as ornaments to our drawing-rooms, from the peaceful and salubrious tone they breathe, and the careful execution and genial spirit they exhibit.

Our estimate of his scope and abilities made some years since is confirmed by his recent works. We then said:—

"Not only has he proved a faithful student of the elements of his art, but has attained a degree of practical skill, and manifested an individuality rarely achieved in so brief a period. Wisely devoting himself to drawing, under the eye of a thoroughly educated French artist, he has avoided the careless habits and incomplete discipline which so hamper and limit the success of most of our young painters. Some of Ehninger's figures are outlined and foreshortened with the correctness of an adept; one can see in them a well-drilled hand; but what is still more pleasant to recognize, he knows how to seize on the principles of expression. His forms and faces have a decided meaning; there is positive character in his pictures. Somewhat of these traits might have been confidently predicted from the merit of his early sketches. They are finely toned: he knows the value of neutral tints; and manages light and shade with a most pleasing effect. Here, for instance, is a somewhat hackneyed subject, 'The Yankee Peddler;' but there is nothing Yankee in it but the subject; a patient handling and an expressive significance are manifest; nothing crude, hasty, or extravagant. Look at the two girls examining a piece of stuff; how characteristic the faces and attitudes! See the baby stretch over its mother's shoulder (while she bargains for the coffee-mill held temptingly up by the peddler), and strive to reach the trumpet the little brother holds to his lips; mark the boy's features in the shadow of his hat, and the heads of the horses; they are full of truth and character; the general artistic effect is almost too good for a subject of this class; though very apt in their treatment, a higher range is more appropriate for the artist. There, for instance, is a gem; it is only a 'New England Farm-Yard;' but, were we exiled to the tropics or Southern Europe, this picture would symbolize our country to imagination and memory. A negro boy is watering a horse at an old

mossy trough ; down the road a woman is slowly driving a cow toward the gate ; in the middle of the yard are four barn-yard fowls. Such are the simple materials. Note them in detail. The boy is one of those sable anomalies found about New England farms, that once known can hardly be forgotten : his action and face are inimitable ; the horse is excellent, drawn and colored to the life, its individuality and its breed recognized at a glance ; the expression of the face singularly true to nature ; then the fowls,—how exactly they look as we see them every summer-day from the window of our rural domicile ; it is not merely that attitude, form, and plumage are given with precision, but the natural language of the birds is preserved : one is reminded of Hawthorne's graphic description of the Pyncheon fowls, only Ehninger's are less antiquated and in better condition. How sweetly falls the afternoon's mellow light adown the vista of the adjacent road, and over the freshly-tinted foreground ! Some of the most natural points of the Flemish school are evident. Four little studies of costume and character, French in subject, and daintily executed, suggest that the artist would excel in the sphere to which Newton and Leslie have given popularity. His forte is *genre*. A small picture on panel has a finish and expression that would charm a virtuoso. It represents a youth killed in a duel, and his greyhound regarding his body ; a dusky chamber with antique appointments, a richly-dressed form stretched on the floor, a bloody rapier, and a dog, are the objects depicted ; but the look of the animal, the dead face, the *chiaro-oscuro*, affect one like Mrs. Radcliffe's night-scenes, or an episode of Froissart. We are attracted by a small landscape ; a cart whose Gallic origin is self-evident, drawn by horses of equally obvious Norman breed, a woman seated on the top of her load, with the well-known dress of a French peasant, a man in a blouse walking beside the team, a seaward view stretching from a treeless coast, on the bank of which rises a picturesque mill, unite to form a scene that recalls our day's ride on the top of the diligence, from Havre to Rouen, when every object was novel, and we knew, for the first time, what it was to be a stranger in a foreign land. This is a perfect bit of Normandy ; not an object or effect but tells the same story : a thunder-cloud, half-irradiated with sunshine, pours a rich though subdued light over the prospect. The ' Needle and the Sword,' ' The Lady at the Embroidery Frame,' and ' A Man examining a Foil,' are gems in their way."

John W. Ehninger graduated at Columbia College, in New York, of which city he is a native, at the age of twenty, in 1847. He soon became a student of painting with Coiture, having gone abroad immediately after completing his academical course. During his residence in Paris, he made numerous visits to other European capitals, and became acquainted with both the ancient and modern schools, by examining their best products and frequenting the most celebrated *ateliers*. An engraving, published by the American Art-Union in 1850, from an illustration of Irving's humorous History, executed in oil by Ehninger, probably first made him generally known as a young American artist of promise, in a comparatively

new sphere. Upon his return to the United States, he pursued his profession in a somewhat desultory manner, owing doubtless in part to the precarious demand for such works as he was best able to execute. At one time we find him illustrating a new and popular poem, at another successfully teaching a class of ladies; now at work upon a new process of etching, by means of photography; and again engaged upon a striking conception, which needs but elaborate and patient finish to be a first-class exhibition picture of its kind. The subjects of his pencil-indicate the school of art in which he excels—"Love me, love my Horse," "*Ars Celare Artem*," a coquettish and *naïve* scene; "The Sword," and "The Foray;" he sometimes verged upon the historical, as in "Lady Jane Grey;" his "Christ Healing the Sick" indicates an aptitude for religious art, though but a pencil-drawing; his eight illustrations of Longfellow's Miles Standish, proved a favorite gift-book; and his outline illustrations of Irving's Dolph Heyliger, and Hood's Bridge of Sighs, betray fine power of expression and graceful limning. Unequal and versatile, this artist is one of the best American disciples of the French school; and his subjects are often interesting and characteristic.

Few of our artists have had greater advantages; belonging to an old Knickerbocker family, and, having the discipline of an academic edution, to great social privileges at home he adds the culture derived from European travel; an art-student at Paris and Dusseldorf, and a sojourner in England, Southern France, and Spain, his range of observation has been wide and suggestive. In the latter country, Ehninger painted a number of *genre* pictures, taken from the picturesque peasantry of the Pyrenees—all of which were disposed of in England, where his works have been more appreciated than in his native country. In the intervals of more elaborate work, he has contributed designs to the London Illustrated Times and News; during a recent visit to Florida, he made some promising studies of plantation life; and his drawings on wood, to illustrate popular books, have been numerous and skilful. His first picture in oil, an episode in the life of Governor Stuyvesant, belongs to Rutherford Stuyvesant, of New York; in "The Foray," belonging to G. T. Strong, Esq., of New York, the landscape is by Mignot; "*Ars Celare Artem*," belongs to J. C. McGuire, Esq., of Washington, D. C.; "The Sword," to R. M. Olyphant, Esq.; "Love me, love my Horse," to H. G. Stebbins, Esq.; "An English Lane," to C. H. Ward, Esq., of New York; and "Shakespeare before Sir T. Lucy," to Rutherford Stuyvesant, of New York; "Village Politics," to C. A. Bristed, Esq.; "Christ Healing the Sick," belonged to the late Rev. Dr. Anthon; "Death and the Gambler" is an impressively weird picture, and "October," an unique delineation of pumpkin-gathering. Ehninger is one of the most accompleshed draughtsmen among American artists—his pencil works wonders; his series of illustrations of John Gilpin—never yet engraved—have been much admired at home and abroad; and his most recent work is a set of designs for a mediæval legend.

The Quaker origin of our earliest painter is not a solitary instance such identification of the most prosaic of sects with the practice of an art which, according to their strict tenets, is allied with, if not directly conducive to, vanity; although a shrewd member of the communion, when waited upon, a few years since, in London, by a committee of elders, to remonstrate with him because of his extravagant purchase of a "Wouverman," disarmed the protest and quieted all conscientious scruples, by proving to his brethren that he had made an excellent investment!

Hicks.

Among our portrait-painters of Quaker parentage, is Thomas Hicks, born in Newtown, Bucks county, Pa., in 1823. He is a lineal descendant of the famous Elias Hicks, whose patronymic is associated with the first serious division in that remarkable body of Christians. His young kinsman early began to experiment in limning. He tried his hand at portraiture when but fifteen years old. He first studied in Philadelphia, carefully drawing from the casts of the antique in the Academy, and subsequently at the National Academy of New York, where, for many years, he has pursued successfully the career of a portrait-painter. Attention was called to his claims by the exhibition in 1841 of his first composition, the "Death of Abel," and subsequently by a half-length ideal female figure, representing "Italia." He went to Europe in 1845, and remained four years, chiefly at Rome and Paris; in the latter city he studied with Coiture, and in the former copied the old masters. He usually catches a likeness with facility, and often indulges in warmth of coloring and elaborate accessories, which have contributed to the popularity of his portraits; among the most notable of these are heads and half or full-lengths of Halleck, Longfellow, Ward Beecher, Dr. Kane, Dr. Cogswell, and Edwin Booth as Iago. The artist-life of Hicks has been prosperous, but not without tragic adventures. He was in Paris during the Revolution of 1848, and sheltered two fugitive insurgents in his room, enabling them finally to escape. During the Carnival at Rome, in the midst of a dense crowd in the Piazza Colonna, he was stabbed in the back with a *stiletto*, so seriously as to remain for months in a critical state. He is also one of the survivors of the catastrophe at Norwalk, Connecticut, when so many perished by the rush of a train of cars into the river.

With the recollection of his miraculous escape from the hecatomb of victims that perished by this railway catastrophe, it was startling, a few weeks after, to find this popular artist cheerily directing the pencil of his wife, another survivor of that tragic scene. What a contrast between their tasteful occupation and quiet studio, and the remembrance of that pitiless fate which overtook so many of their companions! Hicks is a good colorist. Examine that head of a stolid burgher of Long Island; there is little in feature and expression for an artist to make effective. Yet this want is atoned for by the skill with which the tints are disposed. Another point, in which success is rare, is obvious in a full-length, so well drawn and toned; the figure stands firmly and easily. Whoever has, of late

years, been to the Falls of Trenton, doubtless remembers the landlord and his thriving family. They have been very cleverly grouped together by Hicks, one leaning against a tree, another handling his gun; one playful, another contemplative; and, in the background, through a leafy vista, we have a glimpse of the rushing water; the likenesses are recognized at once; the attitudes are natural and well varied; and there is a pleasant atmosphere and unity of effect in the whole.

Quite a variety of this artist's paintings are in the gallery of Marshall O. Roberts, Esq., of New York; a portrait, a landscape, "Mount Vesuvius," "The Harem," and "Shelley's Grave."

Among other portraits by this artist are full-lengths of Hon. James A. Vandyke, of Detroit, Mich.; of George T. Trimble, of the New York Board of Education; of Hon. Hamilton Fish, in the New York City Hall; two of the late Pelatiah Perit, one in the Seamen's Savings Bank, and the other in the Chamber of Commerce, New York; also half-lengths of Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, at the Century Club, New York; of Judge Kane, in the rooms of the Pennsylvania Historical Society; of Mayor Tiemann, in the New York City Hall; of Hon. Luther Bradish, in the gallery of the New York Historical Society; of Wm. M. Evarts, Esq., at the New York Century Club, and Elias Hicks, N. Y. Chamber of Commerce; his three-quarter-length of Dr. Johnston is in the New York Hospital. His portrait of Ward Beecher belongs to O. Leary, Esq., Canada; and a *replica* to Mr. McRae; that of Bishop Wainwright, to T. B. Brownson, Esq.; that of Bryant, and of Bayard Taylor in Oriental costume, to the artist; his portrait of Col. Emmons Clark is in the possession of the Twenty-seventh Regiment; that of Margaret Fuller (Countess d'Ossoli) of Geo. Cabot Ward, Esq., of New York; and his portrait of Fitz-Greene Halleck was executed for B. R. Winthrop, Esq., of New York. Hicks has also painted heads of O. W. Holmes, Longfellow, Mrs. Stowe, W. H. Seward, Geo. H. Boker, Mrs. Kirkland, and Hon. R. Conkling. His "Booth as Iago" is owned by A. M. Cozzens, Esq., and the original study by Wm. T. Blodgett, Esq., of New York; and the former gentleman has pictures of "An Italian Woman" and "Amalfi," by this artist.

Eastman Johnson.

One of the most effective of our native painters in *genre* is not an *élève* of the modern French school, but seems to have divined for himself a special aptitude for the *naïve* and characteristic; and, what is more desirable, to have recognized in American life the resources for a department of art previously too much neglected.

Eastman Johnson was born in the little town of Lovell, near Freyburg, in the State of Maine. His father long held, with eminent credit, a responsible office in the United States Treasury Department. His artist son was first known to fame as a crayon-limner, wherein his skill in catching a likeness, and the grace and vigor of his drawing, rendered him popular and prosperous; so that, in a few years, he was enabled to visit Europe, where he commenced an earnest system of study, and began to practise in oil.

He remained two years at Dusseldorf; and although greater facility and accuracy in drawing were thus acquired, he did not learn much which promoted his special artistic development; and therefore started with alacrity for Italy, by the way of Paris and Holland, visiting the best galleries and studios.

At the Hague he fell in with Mignot, and tarried ostensibly to copy a remarkable picture in the royal collection. Intending to remain but a few weeks, his sojourn lasted four years; for then and there he struck upon a congenial vein of work, found unexpected opportunities for study, and met with flattering success in portraiture. He executed at the Hague his first original and elaborate work in oil. It was to him a labor of love; and he gave to it the time and the care which the genuine artist delights in bestowing upon what he feels to be his appropriate task. The subject and treatment are remarkably simple, and the effects produced by wise and patient labor with a constant eye to nature. A boy with dark eyes and hair, and olive complexion, in the rude dress of a Savoyard peasant, stands leaning against the weather-stained wall of an old court-yard, weed-grown and picturesque. The figure is expressive and admirably designed; the face full of character, and the color rich, mellow, and finely harmonized; it is such a boy as Murillo would have painted with a relish. There is a finish in this picture, a truth of expression, a *naïveté*, and a maturity of execution, from the dark-glowing eye of the peasant to the stains on the wall and the curl of the vine-leaves, which indicate a mastery of the best principles of art, and are the more remarkable as being exhibited in the earliest work of the kind from the same hand.

Having shown his capacity and his true tendencies in this picture, Johnson executed several others of the same class, and sent them home, where they were received with warm commendation, and found ready and liberal purchasers; among them "The Card-Players" will be especially remembered by all cognizant of the painter's second advent, when those who had known and admired him in portraiture were agreeably surprised at his success in this new and attractive sphere. Meantime, however, he did not neglect the former branch; but, encouraged by the court and leading families at the Hague, executed, for liberal prices and to popular satisfaction, portraits in oil and colored crayons of many prominent citizens, and nearly all the maids of honor. Although the most lucrative and available, this class of pictures occupied Johnson only in the intervals of some study of nature and character, for which he has a quick eye and a true sympathy.

No one of our painters has more truly caught and perfectly delineated the American rustic and negro, or with such pathetic and natural emphasis put upon canvas bits of household or childish life, or given such bright and real glimpses of primitive human nature. On his return to the United States he turned his attention, with great success, to native subjects; and every picture from his easel made a fresh and permanent impression. "The Papers," "The Marseillaise, and the Post-Boy," each tells its own story as emphatically as could Wilkie or Hogarth; and the "Boy from the

Ragged-School," or the "Girl by the Stove," have much of Frère's truth and tenderness.

If we compare the subjects and execution of Johnson and Edmonds, we realize how national *genre* art, even in its least ambitious phase, has advanced under the dexterous hand of the latter artist. Not only is the style more finished, but the significance is deeper, and the sentiment more delicate. A critic has well said of "The Old Kentucky Home":—

"The beholder should not fail to notice the very truthful painting of the decayed shed-roof, the moss-grown shingles, the broken beams, the weather-beaten clapboards, and the old brick chimney. And again, if he looks up through the branches of the tree, he will not fail to see the family residence is just as well painted. The postures of all the figures are almost perfection, especially that of the mulatto girl on the left-hand side. They put to shame the bad drawing of many of our older artists, who imagine themselves to be fitted for the realms of so-called 'high art.'

"But the picture is now interesting in another respect. Here we see the 'good old times' before the 'peculiar institution' was overturned—times that will never again return. The very details of the subject are prophetical. How fitly do the dilapidated and decaying negro quarters typify the approaching destruction of the 'system' that they serve to illustrate! And, in the picture before us, we have an illustration also of the 'rose-water' side of the institution. Here all is fun and freedom. We behold the very reality that the enthusiastic devotees of slavery have so often painted with high-sounding words. And yet this dilapidation, unheeded and unchecked, tells us that the end is near.

"The prophecy has been fulfilled. No more does the tuneful banjo resound in that deserted yard; no more do babies dance or lovers woo; no more does the mistress enjoy the sport of the slave, but scowls through the darkened blind at the tramping 'boys in blue.' The banjo is silent; its master sleeps in the trench at Petersburg. The lover has borne the 'banner of the free' through hard-fought battles, and now is master of the soil."

The "Drummer-Boy" is a vigorous work, full of spirit and expression. A drummer-boy at Antietam being disabled by a wound, was seized by a comrade, mounted on his shoulders, and together, with drum beating and bayonet poised, they rushed to the deadly charge. Such is the story, and the artist tells it on canvas with simple and emphatic eloquence.

More pathetic, but equally true to life and nature, is another illustration of the War for the Union: In the foreground of the picture, under the cool shadow of the trees, lies upon a camp-cot a young soldier. He appears to be convalescent, and his face is turned toward a young woman, who is seated by his side, writing a letter at his dictation. In the distance are hospital tents, and a guard pacing his beat in the golden sunshine. "This is a simple yet touching story," says a critic, "which recalls the loving work so often done by noble women in the camp and in the hospital, and it is told with all that eloquence of color and per-

fection of design which has made this artist the Edward Frère of our country. One of his happiest conceits is seen in the picture, where the wounded soldier, in an absent, unconscious way, has taken in his hand a sprig from the apple-tree branches which sweep his pillow. It reminds him perhaps of that quiet farm-house away up among the hills or valleys of the North, of sisters, of mother, of home. The picture describes the sunnier side of the soldier's life, but it may be the one we most love to remember."

As if to complete the series, or rather to bring home to the mind a not less characteristic incident in the life of the American soldier, Eastman Johnson painted "The Pension Claim-Agent," which represents one of numerous incidents in real life, resulting from national war. The scene is laid in the cottage of a soldier, who has been disabled by the loss of a leg. The agent has seated himself at the table, thrown his hat upon the bed, and deposited his valise filled with the papers pertaining to his business, upon the floor. He sits with pen in hand listening to the soldier, who stands leaning upon a crutch, telling the story of his battles. Two old persons sit upon one side, perhaps the father and mother of this youthful veteran; and the housewife is busy at a cupboard, while a little girl sits peeling apples, and at the same time listening to the story.

"Sunday Morning," a scene so deeply associated with Peace, and yet as truly native to the land, has been described, with truth, as suggestive in the highest degree:—"The aged grandfather, unconscious of everything but the time-consecrated habit, holds under his dimmed eyes the Book in which, for long and weary years, he has found the illumination of his faith, and which he reads slowly, monotonously, no doubt; his old wife piously follows every word with her praying heart. The figure of that grandmother is touchingly pathetic in its austere goodness. You feel how little of what we call Earth's honors she has known, but at the same time how much she has tasted, in her humble way, the universal reward of family virtue and family love. The young husband is there, with precisely the half-careless, half-preoccupied attitude a farmer must have when listening to a Psalm, while he thinks of his cattle or his crops, and finds the reading rather tedious. But his wife makes up in her woman way for all these side-thoughts. She loses not one word; she even seems eager to treasure their comfort and their peace; and unconscious almost of the babe she suckles, you see her bending forward toward the old man and giving him all her attention. Not so the two charming children who sit side by side."

Among other recent works of this effective and assiduous painter, are "Cosette," from Victor Hugo's "Misérables;" a lively sketch of a man "Popping the Cork of a Bottle of Champagne," with a singularly zestful expression; and a "Boy leading a Steer to a pile of Corn-stalks"—a strong, realistic picture. In all his works we find vital expression, sometimes *naïve*, at others earnest, and invariably characteristic; trained in the technicalities of his art, keen in his observation, and natural in his feeling, we have a *genre* painter in Eastman Johnson who has elevated and widened

its naturalistic scope and its national significance. His pictures are in constant demand, and purchased before they leave the easel. All American collectors seek and prize them. His "Savoyard Boy," "Mount Vernon Kitchen," and four of his crayon portraits, are in the possession of G. W. Riggs, Esq., of Washington, D. C.; Rev. H. W. Beecher has his "Albano Girl;" Wm. T. Blodgett his "Corn-Sheller;" J. L. Claghorn, Esq., his "Drop on the Sly;" A. M. Cozzens, his "Not enough for Two;" "Getting Warm," "The Little Storekeeper," and "Young Letter-Writer" belong to R. M. Olyphant; "The Musicians," to R. L. Stuart; the "Chimney-Sweep," to August Belmont; "The Chimney-Corner" and "The New England Boy at Breakfast," to J. Taylor Johnston; and in the collection of Marshall O. Roberts are "The Post-Boy," "Lady at Prayer," "Hard Cider," "The Woodsman," and "The Organ-Boy." His "Old Kentucky Home" and "Mating"—the latter belonging to Gen. John A. Dix—were sent to the Paris Exhibition of 1867. Several of his pictures belonged to the lamented Col. Wilder Dwight, of Boston.

In his delineation of the negro, Eastman Johnson has achieved a peculiar fame. One may find in his best pictures of this class a better insight into the normal character of that unfortunate race than ethnological discussion often yields. The affection, the humor, the patience and serenity which redeem from brutality and ferocity the civilized though subjugated African, are made to appear in the creations of this artist with singular authenticity. "Washington's Kitchen at Mount Vernon" is full of suggestions in this respect; and "The Old Kentucky Home" is not only a masterly work of art, full of nature, truth, local significance, and character, but it illustrates a phase of American life which the rebellion and its consequences will either uproot or essentially modify; and, therefore, this picture is as valuable as a memorial as it is interesting as an art-study. It is characteristic of American civilization to be perpetually in a transition state; and as Audubon has depicted and described species of birds that have since disappeared from this continent, so the novelist, historian, and artist do no inadequate service when they conserve the aspect and traits of life and manners soon to become things of tradition. And in view of the subject, we cannot but hope that Eastman Johnson will do for the aborigines what he has partially but effectually done for the negroes. In a few years the Indian traits will grow vague; and never yet have they been adequately represented in art. Catlin's aboriginal portraits are indeed valuable and authentic; Ward's statue of the Indian Hunter, and Crawford's of the Indian in his conscious decadence, are beautiful memorials; but much remains to be done in pictorial art. A recent glance into the portfolio of Eastman Johnson convinced us that he would do peculiar justice to a comparatively unworked mine of native art. While at Great Portage, on the Upper Mississippi, a few years ago, he sketched the figures and faces of some of the Sioux—old men and women, young squaws and children: and we have never seen the savage melancholy, the resigned stoicism, or the weird age of the American Indian, so truly portrayed: a

Roman profile here, a fierce sadness there, a grim, withered physiognomy, or a soft but subdued wild beauty, prove how the artist's eye had caught the individuality of the aboriginal face ; and with the picturesque costume, scenic accessories, rites of *fête* and of sepulture, it is easy to imagine what an effective representative picture of the Red Man of America, with adequate facilities, this artist could execute.

One of his most *naïve* conceptions is called "Mating." On the low roof of a farm-house a flock of pigeons are billing and cooing, strutting and puffing, every eye and feather kindled with amorous vitality—so natural and real as alone to make the picture a gem to the naturalist ; while leaning against the door-post below is a buxom girl, whose air and expression, attitude and eye, are just as full of the "hopes and fears that kindle hope" as those of the doves, while her rustic lover in shirt-sleeves, absently whittling a stick, does his courting in a like spirit of bashful desire. Altogether the story is told with inimitable truth and nature. "The Itinerant Musician," "Negro Girl looking out of a Window, "A Boy in a Torn Straw Hat," "Crossing a Stream," "A Girl Picking Flowers," and other simple, natural, yet infinitely suggestive themes, this painter has treated with remarkable skill and meaning. Expression is his forte—not dramatic or historical so much as human expression. His "Margaret" is a great favorite, often as the subject has been delineated.

One of the latest subjects which have occupied his pencil is drawn from his own childhood's reminiscences of the scenes amid which he was born. In Maine, of old, no rustic festival equalled in merriment and local interest the "boiling-day" in the sugar-camp. The woods of maple glow with fire ; picturesque groups of farmers and gudewives, and maidens and children animate the forest ; a gossip lays down the law here ; a political quidnunc comments on a stale newspaper there ; old people smoke pipes on a mossy bank ; young ones whisper love by the thicket. There is usually a fiddler, an ancient negro, and an improvised feast ; and all these elements, with the woods for a background, and characteristic dresses, faces, and groups, combine to form rare materials for a scene quite peculiar to this country ; yet becoming more rare and less picturesque as locomotive facilities reduce costume, dress, speech, and even faces, to a monotonous uniformity.

When the Pictorial Journal, which now in its best form ministers to some of the better aptitudes of art, was a novelty among us, certain woodcuts in a Philadelphia publication of this class attracted notice from their expressiveness and superior drawing. It was soon discovered that these were the work of a young apprentice in a mercantile house, who, whenever he could escape from his uncongenial duties, had recourse to his pencil ; at one moment indulging in the most piquant caricature, and at another delineating, with remarkable truth and force, the fishwomen or firemen of his native metropolis. Thus Felix O. C. Darley began his remarkable career as a draughtsman. Connected by birth with a family not only eminent but endeared for dra-

Darley.

matic talent, and related to the favorite portrait-painter of the day—Thomas Sully—the young man had a legitimate claim to find subsistence and satisfaction in rendering the comedy of life into artistic significance. His love for the pursuit was instinctive; but he possessed also two special endowments therefor—facile power and an original and vivid sense of the humorous. Fortunately, just at this time, that peculiar vein of humorous writing which, from its local interest and character, deserved its name of "American," had become a recognized element of popular literature—the attraction of which could be indefinitely enhanced by skilful and suggestive illustration, such as makes the pencils of Doyle and Leech a requisite counterpoise to the heavy work of British journalism. When, therefore, the Philadelphia publishers engaged Darley to illustrate a series of American humorous works, he determined with alacrity to trust to his pencil and abandon trade. Born in Philadelphia on the twenty-third of June, 1822, he was placed in a counting-house at the age of fourteen; and, in twelve years after, we find him settled in New York, and engaged, under the auspices of the American Art-Union, in executing elaborate outline illustrations of Irving's humorous writings. The six devoted to the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," when published, formed an epoch in our art-history;—being the first truly artistic specimens in a department which Retsch and Fuseli had made so interesting. They were recognized as masterly and full of promise abroad, and led to a very advantageous offer from London, whereby Darley could have established himself eligibly, had he not been too much attached to home and too ambitious of success there, to listen to any offer, however tempting, which should lead to a prolonged exile. The result proved that his decision was not less wise than patriotic; for his talents have been in constant requisition, his progress regular and rapid, and his prosperity assured. The peculiar skill and readiness of Darley's pencil has unavoidably enlisted it in numerous casual enterprises; from a vignette for a bank-note to a political caricature for a comic paper, there was no draughtsman among us so prompt and inventive; the intervals of his professional work were eagerly improved by his friends to enrich their portfolios with sketches and portraits full of meaning and mirth, in the circles where they originated.

But, while assiduous in the economical duties of his vocation and prolific in his impromptu social contributions, like all genuine artists, Darley cherished a high ideal and a noble ambition. He soon conceived an elaborate work, undertaken from pure love thereof, and resorted to when free from more lucrative and limited tasks. A remarkable story of New England primitive life had appeared; it is intense in its psychological phases, graphic in its details of still-life, powerful and subtle in its grasp of character, and vivid in its sense of beauty; yet unfinished in style, with little dramatic harmony; crude in execution, though original and vital in material. It came from the pen of a clergyman, whose life in Maine had afforded him excellent opportunities for observing nature and studying character. A kindred subject, although widely different in date and local

traits, has since become classic in the "Scarlet Letter" of Hawthorne, a work, by the way, which commends itself, from its national theme and standard literary execution, to Darley's pencil; but his imagination was captivated by the fresh descriptions and individuality of character, as well as the picturesque scenes of the earlier and less polished fiction; and the "illustrations" thereof, published in 1856, and immediately successful, were wrought out in the most earnest and sympathetic spirit, and placed him at once in the front rank of original, graceful, expressive artists: abroad and at home the series was hailed by every lover of the beautiful, student of character, and votary of expression—pure, genuine, and powerful, through the simplest but most subtle lines of the draughtsman. Darley's principal designs are for a series of humorous stories: Neal's Charcoal Sketches, etc.; illustrations of Irving's Works: Tales of a Traveller, Alhambra, Sketch-Book, Knickerbocker's New York, and Life of Washington; and outlines illustrative of the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Rip Van Winkle," for the American Art-Union. The former were republished in the Paris "Magazin Pittoresque," the latter reproduced in miniature, published in London; Illustrations of Sylvester Judd's story of "Margaret;" of Cooper's Works; consisting of outlines for the American Art-Union Bulletin; from the Spy, Leather-Stocking series, and of vignettes for Townsend's edition of all the novels; his bank-note vignettes comprise Indian scenes, buffalo hunts, farm scenes, etc. His spirited and popular illustrations of Dickens' Works are still favorites; and of large engravings of his composition, there are "Wyoming," "The First Blow for Liberty," "Washington's Entry into New York," and "The Seasons," representing phases of American farm-life.

The designs for Cooper's novels—all characteristic scenes chiefly from American life—are five hundred in number; large copies, in crayon, of some of the most popular have been separately published. He also designed a series of illustrations for the novels of Simms. Darley executed for the private collection of the Prince Napoleon, in accordance with an order given him by the latter during his yacht-trip to America, four characteristic scenes—"Emigrants Attacked by Indians on the Prairie," "The Village Blacksmith," "The Unwilling Laborer," "The Repose." One of his most pleasing and elaborate compositions—"Drovers, Landscape, and Cattle"—belongs to J. C. McGuire, Esq., of Washington, D. C. During the War for the Union, his graphic and patriotic pencil delineated, with dramatic truth, many a significant incident and scene, from "Giving Comfort to the Enemy"—a rebel woman handing up a cup of water by her cottage door to a worn and weary Union cavalier—to "Foraging in Virginia," and the chivalric charge of the lamented young Dahlgren at Fredericksburg, Va. The two latter are in the possession of W. T. Blodgett, Esq. It is a remarkable evidence of Darley's skill that this effective scene was designed entirely from the verbal description of a newspaper correspondent; and yet so true in detail to fact is the drawing, that we have heard the young hero himself, when beguiling his con-

valescence after the loss of his limb, by examining a photograph of the sketch, attest the accuracy with which the artist's imagination has caught and embodied the local and personal facts. It is one of the most spirited artistic illustrations of the war for the Union. The scene is that of November, 1862, when young Dalghren, under the orders of General Sigel, surprised the enemy at Fredericksburg, by a gallant dash of the First Indiana cavalry. The artist has chosen the moment of alarm, wonder, and hot resistance incident to the first moment of the sudden entrance of the gallant troop. The dark shadows of a winter morning hang round the old roofs of the town; a dashing trooper has upset the barrow of a negro boy, who rolls howling on the ground; from the old wooden porch of the "Jeff. Davis" tavern, rushes a man with his arm in a sling, evidently a disabled rebel officer, accompanied by the landlord, and from the window above an infuriated "maid of the inn" is hurling a chair down upon the invaders' heads; at the opposite end of the street, a man has just borne the rebel flag from the roof, but has scarcely crossed the threshold when he is shot down, with his prize still grasped; an old man is charging the rifle again at the lower window; across the little square in front scurries a matronly negress, bending as she runs, over the little white child she is bearing away from the skirmish. Those who know the difficulties to be overcome in representing hand-to-hand cavalry fights, will estimate Darley highly in this work, wherein are four encounters—men and horses in the most fierce and characteristic action. Equally expressive in its way, but quite diverse in subject, is his illustration of a scene in the Pickwick Papers, which describes the visit of the Reverend Mr. Stiggins to the incorrigible Sam Weller in prison. Old Tony leans upon the back of an arm-chair, enjoying Sam's mock solicitude for the physical welfare of "the Shepherd," while Mrs. Weller is sentimental in another corner of the picture.

Darley did not visit Europe until the maturity of his life and career; having married a daughter of the great arithmetician, Zerah Colburn, he sailed for England, with his wife, as soon as the war permitted him to do so with tranquillity and satisfaction. There are advantages to an artist in such a late acquaintance with the art-treasures of the old world; his style is formed, and there is less danger of his individuality being overlaid; he knows precisely what to seek and how to use the resources opened to him; with a more self-possessed enjoyment and intelligent appreciation, he surveys and studies the hallowed trophies of classic, mediæval, and modern art. Darley made studies from models in Rome, and one or two compositions in color; one—"A Scene in the Streets of Rome"—is now in the possession of E. Bigelow, Esq., of Boston, Mass. In every part of Europe through which he passed, his pencil-sketches were devoted to remarkable historical houses and characteristic figures. He will use much of these materials in large water-color compositions, and they will prove invaluable as means of elaborate and authentic illustrations of legend, chronicle, and song.

Darley resides in an old family homestead at Claymont, Delaware, in the immediate vicinity of a farm where Wertmuller, a Swedish painter, best known for his celebrated picture of Danae, lived for many years, and died. Darley's professional business, however, leads to frequent sojourns in the Eastern cities, whereby he keeps *au courant* with whatever is dramatic and picturesque in the events of the day, and his talents and industry find ample scope as an illustrator of current and standard literature. Critics have always noted special aptitudes in popular draughtsmen—superior skill in a certain class of subjects; the differences in the French, German, and English artists, in this department, are striking and patent: the bold and fantastic creations of Kaulbach, the stern humanity of Hogarth, the local felicities of Leech, the ideal impression of Fuseli and Retsch, are familiar examples of individuality of feeling and execution. Darley has made a study of American subjects, and finds therein a remarkable range from the beautiful to the grotesque, as is manifest when his drawings are compared; it is rare for the same hand to deal so aptly with the graceful and the pensive, so vigorously with the characteristic, and so broadly with the humorous; and exhibit an equal facility and felicity in true, literal transcript, and in fanciful conception.

It is well to consider if there be anything ridiculous in one's manner or appearance, before coming within the scope of Darley's vision. If your nose is *retrousez* or pointed, your figure dumpy, or the way in which you try to be agreeable slightly exaggerated, the quick perception and ready crayon of Darley may transform you into such a nasal individuality, such an incarnated dump, or absurd exquisite, that whoever once beholds the sketch, will ever after involuntarily laugh at the sight of you, even at a funeral. Lord Brougham said that the idea of his life being written by Lord Campbell, the biographer of the Chancellors, added to the horrors of death; and the idea of being caricatured by Darley, may well add to a sensitive man's horrors of life. How many worthy individuals whom we would fain approach with respect, or at least courteous interest, has this wizard's pencil made forever grotesque to our mind's eye! There is one who has become, to our consciousness, only a walking proboscis, whose nose we were not ever aware of until we saw it outlined by Darley; another, whose real features we can never detect, because of the emphatic smirk with which the same magician has invested his face; and a third, who never looks to us as if he stood on *terra firma*, but appears like a galvanized dumpling bouncing on an imaginary steed; and these transformations being based on the natural language of the parties, have just enough truth to be broadly hinted by their ordinary appearance, and thus the funny image and the real person are indissolubly mingled to the fancy. Two or three lines suffice Darley to metamorphose his fellow-creatures, while he preserves their identity. We recognized instantly one of his portraits, although nothing was represented but the hind-quarters and the back of a pair of legs. It is easy to imagine the result when this facility and characteristic limning is applied to illustrate graphic, verbal descrip-

tion. The artist not only reproduces, but often transcends or satirizes the author's conception. It is no wonder that so clever and prolific a draughtsman is beset by the publishers; his free, significant, and original sketches will give a zest to any book. He makes one realize how ironical, acute, observant, and natural it is possible to be with no instrument but a lead-pencil; he tells a story with a dash, reveals a character by a curve, and embodies an expression with two or three dots. It is better than a comedy to look over his sketch-book; he needs no coffee and pistols for two, but makes a palpable hit at his adversary with a pen-stroke, that is more fatal to dignity, if not to life, than a sword-thrust. It is well that with such a power to annoy, Darley has a noble spirit; it is only those who provoke his gift that he impales, or those who are really such a reflection on humanity that they are worth preserving as specimens of nature's journeyman work; his talent for caricature is usually elicited by an amiable contest of wit with his brother-artists, or made the legitimate medium of a deserved reproof of intolerable affectation or overwhelming conceit; he only shoots at fair game. But there is another side to Darley's mind. He holds a master's pencil, and can do justice to the most earnest and pathetic sentiment. Witness some of his elaborate compositions, his beautiful designs, his finished heads and groups; and especially that work of true genius, the illustrations of Judd's story of "Margaret." We have had nothing in this syle of art to compare with the exquisite and impressive drawings in which Darley has embodied his sense of the beauty, power, and truth of that remarkable fiction. Were the execution of the novel as classic as its material is original and profound, these illustrations, like those of Flaxman, would have a world-wide celebrity.

Phillips.

John Phillips is also a native of the West, and by means of an old palette, lent him by a portrait-painter, he succeeded, when quite young, in producing a remarkable likeness of a boy; and he resolved to follow the profession, and go abroad to study. Mr. Gregg, of Canandaigua, N. Y., gave him a letter to the celebrated artist, Gordon, a veteran of the Scotch school, whose advice to the young man was, to "keep his own style, and study Velasquez." Accordingly he went to Spain, and tcopied several Murillos in the Madrid Gallery, giving them the genuine old tint of the originals; they sold readily at the legations, and to visitors. With great care Phillips made copies of Velasquez, greatly to his own improvement. He considers the Madrid Gallery the first in the world, and thinks, with the present facilities for travelling in Spain, it should be more studied by our artists. During his sojourn at Madrid, some splendid paintings were brought to light in an old convent, where they had lain concealed since the days of Philip the Second. This royal purveyor of the arts sent Velasquez three times to European capitals to purchase the best obtainable pictures; and the result may be imagined. Phillips succeeded in reproducing the heads of Vandyke, Titian, and Velasquez, especially their gray tints, and thus acquired a somewhat peculiar and often highly effective style of portraiture.

Francis B. Carpenter was born at Homer, Cortland County, New York; he studied awhile with Thayer, a pupil of Elliott's; his first impulse to cultivate art was derived from the sight of a picture, by his classmate, Dr. Otis, now a well-known physician in New York,—on their school-room door. Carpenter has executed the portraits of several ex-Presidents and Governors; that of Fillmore is in the New York City Hall; his portrait of David Leavitt was exhibited at the National Academy in 1852. With a facility in catching a likeness, Carpenter is a patient worker and gives the details conscientiously; his coloring, however, is not brilliant. His name has become associated with the last days of President Lincoln's memorable career; and it is another remarkable illustration of the incidental significance of artist-life, that as a portrait-painter, Carpenter was brought into such frequent and intimate contact with the martyred President, that he was enabled to report and record traits of the man, which, otherwise, would have been lost; and which the circumstances of his administration and death have rendered inexpressibly dear to the American heart. Overwhelmed with care, solicitude, and official work, in the midst of the most severe ordeal it was ever the lot of a statesman to encounter, the only period, for months, during which, in the twenty-four hours, he allowed himself to lapse from the strain of public duty, was that given to the portrait-painter. During these sittings there was an *abandon*, a freedom of intercourse, a self-revelation—all the more *naïve* from previous restraint; and when that faithful life was suddenly ended, when the assassin's shot laid low that stalwart frame and quenched the soft light of that vigilant eye,—men began to garner up their most tender and characteristic memories of the man, to appreciate the pathos underlying the humor of his honest nature, and to recall and record his words of wisdom, of mirth, and of faith. Then it was that Carpenter, who had for half a year been a daily inmate of the Presidential mansion, and had learned to love as well as comprehend the man whom Providence seems to have endowed and endeared for the terrible crisis in our nation's life,—"set in a note-book" his conversations with Lincoln during his sittings, and at other times of accidental intercourse. It was like the President to communicate himself freely to a true-hearted artist, who, like himself, had struggled up from rustic limits to an expanded field of activity through relf-reliant and honest intelligence; they were soon *en rapport;* and many a sweet domestic feeling, many a just principle, salient anecdote, and humane aspiration found utterance as the artist worked at the likeness; so that a double revelation simultaneously went on—one a visible portrait, the other an unconscious, and, therefore, true manifestation of character. Carpenter's book entitled "Six Months in the White House" is not only a valuable and interesting personal memoir, but it is an unique and most suggestive product of American artist-life.

Carpenter.

It was through Hon. Schuyler Colfax that arrangements were made for Carpenter to delineate the "Emancipation Proclamation," or rather the memorable Cabinet meeting at which it was decided upon. The vital and

momentous consequences of this act have never yet been fully realized; it hallowed the nation's struggle forever; it crowned with holy fame the name of Lincoln; it insured the triumph of the Republic; as an historical event, it stands alone and illustrious in the annals of the age. It was primarily a military necessity; it prevented foreign intervention and a servile insurrection, as well as placed the Government on the highest moral and Christian ground, while grappling with a wicked Rebellion.

As if in anticipation of this verdict of posterity, a native artist seized the memorable occasion as a subject for historical portraiture. To say that he has succeeded in representing the scene with authenticity, that he has embodied not only its visible features, but its moral impression, is awarding him no common praise. It is a conscientious work, executed with patient study. We could wish that more grace and vitality inspired the scene, and can imagine that, in the hands of a more ideal artist, higher and more magnetic effect would have been given; but the intrinsic value of the work is none the less apparent. The moment chosen is when the President, having declared his resolution to issue the document, asks his Cabinet for suggestions; and having read the Proclamation, is listening to Mr. Seward, who made an important proposition, viz.: that the issue of the great charter should follow a decided military success, instead of appearing at that time, when McClellan's melancholy failures had filled the public mind with dismay.

The likenesses in the picture are excellent; the attitudes are characteristic, and the grouping well managed; the scene, in a word, is truly represented. But, beyond and above this, there is a latent expression in the picture which appeals to our deeper feelings; the grave, earnest look of the men thus deliberating over a great act of Christian policy, the solemnity of the occasion, the grandeur of national duty, pervades the mind as the eye rests on the faces, forms, and accessories of the work; while the rough, stern features of Jackson, dimly visible in his portrait, the map of the seat of war, the portfolio of "orders"—all and everything bring home to the spectator a critical and momentous epoch of national life. The thoughtful, earnest, sad, but honest and firm expression of the President is singularly impressive; it exhibits a phase of the man too often lost sight of in the facetious humor wherewith he covered from casual observation the deeper instincts of his nature. We realize, as we gaze, that he feels his vast responsibility, and is resolved to be true to right and duty.

Twibill died February 15, 1836. "Of the young artists of the day there were none more promising than he. His small oil portraits were seldom equalled: the full-lengths of Gen. Conway and Col. Trumbull attest his excellence." Greene, the faithful treasurer of the National Academy, has executed several beautiful female portraits, some of them ideal, and remarkable for exquisite finish; Loop is well known for progress and success in portraiture; Hoyt of Boston, Stearns of New York, Pope and Lazarus, have won fame in this department; the latter's portraits of Mrs. Duncan, John Van Buren, and the Indian Princess, belonging to M. O. Roberts,

are among his best efforts. Shegogue, Miller, Osgood, Herring, and many familiar names, creditably illustrate this sphere. Some of Mrs. Hall's miniatures are models of delicate and true limning, and are much prized in New York; Cummings, Shumway, Freeman, and Officer have been much noted in the same department. The list of portrait-painters more or less successful in the United States during the last forty years, is a formidable one,—too long for enumeration. Among them are, Warren, E. W. Nichols, Charles M. Eaton, Pope, Park, Cafferty, D. Johnson, Fish, Barrow, Burling, Bishop, Bridgman, Cook, D. M. Carter, Chubb, Covell, Dolph, Duffy, Ferguson, Fern, Pine, Satterlee, Whittaker, Ryder, Morgan, Carmiencke, Collins, John Greenough, S. S. Osgood, etc. John Henry Brown, of Philadelphia, is one of the best miniature-painters in the country, and is constantly employed; and others of New York; Alvan Clark, Tenney, Brackett, and others of Boston; Welch, T. Sully, Jr., and others, of Philadelphia; Osgood's portrait of Mrs. Norton, Wight's of Humboldt, and Ames' of Pius IX., were highly popular; Sanford Thayer, of Syracuse, N. Y.; while every Western, New England, and not a few Southern towns, boast their local portrait-painter. Marshall, widely known for his admirable engravings of Washington and Lincoln, has executed fine portraits. Samuel B. Waugh's portraits are favorably known in Pennsylvania; Gambadella, and those of Lawrence, Fagnani, Augero, Brandt, and other foreign artists, add to the variety in this prolific department.

William Henry Furness, Jr., was admirably prepared for portrait-painting by his long practice in crayon-drawing. He copied in crayon several of Stuart's portraits—one of President Quincy; the copy is in Harvard Hall, Cambridge. In the estimation of many he stood next to Seth Cheney in this line. After the latter's death, John Cheney, the distinguished engraver, requested Mr. Butler, the publisher of Edith May's verses, to employ Mr. Furness to take a crayon head of that lady, as he was to engrave it for the volume. It is a lovely head, and very admirably engraved,—the likeness perfect. In Philadelphia, Mr. Edward Wetherill has four family portraits, by Mr. Furness, all striking and highly valued. He also took the portraits of Mr. Whitney, formerly president of the Reading Railroad, in the possession of Mr. Whitney's son; of a daughter of Mr. George Whitney, full-length, at the age of twelve, also in the possession of Mr. George Whitney, her father; of Mr. and Mrs. Sellers, venerable people, the parents of the well-known machinists of Philadelphia, and in their possession; of Mr. and Mrs. J. Edgar Thompson; of Mr. John Merrick, over ninety years of age, in possession of S. V. Merrick, Esq.; of Mrs. Carvill, in possession of a daughter, Mrs. F. Mortimer Lewis; of Mr. John W. Field, Mrs. Charles Richardson, and her little daughter, in the possession of C. R., Esq.; two portraits of the artist's father, one in possession of Evans Rogers, Esq., the other, which has been engraved by Sartain, belonged to him; of Mrs. Lucretia Mott and Hon. Charles Sumner, in the possession of the artist's father; of Rev. Dr. Barnes, in the possession of Mr. Earle; of Mr. John Haseltine, the

Furness.

mother of the artist. "The Boy-Student," one of his early heads, belongs to John W. Field, Esq. His portrait of Mr. J. P. Lesley is in the possession of Mr. L. Of his portrait of Hamilton Wilde, the artist, there are two copies; one is in the possession of the latter's mother, in Boston; that of Mrs. Lathrop belongs to Rev. Dr. Lathrop, and that of Miss Emerson to her father, at Concord, Mass.

He never slighted a portrait; he saw faults in all his paintings, but he valued them all. There was no conceit in this, no vanity. He felt that there was something in them that people would recognize and value, sooner or later. He never touched a brush until he went to Düsseldorf to study under Leutze.

Born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1827, the son of Rev. William H. Furness, the highly-gifted and much-beloved Unitarian divine of that city, the boy grew up, when a new love of art had began to manifest itself around him; he was familiar with several fine collections of pictures, and he heard their merits discussed by intelligent men and women; with a pure instinct for the beautiful, and remarkable uprightness of character, he early seized the latent charm, and appreciated the higher principles of art; and when, after his excellent domestic and school education, he determined to make it his vocation, every aid and encouragement was afforded him. He soon became an accomplished draughtsman, went abroad and studied at Düsseldorf, returned, and established himself as a portrait-painter in his native city; married, and went to Boston, where he opened a studio, and had taken the highest rank in his profession; won the love and praise of the good and wise, and was regarded as the most promising, progressive, and aspiring of our young artists—when, in his fortieth year, on the 4th of March, 1867, he died, at his residence at Cambridge, from a sudden attack of disease of the heart, induced by a severe cold, symptoms of which had previously manifested themselves.

His father said of him, in a sermon, after his death: "His life was not only singularly happy,—it was, in every point of view, a great success. About the age of sixteen, when he left school, he went into a counting-room. After a year's service there, he came to me, I remember it as if it were yesterday, and told me that he never should succeed in business,—that he could not possibly recollect prices. 'Why then,' I asked, 'do you not do what you want to do?' 'May I?' he asked, in return. 'Certainly,' I replied. And without a day's delay he took to his pencil; and his earliest efforts received among you, dear friends, such kindly encouragement, and he rapidly gained such a name for the fidelity of his likenesses (in crayon), that he was soon urged by friends in Brooklyn to go there; and thence he went to Boston, where he found so much occupation in crayon-drawing, that after a residence of two or three years in that city, living very simply all the while, he was not only wholly independent while yet hardly more than a boy,—he was enabled to accumulate the means of a more than two years' residence abroad, whither he went, studying in Düsseldorf and Munich, Dresden and Venice. His course was, so far as outward circumstances were concerned, as smooth as possible.

"When he was a child, and occasionally ill, some of the household there were, who thought it hardly to be desired that he should get well, as it was difficult to imagine how, with his delicate nature, he was ever to make his way through the rough world. But as the years came and passed, he was never under the necessity of making his way. His way was made for him. And he passed through the earlier period of his life, and indeed through his whole life, as a bird through the air, as a beam of light; only he asked me once very seriously, whether I thought it quite right that he should pursue, as his business and duty, what was so delightful to him. Yes, in a mere worldly point of view, his life was very successful. He was rich, in that he had no desires that ran beyond his means. And in other respects, there are very few who have the privilege which he possessed of comforting and blessing others more bountifully than it was in their power to express. In repeated instances he was, as it seemed to those most interested, so supernaturally successful in restoring the life-like images of the dead, even when he had not known them in life, that survivors poured out their very hearts to him in thankfulness, and no one ever received more touching expressions of gratitude than he. When we recall these instances, how can we have the thought that he has been cut off, or that his life was not to him, as it was to us, a rich, full, most generous blessing?

"It was not on account of any extraordinary ability as an artist that he was so wonderfully successful in such cases. 'Other artists,' he used to say, 'might do the same, but they *will* not.' It was a very painful work to him,—very exhausting; and again and again he was on the point of resolving to decline all such attempts, but his human sympathy was too strong to allow him to make the resolve. And when he undertook the work, his whole might, mind, soul, and being were thrown into it."

American art lost one of its most pure and promising votaries by the death of Furness. Educated in an atmosphere of truth, the culture and character of his father early impressed him with high and holy aims; for the genuine, the aspiring, and the ideal his sympathies were soon enlisted; a singular refinement of nature prepared him to seek in art no meretricious or casual end, but the realization of principles, the latent truth of nature. His own culture was liberal; he was a scholar as well as an artist; in German literature he followed the studies and profited by the fine insight and taste of his father; to an intellectual equipment rare among American artists, he added the true spirit of a gentleman, in the best sense of the word; there was a candor, geniality, and considerateness about him at once winsome and impressive. Rising above mere conventionality, seeking, in simplicity and truth, the elements of character and the refined attributes of nature in portrait-painting, his likenesses have a reality and a magnetism which have seldom been surpassed. There is a human truth and individuality about them which forms a striking contrast to the average conventional, and, so to speak, profane portraiture of the day.

We recall, for instance, the portrait of Emerson's daughter; of Mrs.

Lathrop, of Boston—a sister of the gifted and lamented Buckminster; and one of Rev. Dr. Furness, the artist's father, in the very attitude and with the very air and expression we have often witnessed in his study, when he stood leaning on the back of an arm-chair, with a book just taken from the shelf—in a natural and characteristic *pose*—making some genial remark or suggestive comment. The subdued and harmonized tone of coloring, the avoidance of all irrelevant accessories and expedients, the simplicity of conception, accuracy of drawing, and, above all, the expressiveness and authentic characterization in the portraiture of Furness, attest a reverence for truth, a conscientious ideal, and an artistic gift, which rendered him at once respected and endeared to all noble lovers of art, and all capable of appreciating its relation to society, to character, and to nature. Amid the mercenary and meretricious influences around us, the death of such a man and such an artist is a special calamity; his influence and example were most auspicious.

To those near and dear to him it is impossible to offer consolation other than their own memories and faith suggest, for his was one of those natures as essential to domestic happiness as to artistic sympathy; a son who inherited and illustrated the best gifts of fatherhood—identical in mental affinities and moral convictions; while in the tender relations of family and friendship his was an inspiring and benign presence, the withdrawal whereof is like the going out of a star that guides, cheers, and keeps faith and hope vivid and strong.

The circumstances of this bereavement added to its desolation. The lamented artist's family were at Philadelphia, on a visit to his father, when he was called upon by some friends to make a sketch from a deceased person, and remained in the room with the corpse for an hour or two, with the window open. The next day he was ill with a severe cold; and the day after he expired.

Earnestness of aim, singleness of purpose, loyalty to the pursuit he loved, in its possible and progressive rather than in its attained standard—gave a simple dignity and advancing merit to his artist-career. Only thirty-nine when he died, how much of rational anticipation and gracious promise died with him! The freshness of enthusiasm, the simplicity of faith, and the patience of duty consecrated his life, and now endear his memory.

Geo. H. Hall's fruit-pieces enjoyed a wide popularity; his pencil was long in constant requisition for "strawberries," "peaches," "cherries," and other trophies of Pomona; indeed, at the sale of his studies for these works just before he sailed for Europe, in 1865, the large sum of twelve thousand dollars was obtained for seventy-five small but carefully elaborated fruit and flower-pieces. Our latest information of his studies abroad is derived from a letter from Mr. Bryant, dated Seville, Feb. 16, 1867, in which he says: "The Moorish buildings of Seville are wonderful things of their kind; and it has rich treasures of art in the paintings of the Spanish school; and the humors of the gipsies who inhabit a part of the town, are said to be a source of

Hall.

entertainment to the stranger. The American artist, Geo. H. Hall, who is now here, finds among them some striking subjects for his pencil, and will return to America, I think, with some finer works than he has ever before painted."

An accomplished disciple of the modern French school is William P. W. Dana. He is the son of the late Samuel Dana, of Boston—a name long identified with the financial houses of State street. Dana.
Inclined to draw and sketch from earliest boyhood, he also manifested that love of the sea which, from Robinson Crusoe to the last yacht-voyage of an English nobleman, forms so popular a motive of literature with the young. Toy-ships and boating in the harbor were favorite pastimes with the embryo artist. Born in 1833, he was but twelve years old when this nautical passion led to a serious adventure. He shipped on board a whaler as sailor-boy, but, being enlightened by the "old salts" as to the inevitable hardships of such a voyage, he changed his plan, and offered his services to a captain bound across the Atlantic; the vessel had been chartered to take provisions to famished Ireland; the weather proved stormy, the voyage long, the duty hard, and the whole experience a terribly severe ordeal to the young truant, hitherto nurtured in comfort and cherished with maternal love. It was two months and midwinter before the ship reached Londonderry. He returned to America sadder and wiser, and, somewhat ashamed of his boyish escapade, hesitated about showing himself at the parental home; fortunately he received affectionate tidings, and then a grateful welcome. Indisposed to thwart so native a taste, his father soon sanctioned a trip to China, and then Dana determined to enter a mercantile house, in order to make himself an accomplished ship-master. But the art-instinct resumed its sway; he copied two marine views, which were loaned him by the owner, and it was decided that he should study abroad. In 1852, he went to Europe, travelled, and, in the autumn of the next year, was enrolled among the pupils of Picot; and the following spring, by means of the customary competition drawing, was admitted to the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. His first picture was "A Wreck on Fire at Sea." His summers were passed in Normandy and Brittany, where he sketched craft, beaches, cliffs, costumes, peasants, edifices, fishermen, etc., resuming work at the Paris life-schools in winter.

For awhile Dana practised in the *atelier* of La Poiteven, to whom he feels himself indebted for the wisest councils and most amiable encouragement. In 1862 he returned to the United States, and has since assiduously followed his art, which, with domestic enjoyments and duties, absorbs his time and attention. His subjects are various; his original tendency was for marine landscapes, and in these, especially where the scene is the coast of France, he has been frequently successful; but, of late years, he has gained high repute as a delineator of animals; his dogs and horses are often admirable. Many clever *genre* pieces, and a few fine portraits, have emanated from his studio in New York and Newport, R. I. A striking view of the Champs Elysées in winter, an illustration of Longfellow's

"Excelsior," the "Land of Nod," "The Chase of the Frigate Constitution," "Blondina," "Maternal Care," and a "Normandy Farm-yard," with here and there the wonderfully individual eye, and perfectly imitated natural language and individual peculiarities of a canine or equine favorite—impress the spectator with Dana's rare equipment and dexterous execution. A critic says of "An English Greyhound," from his pencil: "It is a pleasing picture. We look for life and spirit in the eye, and anatomy in the figure: we find refinement of character and the elegance of rank in the drawing of the hound. An apparent silvery quality of color and delicate background are very agreeable in this picture." His method and manner, his coloring and ideas of art, are remarkably loyal to the French school; and there is an absence of crudity and a refinement of taste in his works which are rare among our artists. Of his varied talent and attractive coloring a glance at his works instantly convinces us; they are unequal in merit, but invariably artistic in feeling. Dana excels in depicting children and animals; none of our artists have so well given the sentiment of such works. "Heart's-Ease," a convalescent child with that flower in her lap, is pathetic in the extreme; "Cliffs at Sunset," is owned by Miss C. Murray; "Waiting for the Fishing-Boats," belongs to B. W. Gilbert, Esq.; "Low Tide at Yport and French Fishing-Craft," to T. B. Winchester, Esq.; "Moonlight Coast Scene," to Monsieur Auroy; of "Breakers Ahead" the owner is Dr. George T. Elliot; "La Chaumière," William H. Stewart, Esq.; "The Needles of Etretat," William B. Astor, Esq.; "Excelsior," Monsieur Surville; "Morning on the Coast," J. B. Murray, Esq.; "Mt. St. Michael," Miss A. Willett; "Admirals in Embryo," James A. Suydam, Esq.; "Chase of the Frigate Constitution," Abbott Lawrence, Esq.; "The Mimic Race," C. H. Ludington, Esq.; "Blondina," Mrs. Cambridge Livingston; "Les Champs Elysées," B. S. Rotch, Esq.; "Milo," T. P. Bronson, Esq.; "Land of Nod," William H. Bridgman, Esq.; "Cour de Ferme at Etretat," purchased from the Paris Exhibition of 1861, for one of the prizes of the Société des Beaux Arts de Paris et Londres; "The Stable Window," "French Peasant Girl," donation to the New York Sanitary Fair; "Kit-Kat of a Dog," Edward R. Bell, Esq.; "La Petite Normande," W. S. Haseltine, Esq.; "Noon, Farm-yard Scene," H. P. Kidder, Esq.; "Envying Another's Lot," R. M. Cushing, Esq.; "Foggy Morning on the Coast of Normandy," Dr. George T. Elliot, and "There's Many a Slip Betwixt the Cup and the Lip."

How delicate and fanciful are some of the conceptions of Dana, we may know by his choice of subjects, which range from the broadest humor to the most *naïve* sentiment; even Mother Goose fantasies inspire his pencil, as witness the expressive sketch of the "Three Wise Men of Gotham," whose individuality is apparent in their diverse attitudes and expression, as the bowl in which they have incontinently embarked bobs about on the restless waves; "A Girl Feeding her Doll" would seem quite a limited theme; but in the apt hands of this artist, according to an art-critic:—

"It is exceedingly delicate in sentiment, and lovely in expression. The colors are harmoniously blended, the drawing correct and spirited, and the entire treatment marked by great power and truthfulness. The face of the girl is very beautiful, and filled with thoughtful tenderness. Over her head a white kerchief is tied, and from beneath its folds her golden hair, escaping, rests on her placid brow."

This family name is auspiciously associated with Art, first through one of the brothers, Thomas F. Hoppin, who designed the figures of the great window in Trinity Church, New York, and modelled a dog that was cast in bronze, the first instance of the kind here, and was much admired, and took the prize at the American Institute. He was born in Providence, R. I., and early manifested a taste for drawing, in which he was instructed by John R. Smith, of Philadelphia. In 1837 he went to Paris, and studied under Delaroche; the next year he returned and designed the figures of St. Peter and St. Paul above referred to. He has published spirited etchings and designs on wood. The elder brother, William J. Hoppin, although educated for the bar, has been one of the most efficient and tasteful promoters of art: as an officer of the American Art-Union, he edited a "Bulletin," so-called, filled with the freshest intelligence on the subject, and abounding in judicious criticism; his personal interest in several of our artists favorably introduced their works to the public, and encouraged their early studies; he has written many admirable papers on art, historical, biographical, and critical, some of which have been published, and others read before the New York Historical Society, the Rhode Island Art Association, the Century Club, etc. He was appointed an Imperial Juror for the department of Fine Arts in the Paris exposition of 1867. His younger brother, Augustus Hoppin, is an artist by profession, and widely known for his accurate, expressive, and elaborate drawings, and especially through his finished and effective illustrations of several popular works; he was born in Providence, R. I., studied law, and was admitted to the bar; but his love of art proved too strong to admit of a legal career, and he went to Europe to examine the works of the great masters. Since his return he has chiefly devoted himself to drawing on wood. His illustrations of Butler's Poem of "Nothing to Wear," "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," "The Potiphar Papers," "The Arabian Days' Entertainments," "Mrs. Partington," etc., are full of character and graceful execution. Some of the elaborate pen-and-ink drawings of this artist surpass in finish, force, and beauty, anything of the kind produced in this country.

Hoppin.

Another accomplished and more ideal draughtsman is William Tiffany, of Baltimore, whose pencil illustrations of Tennyson and Longfellow are remarkable for delicate truth and refined conception.

Tiffany.

A son of Major Whistler, U. S. A., who is also from Baltimore, has made some curious experiments in color, and some of his sketches are singularly effective. A critic of the

Whistler.

Paris Exposition of 1867, thus describes and estimates Mr. Whistler's somewhat numerous contributions to the American Department:

"Mr. Whistler's etchings attract a good deal of attention, and differ from his paintings in meriting it. They display a free hand and a keen eye for effect. Three of the oil pictures are blurred, foggy, and imperfect marine pieces. The fourth is called the "White Girl," and represents a powerful female with red hair, and a vacant stare in her soulless eyes. She is standing on a wolf-skin hearth-rug—for what reason is unrecorded. The picture evidently means vastly more than it expresses—albeit expressing too much. Notwithstanding an obvious want of purpose, there is some boldness in the handling and a singularity in the glare of the colors which cannot fail to divert the eye, and to weary it."

Few of our younger artists have proved so effective in their command of the richer combinations of color as Hamilton G. Wilde, of Boston. His *genre* and architectural pieces—the former often devoted to Italian street scenes and picturesque mountain costumes, and the latter glowing and mellow, with sunny bridges of Venice—are among the most novel and pleasing memorials of the land of song, which American travellers have, within a few years, brought home as trophies of native talent. His "Girl and Doves" belongs to J. Tuckerman, of New York; and among others of his finely-colored and suggestive works are the "Sierra Nevada," the "Roman Campagna," the "Market of Granada." A "Scene in Venice" belongs to J. W. Field, of Philadelphia, and a portrait of Mr. Newhall. His "Roman Peasant" is in the Belmont Gallery. His "Belle Dame sans Merci" and "Sultana" are in the possession of C. J. Peterson, of Philadelphia.

Wilde.

Another *genre* painter who has exhibited talent and won admirers is Albert F. Bellows, a descendant of the old New England family of that name, whose progenitor came over in the Hopewell, in 1634. Early addicted to drawing, and at the age of sixteen apprenticed to a lithographer in Boston, and subsequently visiting Antwerp and Paris, this artist soon acquired considerable technical dexterity, and has shown a special talent for a vein of *genre* art which, from the familiarity of the subjects and the simple nature expressed, win and retain popular sympathy. The subjects indicate this. Among the successful pictures of Bellows are—"The First Pair of Boots, "The Sorrows of Boyhood," "Approaching Footsteps," "City Cousins," "The Broken Pitcher," "Frost Pencillings," "The Lost Child," etc.

Bellows.

Blauvelt is another name identified with this department; his "Warming Up" and "Counterfeit Bill" have much truth to fact and character.

Blauvelt.

Eugene Benson's motive is more poetical; the "Fireside Reverie" reminds us somewhat of Frère: a young girl sits by a stove, gazing in abstracted mood into the fire: the position and expression are full of the unconsciousness which

Benson.

betokens self-absorption. This artist of late has devoted himself to æsthetic criticism.

In *genre* subjects of a more humble, and especially those of a juvenile and sportive kind, J. G. Brown, a young artist of English birth, has produced several favorite delineations; "Curling," which the skating facilities of the Central Park has made a familiar winter pastime in New York, was among the popular little works of recent exhibitions, and another picture, called "Marching Along," won much attention, especially among lovers and observers of childhood:— J. G. Brown.

"Here a score of country children have formed themselves into a procession, and are going behind a drum and dinner-horn, over a brook and through the woods, to have a Union celebration in the open air. Every child is a character. Foremost goes the small boy whose whole soul is in his dinner-horn, and whose brains, to judge from appearances, will presently be blown through it. Then follows the drummer, dignified to the last degree, and looking the knee-high picture of indignation at the frivolous orderly sergeant, who won't be orderly at all, but persists in falling out of the ranks and crossing the brook by wading with his trousers rolled up, instead of taking the orthodox military route over the bridge. But the most lovely creation of all is a beatified little girl, who has been crowned queen of the occasion with a wreath of posies, and whose mild pure face looks up with an innocent quiet joy which nothing in our memory of child-pictures can surpass. Her sympathetic little friend, who nestles on her shoulder with a face of unenvious pleasure, is only less sweet. Behind these, through every grade of character, the procession shades off to an admirably stolid little child, who don't half know whether he will join the Union or not—a pudgy-legged, hang-back little border-state boy—a sort of Kentucky in petticoats."

His "First Cigar" belongs to M. O. Roberts, and his "Trudging in the Snow" to R. L. Stuart. "Resting in the Woods," "Against his Will," and "The Little Peacemaker" have expressive merit.

Walter Brown has exhibited several highly-finished small pictures, which attracted attention by the elaborateness of their detail and the evident care with which they were painted. Particularly noticeable was the picture of "An Angler Making Flies," and another representing a fireplace in an old country-house. Walter Brown.

In quite a decisive style, the son of Robert Weir has recently brought new artistic credit to the honored name he bears, by delineating, with a skill quite worthy of a Flemish adept in interiors, the famous foundry at Cold Spring, initiated years ago by Governeur Kemble, and of late famous for its manufacture of Parrot guns. Those familiar with the scene presented at one of these establishments at night, during the casting process, are not likely to forget the impression derived from the vast dusky space, lit up by the fiery glow of the furnaces, or the streams of molten iron, with the huge dusky figures J. F. Weir.

moving to and fro, like demons of the mine, or mysterious creatures such as people the legends of the Hartz Mountains or the Black Forest. We know of no picture which so deftly elaborates our industrial economy as this clever and effective picture of the West Point Foundry, by John F. Weir; he has spared no pains to render it authentic; the figures are modelled from some of the athletes of the establishment; the details are exact, and the extremely difficult task of eliminating all the light in the picture, from the molten metal passing from the cauldron into the mould, has proved a complete success.

His "Christmas Ball," "Culprit Fay," and other *genre* works, indicate a blending of the real and ideal which are full of promise. His first work was a fine sunset from West Point, painted at West Point at the age of seventeen; he soon after came to New York, and, encouraged by his friend Gifford, opened a studio, and has since worked progressively.

Noble.

Noble, who has immortalized the heroism of Margaret Garner, is about to achieve a greater work in rendering upon canvas that beautiful incident in the life of John Brown, when, on his way from his prison to the gallows, he gave his blessing to a negro child. The picture tells the story with marvellous power. Noble's picture of the "Slave Mart" has been exhibited in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, and in Boston has attracted much attention.

Wood.

J. W. Wood has delineated the African as he developed during the late war—as a "contraband," a "recruit," and a "veteran;" as a new phase of American art they deserve attention. A critic has well described them as follows:—

"The three pictures referred to illustrate three eras in the life of an American negro, and tell his story so well that no one can fail to understand it. In the first the newly-emancipated slave approaches a provost-marshal's office with timid step, seeking to be enrolled among the defenders of his country. This is the genuine 'contraband.' He has evidently come a long journey on foot. His only baggage is contained in an old silk pocket-handkerchief. He is not past middle age, yet privation and suffering have made him look prematurely old. In the next we see him accepted, accoutred, uniformed, and drilled, standing on guard at the very door where he entered to enlist. This is the 'volunteer.' His cares have now vanished, and he looks younger, and, it is needless to say, happy and proud. In the third picture he is a one-legged veteran, though two years since we first saw him can scarcely be said to have passed. He approaches the same office to draw his 'additional bounty' and pension, or perhaps his back pay.

"These pictures have little value as far as their technical qualities are concerned. Whatever merits they have are of drawing rather than color. But their best qualities consist in the clearness with which they tell their story, and the evident sympathy of the artist with his subject. These are the charms by which all who see them are attracted. The likeness of the hero is admirably preserved in all three pictures, and the effect of varying

circumstances is clearly expressed in the faces. The regulation uniform in 'The Recruit' is excellently painted. The artist must have been a shrewd observer of how the common soldiers—naturally slouchy in their habits—wear their clothes; all of which he has given with much fidelity to nature. He has put his hero upon the same spot in each picture, and, by omitting all suggestive details, has bestowed all his labor upon the figures. This is not a merit, but goes to show that when figure-drawing is correct and expressive, accessories are unnecessary. But Mr. Wood's backgrounds are all very conventional in treatment, being disagreeably and unnecessarily black, and injure rather than improve the general effect of the pictures."

One of the best colorists among our younger artists is John Lafarge; and although the state of his health has prevented the execution of many elaborate works, he has painted a few Apostolic figures, designed for a church, which have much of the feeling of the old masters. His flowers have been especially admired for their unconventional execution and the brilliant truth of their hues; he is an *élève* of the modern French school, and among the artists his style is much praised. "His flowers," says a critic, "have no botanical truth, but are burning with love and beauty." Lafarge.

Recent original and significant drawings by this artist, illustrative of Browning's subtle conceptions, indicate as remarkable a skill in composition as he previously exhibited in color, and would, if elaborately executed, prove admirable and interesting pictures.

Nast has proved one of the most spirited and authentic draughtsmen of the battle and other scenes incident to the late Civil War; his illustrations for Harper's Weekly show talent and fidelity. Nast.

He is an original designer, and exhibits a remarkable grasp of the great questions at issue; some of his designs were the most effectual "campaign documents" against the rebels and their sympathizers.

George A. Baker is highly esteemed for his portraiture of women and children; there is often a clear and vivid flesh-tint, a grace of expression, and a beautiful refinement in his portraits which render them at once attractive and authentic. His studio in New York is rarely without some gem of color and expression. Baker.

Originally devoted to miniature-painting, much of the delicacy and fidelity of his pencil is owing to the high finish and exactitude acquired in that kind of limning. His full-length of L. M. Hoffman is in the Mercantile Library, New York; a portrait of a child of A. M. Cozzens, in the possession of that gentleman, is a work of rare beauty and worth, and was selected for the Paris Exhibition of 1867. There are three characteristic works of Baker in the collection of Marshall O. Roberts—"Love at First Sight," "Wild Flowers," and "Children in the Woods." His latest achievements are thus justly recorded by a recent Academy critic:

"George Baker has no large pictures which add to his established repu-

tation, but he has never painted a small portrait more charming, in any artistic sense, than one of a beautiful young girl in a gipsy hat, which he calls 'Coming from the Woods.' Here he attains the highest triumph of the portrait-painter. He makes a likeness which cannot fail to be eminently individual, and yet at the same time avoids all appearance of being mainly intended as a portrait, by the perfect unconciousness of its manner and the artistic arrangement of its surroundings. No one who visits our exhibition can have escaped the conclusion that to make a fine portrait and a fine picture on the same canvas is the most difficult task in the world. The young ladies who get painted among out-door accessories almost universally seem to have selected their clump of trees after protracted consultation with the landscape-gardener, and to have propounded to Madame Demarest the subsequent problem: Given three maples, a pear-tree, and a convolvulus, what style would look prettiest for my new tarletan? George Baker's lovely little picture is the antipodes of this kind of thing. The young maid has come 'from the woods' without suspicion that a portrait-painter lurks in ambush on the hither edge, and Baker seems to have caught her sweet face quite without her knowing it, just as it gladdened to see somebody coming to meet her whom she loved. There is another portrait of one of our loveliest women—delicate in expression and tender in flesh-tones as Baker's best work."

Baker is a native of New York, and most of his portraits are there; many of his works are in the possession of G. M. Vanderbilt, Esq.

A portrait-painter named Thompson was professionally occupied in the Southern States half a century ago; and afterwards settled at Middleborough, Mass., where two of his sons acquired, at an early age, facility in that art. Jerome Thompson is chiefly known by his rustic scenes, half landscape and half rural labors or sport; while his brother Cephas G. Thompson has long been assiduous in portraiture. He left the paternal teaching and home at the age of eighteen, and went to the neighboring town of Plymouth, where he made portraits of the sea-captains and their families; two years after he was at work in Boston, where he copied the casts from the antique at the Athenæum, and, with Healy and other young art-students, practised drawing under the guidance of D. C. Johnston, then a popular comic draughtsman. He then set up his easel in Providence, R. I., and was prosperously employed there until 1837, when he removed to New York, and opened a studio in the University Building. During the ten succeeding years Thompson was more or less the fashionable portrait-painter; two fancy-pieces, idealized likenesses of beautiful young women, called "Spring" and "Autumn," gained him reputation; they are now in the possession of Charles Sprague, Esq., of Boston; his studio was also attractive from the full-lengths of children, of which several were quite successful; and also because of a series of portraits of American authors executed by the artist as a labor of love; among them Dr. Francis, Longfellow, Bryant, Fenno Hoffman, William H. Simmons, Daponté the younger, Mrs. Oaksmith,

Thompson.

Mrs. Embury, etc. The portrait of Hoffman is in the collection of the N. Y. Historical Society. In 1847 Thompson was employed at New Bedford, and subsequently again at Boston; and, in 1852, visited Europe with several commissions; joined by his family the succeeding year, he remained seven years at Rome, passing the summers at Florence, Perugia, and among the mountains. During this period he painted numerous illustrations of Italian life, and made several admirable copies from the old masters, among them one of Beatrice Cenci, taken, as it were, by stealth, as the picture was only accessible once a week, and but for a limited time. Another memorable copy is the Staffa Madonna of Raphael, in the Conestabili Palace at Perugia. The noble proprietor told the artist that but two copies had ever been taken previous to his own—one for an English nobleman, and one for Louis Napoleon. Bryant is the owner of this work. The subjects of Thompson's compositions are, "The Guardian Angels of Infancy," the "Angel of Truth," the "Liberation of St. Peter," the "Brigand's Daughter," the "Mother's Prayer," and "Chastity." His portraits are numerous, and chiefly distributed in New York and New England. He has painted a few elaborate family groups. This estimable artist has been much favored in his social relations, having enjoyed the friendship of many leading Swedenborgians, with whose faith he strongly sympathizes. He has also several true friends among the authors of the country. Hawthorne compliments him in the "Marble Faun," and Jarvis, in his "Art Idea," accredits him with a remarkable knowledge and appreciation of the Italian painters of the fifteenth century. He married a sister of Anna Mowatt Ritchie, and within a few years has resumed his professional labors in New York.

Guy is a painter of considerable merit and decided progressive *genre* art; as witness his "Field Day," "Feeding the Ducks," "The Sisters," and "The Picture-Book," in the collection of M. O. Roberts, of New York. Guy.

Homer's "Prisoners to the Front," an actual scene in the War for the Union, has attracted more attention, and, with the exception of some inadequacy in color, won more praise than any *genre* picture by a native hand that has appeared of late years. Homer.

"Lull in the Fight," by Edwin Forbes, is a large picture containing some thirty well-drawn figures, disposed in natural attitudes behind a breastwork which seems to have been hastily thrown up in the woods in anticipation of a battle. It is a life-like scene, and one of the best war-pictures which has been exhibited. Forbes.

Copeland, a new name, has executed a strong picture called "Falling Leaves." It is the old scene of the trees shedding their withered foliage, but it is treated with simplicity, and has vigor of touch, and is good in color. Copeland.

J. M. Falconer has a special preference for old houses as subjects for his pencil; among others he has painted the house wherein Jefferson wrote

the Declaration of Independence, in the possession of E. L. Howe, of New York; that where Robert Fulton was an apprentice, in Philadelphia, and an "Old Clothes Store" in Boston—in the possession of J. F. Kensett.

Falconer.

Mr. Falconer has for many years proved himself an intelligent lover of art and artists; he was a member of the first Water Color Society ever instituted here, and is one of the board of control of the present; he is the efficient financial friend of his *confrères;* and, although engaged in business pursuits, he is the faithful Treasurer of the Artists' Fund Society. He was born at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1820, and came to America in 1836. A hardware merchant, he devotes his leisure to painting in oil and water colors.

Butler.

Mr. Butler, who has given one arm to his country, has lately painted, at Rome, a Campagna Scene, where "the genuine shepherd, true to the fact, seems trying how long it is possible to live without thinking, leaving the exercise of intellect and the care of his charge to a most wide-awake, important, and dangerous-looking dog, which keeps watch at his side."

Gould.

Gould has painted a fine picture of "The Oriental Scribe"—a reminiscence of his travels in Egypt and Asia

Nehlig.

Mr. Nehlig is another of our native artists whose works will do honor to his country. His pictures are now eagerly sought for. His "Artist's Dream," exhibited with the collection of the Philadelphia Sketch Club, some few years since, although placed in a very modest corner of the room, was the object of special attention and admiration. His "Armourer in the Olden Time," exhibited for some time, was secured by a well-known connoisseur and dealer for exhibition in Europe. One of his pictures is a scene in a prison-yard, where a wife, who is a mother as well, for she holds a child in her arms, is attempting to speak with her husband through the bars of his cell. A soldier is dragging her away. Intense agony is expressed in the woman's face, which is so admirably painted as to be too painfully truthful. There are several other figures, all of them, and especially that of the jailor, seated upon a bench in the foreground, vigorously drawn, and painted with a boldness, and at the same time a clearness of finish, which equals the work of the best French painters. The same may be said of the second picture, which shows us a party of cavaliers who have quarrelled over their cups. It is to be hoped that the ambition of this artist will lead him into the field of historic painting, to the identification of himself with the late eventful period of our country's history, a work for which his genius is admirably fitted.

J. O'B. Inman.

J. O'B. Inman, son of Henry Inman, after a successful career at the West as a portrait-painter, opened a studio in New York, where his flower-pieces and small *genre* pictures found a ready sale; his facility is remarkable. He went abroad in 1866, and a letter in a London journal thus alludes to him:

"Mr. Inman, who has been but a few months at Rome, has found that

time long enough for very many representations of Roman life, executed with a rapidity which would seem impossible from a study of the results. Most pleasing to the writer is one christened 'Sunny Thoughts,' a sweet child leaning from a window, with serious but happy thought in her deep blue eyes, innocence and cheerfulness in every line of her face, all according well with the bright light which falls over the golden hair and over the vine-leaves drooping from the casement above."

There have been numerous artistic illustrations of the late war for the Union. Those of Leutze, Nast, Wood, Homer, and others have been previously referred to; and among the most successful as regards accuracy and spirit are the paintings of Mr. Walker, who made careful studies on the march. Balling's "Heroes of the Republic," a group of twenty-seven Union generals on horseback, has been much praised.

Mr. Yewell's painting of the splendid old gothic church at Moret, France, is called "The First Communion." From the door of the old church or cathedral comes a procession of young girls, all dressed in white, as happy as they are innocent. Groups of towns-people are artistically arranged in front of the church. The architectural details of the church and the surrounding houses are painted with elaborate care. Yewell.

In a visit to one of our military hospitals, during the war for the Union, a lover of art was struck with the spirit and expression of a soldier's figure traced in charcoal or chalk on the wall near the bed of one of the patients; he was a Vermont boy who had taken a stalwart rebel prisoner near our lines, and conducted him into camp amid the cheers of the soldiers; attention being thus called to the youth, he was placed upon the staff of an officer, and, having been wounded, amused himself with rough drawings of camp-scenes, of which the specimen on the wall, coming thus accidently under the eye of a judge of art, was found to indicate unusual talent. The gallantry of the youth and his artistic tendencies gained him the warm friendship of a New York merchant, who liberally provided for his education; and Julian Scott has ever since the end of the war devoted himself assiduously to art. He is already an accomplished draughtsman, and has made several authentic and effective illustrations of scenes in the hospital, the camp, and on the battle-field, from recollection and studies sketched on the spot. Julian Scott.

Life-size *genre* pictures, with all the details emphatically expressed, as if by magnified photographic process, are the peculiar works of Constance Mayer. "The Convalescent," the "Sister of Mercy," and the "Orphan's Holiday" are well-known examples. F. A. Meyer's "Lost Letter" and "The Cavalier" belong to Geo. W. Riggs, Esq., of Washington, D. C. Mayer.

Of Sylvester Genin, born at St. Clairsville, Ohio, January 22, 1822, a memoir has been published, which adds a curious chapter to the anomalous artist-experiences of the West. His attempts were remarkably ambitious, for he dashed at once into historical art with little comparative training. Technical defects, of course, Genin.

were inevitable; but he evinced a remarkable talent for composition, and had a spirited style which, under favorable circumstances, would have led to permanent triumphs. The subjects and size of his pictures are in singular contrast with his age and advantages, and his story is exceptional and interesting. He died at the age of twenty-eight.

Among other *genre* painters who have won more or less credit and manifested certain kinds and degrees of talent are Bingham, Comengys, Pratt, Barrow, Peele, Stearns, Holyoke, C. Jarvis, Street, Woodside, Mrs. Gretorex, Mrs. Spencer, Laurent, Wright, Cogswell, Carter, Morris, Rutherford (who gave much promise and died young), Edouart, Perry, Irving, Washington, and Colyer.

A characteristic fact in the brief history of American art is, that among its earliest products which attracted notice abroad, were illustrations of natural history. Audubon and Wilson delineated the feathered tribe; and the story of their adventurous expeditions and expedients is a romantic chapter in artist-life quite unique and fresh in its details and spirit. Not less interesting are the trials and triumphs of Catlin, who portrayed so many of the aboriginal tribes for the benefit of the future ethnologist and the gratification of Europeans. Indians, birds, and quadrupeds—indigenous on this continent—with the mounds of the West, and the geology and flora of the New World, form a little appreciated but scientifically valuable phase of developments of art in the United States. More recently, several of our painters have attained reputation as animal-painters; and while the masterly works of Landseer and Rosa Bonheur have created in the public mind a standard of merit in this branch rarely approached, the cattle of Hinckley, the rabbits and deer of Beard, the domestic fowl and game of Tait, and the pointers, buffaloes, and prairie-dogs of Hays, with specimens from the pencils of Troy, Oertel, Ogilvie, and others, have made familiar and progressive a class of pictures long prized in Holland, France, and England, as capable of illustrating some of the most characteristic traits of animated nature, and making apparent their subtle relation to humanity. It was, perhaps, under this guise that *genre* painting naturally took its rise among us.

Such representations also of border life and history as Bingham made popular, though boasting no special grasp or refinement in execution, fostered a taste for primitive scenes and subjects which accounts for the interest once excited in cities and still prevalent at the West in such pictures as "The Jolly Flat-Boatman."

Bingham.

John James Audubon was born on a plantation in Louisiana, May 4, 1780, and died in New York, January 27, 1851. He visited Paris in his youth, and studied painting with David. On returning to the United States he engaged ardently in ornithological researches, removing from a farm in Pennsylvania to Henderson, Kentucky. During long, isolated, and adventurous expeditions, the story of which, from his own pen, has all the interest of romance, he collected several thousand specimens of bird-portraits, drawn by his own hand; they were all accidentally destroyed, and he had the remarkable courage

Audubon.

and perseverance to renew his labor of love ; the birds are represented with their natural habits and localities, and are of life size ; his work was published by subscription ; and the original drawings are in the possession of the New York Historical Society.* Audubon's sons were distinguished as animal-painters. One of the earliest cattle-painters was Hinckley, of Massachusetts, who produced some excellent specimens, but never seems to have progressed beyond his first successful attempts. His "Cattle seeking Shelter from an approaching Storm," and his "Disputed Game," were disposed of at great prices at the Wolfe sale ; his "Landscape with Deer and Cows," in the collection of M. O. Roberts, and his "Old Field-Horse," belonging to J. C. McGuire, of Washington, D. C., are good exemplars of his style. Irving's *genre* works, somewhat of the class Messonier has made popular, are skilfully composed and finished ; and the street scenes of Van Elten are graphic and authentic.

Hinckley.

As an illustration of the adventurous phase of artist-life, which is possible even to the animal-painter in America, note the description or argument of two pictures by William Hays, the grandson of the once famous high constable of New York, where the artist was born in 1830. He studied with John R. Smith ; and his "Head of a Bull-Dog," exhibited in 1852, established his claim to rare truth, accuracy, and spirit in the delineation of animals ; his setters, prairie-dogs, partridges, and quails are often distinguished by elaborate accuracy and vital expression :—

Hays.

"The Stampede." The immense herds of bison which roam over the prairies are sometimes seized with fright, from some real or imaginary cause, and the panic beginning perhaps with but a few, is at last communicated to the whole herd, when, with headlong fury, they dash and drive each other on, in wildest fear. The picture represents the arrival of a herd, during one of these panics, upon the brink of one of the small cañons, or ravines, which everywhere intersect the prairies, and are generally invisible until their edge is nearly approached. The foremost animals, despite their fear, discover their danger, and frantically struggle to retain their foothold, but the immense pressure of the terror-stricken creatures in the rear renders it impossible : they are forced forward, and plunge into the ravine, their bodies serving as a bridge for the rest of the herd, which continues its mad career until exhausted. A stampede is the great dread of emigrants crossing the plain, as it is almost impossible to prevent the cattle and horses from being carried off with it. The soil of the rolling prairie is chiefly sand and clay, which, baked dry by the intense heat, is raised by the wind in intolerable clouds of dust. The vegetation is principally buffalo grass, amid which flourish the most delicate wild flowers ; in the foreground may be noticed the cactus opuntia, or prickly pear, which, in this region, is found in abundance.

"The Herd on the Move." By the casual observer this picture would, with hardly a second thought, be deemed an exaggeration ; but those who

* For a more full account of Audubon, see the Author's Biographical Essays.

have visited our prairies of the far West can vouch for its truthfulness, nor can canvas adequately convey the width and breadth of these innumerable hordes of bison, such as are here represented as coming over a river-bottom in search of water and food, their natural instincts leading them on, constantly inciting them to this wandering life, since vegetation would be quite exhausted were it not for the opportunity thus afforded for renewal. As far as the eye can reach, wild herds are discernible; and yet, farther behind these bluffs, over which they pour, the throng begins, covering sometimes a distance of a hundred miles. The bison collect in these immense herds during the autumn and winter, migrating south in winter and north in summer, and so vast is their number that travellers on the plains are sometimes a week passing through a herd. They form a solid column, led by the strongest and most courageous bulls; and nothing in the form of natural obstructions seems ever to deter their onward march, they crossing rivers and other obstacles from which a horse would shrink. The soil of the river bottoms—unlike the prairie proper, which begins at the bluffs in the distance—is very rich, and vegetable growth very luxuriant. In the foreground is represented the sweetbrier, or wild rose; and in the middle distance, the light tints which look like water is the artemisia, or wild sage.

Hays exhibited at the National Academy, in 1850, his picture of "A Dog in a Field," and in two years was chosen an associate. He has visited Missouri and the far West, and made accurate studies of buffaloes, prairie-dogs, deer, squirrels, and other wild animals; and some of his portraits of the domestic race are very truthful and characteristic.

His "Prairie-Dog Village" represents a familiar scene of prairie life, when thousands and tens of thousands of the burrows of these little creatures, with their embankments, give to the surface of the earth the appearance of cutaneous eruptions. The dogs in the foreground of the picture are carefully painted. Another picture represents a solitary bull-moose, ugly, stiff, and awkward as the original himself, with heavy antlers, huge head, projecting upper lip, and misshapen body. The texture of the hair is good, and the entire scene life-like. The background and accessories are entirely subordinated to the main figure, which is one of the best that he has delineated.

The dogs and game of this artist are widely distributed; average specimens of his skill are in the collection of Marshall O. Roberts, Esq., of New York;—"A Terrier Dog," "Hord on the Move," "Dog's Head," "Noah's Dove," "Strawberries," and "Flowers."

Alfred G. Miller, of Baltimore, Md., although for years a martyr to rheumatism, contracted years ago in his artistic expeditions to the Rocky Mountains, has bravely prosecuted animal-painting, and with success. He studied in Italy in his youth, and was long devoted to portraiture and composition; but became fascinated with the life and scenes of the far prairies of the West, and especially fond of delineating the buffalo and his wild surroundings.

Miller.

He paints this animal in water colors, in every possible attitude, and under all imaginable circumstances, and for these spirited and authentic pictures he has liberal orders from England; one nobleman of Scotland, especially, has kept his pencil auspiciously employed. His enthusiasm for "his friends, the buffaloes," as he calls them, and his artistic skill, well illustrate a peculiar phase of Western scenes and animal life.

An English artist residing in Westchester county, J. F. Tait, has long been a popular animal-painter, and many of his pictures have been widely circulated through chromo-lithographs. Dana has painted some of the best heads of dogs and horses executed in this country; and Brackett has succeeded in delineating our native fish with truth and effect. One of the most promising of our young artists in this department is Mr. Bispham, of Philadelphia, who has executed several excellent pictures, wherein the cattle in pastoral, and the wild animals in wild landscape, are delineated with great authenticity and fine feeling.

Tait.

Bispham.

A native of Maine, Walter M. Brackett began his career as an artist in 1843, and at first devoted himself to portraits and fancy heads; until a few years since when he made the painting of "Game Fish" a specialty. His orders are in advance of his work for this class of pictures, of which an eminent critic says:—

Brackett.

"It is now about a year since we called the attention of our readers to the fish-groups of Walter M. Brackett. They appeared to us to be remarkable for fidelity and picturesqueness. There are game pictures which we do not wish to see. There is nothing pleasant in them, either in their surroundings or in their intrinsic worth. But from the first time that we saw Mr. Brackett's paintings we were convinced that he would give us pleasant groups, and would take a high rank as a painter of piscatorial treasures. At the late artists' reception there was universal praise awarded to his salmon of the ordinary kind, to his group of fish, including a silvery Lake Ontario "White Fish," and to that most delicious of all fish, which Professor Agassiz denominates the "Land-locked Salmon." This last is a denizen of the limpid waters of the lakes which empty into the St. Croix above Calais, in Maine. In that region where the late Rev. Dr. Bethune (the greatest American authority in piscatorial matters) used to go in May and June, this beautiful fish, larger than the trout and smaller than the salmon, and more delicate than either, is found. Thither Mr. Brackett went, and (for he is a good fisherman) snatched from its watery home the land-locked salmon, which he has so felicitously rendered on canvas. Like every true artist, he paints from nature, and hence his fidelity and success. A friend who is an excellent connoisseur, and who, in Europe, has looked upon the finest fish-pieces by English, French, and Dutch artists, unhesitatingly pronounces Mr. Brackett in the first rank of the great masters in that line. We do not recall a single living English or American artist of piscatorial pictures that can come up with him. Mr. Brackett has his reward, for his orders are constant. In New York many gentlemen

have become possessors of his paintings. The accessories of his fish are always in good taste, picturesque, and well painted."

This artist has, in several instances, memorably succeeded in fantasy-painting, and especially in representing rabbits and deer; of the latter a group exhibited at the Academy in New York attracted much attention: a fine buck is listening with that vigilant timidity peculiar to these wild and beautiful creatures; his antlers are thrown back, his ears forward; his eyes protrude, his tail is stiffened; it seems as if he heard from afar the echo of a hunter's horn or the stealthy tread of an enemy; a doe and fawn seem patiently and tenderly to await the result of this intent listening. There are others of the family, but they stand at ease or browse unconcernedly. Another picture by this artist, caused a smile of amusement on every face: two rabbits are making love, and a third stands on his hind legs and peers over a cabbage-leaf, with an expression of jealous surprise in his fixed and fierce eyes that is inimitable. A sketchy little picture of "Santa Claus" whirling in his sledge through a snow-storm, and dropping Christmas toys down chimneys, and the "March of Silenus," with his intoxicated goats, still further illustrate the peculiar kind of *genre* painting in which Beard excels; his perception of animal character and expression is sympathetic and acute; and the result of this faculty united to his original comic vein is a unique combination of the naturalist and the humorist in art.

W. H. Beard.

William H. Beard was born in what was then the backwoods settlement of Painesville, Ohio, now the most beautiful village of the West, where he remained until about his eighteenth year, with a history similar to most country-bred boys, and not unusual in its experience, unless it might be a great fondness for the rifle, and all woodland sports and pastimes. His mother, who was left a widow when William was yet an infant, made every effort to give her youngest son a liberal education, with but partial success however; for the boy had other tastes, and little fondness for books, save the great book of nature, which it was his constant joy to study, and there was probably no one in his native town or its vicinity who possessed so much knowledge of natural history and nature generally, as he, even at a very early age. He was well known in the town and the country round about for these acquirements, as well as for being a good shot, a good swimmer, and "hard to handle," which means a good wrestler—with its kindred accomplishments. At the age of eighteen he was sent to school, and kept steadily at his studies for the next three years; when he returned to his native town and made his first attempt to earn his bread by painting portraits, but with very little success; "a prophet is not without honor," etc. He therefore resolved to try his fortune in strange lands, and, about his twenty-first year, started on a tour through the western towns of his native State as a peripatetic portrait-painter. As he himself expressed it, his mission was to "take the conceit out of people." This was said in consequence of an unhappy propensity he had of seizing upon those characteristics and peculiarities in his sitters, which the fond original vainly hoped would

be treated with considerate moderation;—enlarging upon them, and producing altogether a result more satisfactory and amusing to others than flattering to the vanity of the poor victims. But as few persons cared to have such service performed for them, he was rewarded with but indifferent success. He at length determined to make a bold push, and try the "much-feared" city. Accordingly he went to Buffalo, and opened a studio about the year 1850. Not depending so much upon portrait-painting, however, and finally abandoning it altogether, he struggled on with varied success for some six or eight years, gradually making a local reputation, and forming valuable friendships and acquaintances, among whom was Mr. Thomas LeClear. Procuring orders sufficient to keep him busy during his stay, he was enabled to go to Europe, where he spent his time chiefly in Dusseldorf, Switzerland, and Rome. Here he first met with many of his now distinguished countrymen—Leutze, Gifford, Whittredge, Bierstadt, and others. Returning to Buffalo, after an absence of a little less than two years, he married Miss Johnson, a granddaughter of Judge Wilkeson, a prominent citizen of Buffalo. But this great happiness of his life was soon followed by its greatest sorrow; after a few days' illness his beautiful wife died within a few months after their marriage. Then the household was broken up, and Mr. Beard removed to New York in 1860, with blighted hopes and a saddened life, to begin the world again, as it were. He brought with him a few humorous pictures,—"The Astronomer," "The Owl," "Bears on a Bender," and "Grimalkin's Dream." These were more popular than the artist had anticipated, and even more so than he afterward desired, for most of his orders since have been for pictures of like character. Mr. Beard again married in 1863 the daughter of his old friend LeClear.

This regret is natural on the part of an artist who feels capable of other kinds of work than the special one which public favor recognizes. Still, the verdict is a good evidence of his originality. A judicious critic thus estimates Beard's more recent pictures, their significance and intrinsic merit:—

"A caricature where man's weaknesses are reflected and made startlingly apparent in a mirror which distorts and magnifies them, often overleaps itself, and thereby destroys the effect which it seeks to produce. It is usually too exaggerated to be truthful, and too broad to be keen. It is comical without being humorous, coarse without being witty, and so stupid that from it no moral even can be adducible. Æsop's Fables are fine specimens of satire, and that which he so successfully accomplished with his pen, has, in a different but equally admirable manner, been effected by the pencil of an American painter. William H. Beard has produced in his pictures some of the most caustic satires on humanity which the age has known. He has shown up pride, arrogance, drunkenness, greed, jealousy, and various other faults of humanity, in a manner which cannot fail to teach a lesson that—if it bear any fruit at all—must be productive of good. He has not altogether confined himself to works of a satirical character; but has selected his themes from many varied sources. Few of his pictures, however, lack that

element of humor in the delineation of which he is a master, and which is so laughter-provoking in its effects upon the beholder. Even when the subject is of a serious cast, and the feeling it naturally awakens is of a thoughtful character, he still manages to introduce into it a touch of grave, quaint humor, which, far from violating good taste or jarring the sensibilities by its seeming incongruousness, harmonizes, grotesquely it may be, and gives, by contrast, additional strength to the motive of the picture. The art of introducing a comic vein, where we should least expect to find it, either in a picture or a poem, and that, too, without producing a discordant effect, is one which few possess, and can only be successful when no natural law is violated, and its appropriateness is patent to all. Fitz-Greene Halleck possesses this power in a remarkable degree, and has successfully introduced it into several of his poems.

"Perhaps the most popular of Beard's pictures, the one which appeals strongest to the risible faculties of the beholder, is his 'Bears on a Bender.' It represents a party of bears, six or eight in number, who, having broken into a garden, have returned therefrom to the neighboring woods, laden with spoils in the form of grapes, watermelons, and various vegetables, with which they are regaling themselves with a gusto and bonbruinie—if we may coin a word—only equalled by a party of fat aldermen over champagne and a tureen of turtle. One can easily imagine, as he looks upon them, that he hears the smacking of their chops, and their low growls of satisfaction, as they crunch through the crisp, green rinds of the melons, and make their teeth meet in the red, sweet, and juicy core; that he can see the blood of the grape trickling from their open mouths, and catch their smiles of contentment at their good-luck. The drunken gravity upon the faces of some, and the semi-idiotic leer of others of the group, are wonderfully expressed. Regarding the picture simply as portraits of bears, without considering it in its relation to humanity, or as possessing a moral significance beyond what appears on its face, it is yet worthy of careful study; the bears are not stuffed specimens, but are instinct with life, and as bearish and natural in their ways as any ever encountered by old Grizzly Adams. They are anatomically correct in drawing; their fur is the regular thing, with nothing woolly or bristly about it, but of the kind which bears are accustomed to wear. They don't set themselves up for travelled bears who have been viewing civilization through the medium of a menagerie; but they are untamed, forest-free chaps, who lead wild and jolly lives in summer, and sleep undisturbed through the winter; in short, they are bears which are bears."

Somewhat in the vein of Kaulbach, but with thoroughly American humorous traits, Beard has painted what an experienced art-student justly calls "jokes vital with merry thought and healthful absurdity." His "Court of Justice," wherein all parties are represented by monkeys, is a most suggestive satire; and his "Bear Dance" has all the phases of a ball-room, with "four-legged humanity" to emphasize its naturalness. Of "The Watchers" it has been said: "It is a picture representing a dying

elk, surrounded by six or eight ravens waiting patiently for its eyes to close in death before they pounce upon him. The biting satire, the grim humor, and the quasi-melancholy conveyed by the picture are unmistakable. The poor stricken elk lies stretched upon the sward of the prairie, its limbs relaxed, its strength ebbing with the flowing of its life-blood, its soft, dark eyes rapidly glazing, a piteous expression on its face, as if aware of the fate awaiting it; while the ill-omened birds, like black shadows of death, are clustered around it on the ground. One or two of the ravens are evidently old beaks at this sort of business, and instead of watching with the wistful, expectant manners of the rest, are resigned and patient, dozing away the minutes with their heads sunk low amidst their feathers, confident that the elk will die in good season for their evening repast. Perhaps there is an adage in crow-life similar to that which cooks like to repeat, viz., 'A watched pot never boils.' So the ravens may say, 'A watched elk never dies;' and the elder of the crows, being posted in this matter, either are or else feign to be unwistful. The entire arrangement and grouping of the figures in this picture cannot fail to attract attention by the skilfulness with which they are managed and the correctness of the drawing."

Among Beard's pictures is a patriotic allegory, "The Guardians of the Flag," representing a rocky eyrie, on which an eagle is defending and grasping in his talons the Stars and Stripes, other "birds of Jove," standing on guard near by; and "In and Out," a clever little piece devoted to the chase of rats by an excited puss. Other of his pictures are "Grimalkin's Dream," "The Intruding Guinea-Pig," "Deer on the Prairie," "Christmas Eve," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Raining Cats and Dogs," "In the Woods," "Exchanging Epithets," "A Bird in the Hand," etc., etc.

"Santa Claus" and "Grimalkin's Dream" belong to J. Taylor Johnson, of New York; "Bears on a Bender," "The Conspirators," and "Dance of Silenus," to S. B. Caldwell, of Brooklyn, L. I.; and the "Naughty Cub" to Geo. W. Riggs, of Washington, D. C.

May.

The son of an English clergyman, who brought him to America in early childhood, Edward H. May, having a natural talent and facility as a draughtsman, embraced the profession of an engineer, when the frequent construction of railroads occasioned constant demands for the exercise of that science among us; but he soon yielded to a much stronger instinct for art; and beginning with portraits, soon rose to ideal and historical experiments. Perhaps he was first known to the New York public by a panorama illustrative of "The Pilgrim's Progress," which, in conjunction with brother artists, he executed for exhibition; it proved very successful. It is an exceptional characteristic that May's mind tended strongly both to the exact sciences and the poetical in art and life; he was so good a mathematician that he took a high rank as a civil engineer, and he became as enthusiastic and visionary in his art-studies as the most imaginative aspirant. A painter who was long his neighbor in the Art-Union Building, New York, remem-

bers vividly the alternation of moods, the eagerness of conception, and the earnestness of execution wherewith, in his novitiate, he used to work. On one occasion he had finished, after months of ardent toil, a religious picture, which his friend advised him to dispose of to the Art-Union, as the readiest way of selling it to advantage—money being then a great desideratum. "No," said May, "I have put my soul into that picture, and I will only part with it to some one capable of appreciating the sentiment it embodies." As, however, no purchaser offered, the artist was reluctantly obliged to allow his picture to be raffled for; the day after the drawing, May entered his friend's studio, who declares he can never forget his look of despair, or the indignant sorrow with which he exclaimed: "Drawn by Hose Company No. 9!" Enthusiastic, fluent, and sensitive, but varying in his artistic aims, and restless under delay or obstacles, he required the social and professional encouragements only to be found abroad; and soon visited Europe, making Paris his head-quarters, but frequently visiting England to execute portraits; in Liverpool, especially, he is known as a portrait-painter. He has several times passed months in Italy, greatly to the advantage of his artistic scope and discipline; he has made some of the best copies of the old masters in the Louvre—so estimated by the French critics. He is intimate with all the Paris *ateliers*, and his vivacious and well-cultivated mind and active temperament make him a social favorite; at the same time he has all the caprice and fantasy of the artistic organization. The subjects of May's pictures are remarkably various—ranging from the dramatic to the domestic, and from severely historical to genial *genre* subjects. Among them are "The Fisherman's Daughter listening to a Sea-Shell," "Girl combing her Hair," "Esmeralda," from Victor Hugo's famous romance; "Cardinal Mazarin taking Leave of his Pictures in the Louvre," of which Couture thought highly; "The Dying Brigand," which took a gold medal at the Paris Exposition of 1855, and was also exhibited at the National Academy of New York; "King Lear and Cordelia," "The Origin of the Printing-Press," and "Franklin playing Chess with Lady Howe," painted for an American, Mr. Farnham. At the sale of the Wright collection in New York, six of May's pictures were exhibited—"A Greek Slave," "Copy of Titian," "The Falconer," after Couture; "The Listeners," after Luminaise; "Madonna," after Murillo; and a "Copy of Titian's Entombment." This latter brought fourteen hundred, and the "Madonna" a thousand dollars.

In the *Annales Historiques* (Paris, 1864, vol. 38), we are told that Edward Harrison May studied under Huntington, in New York, and entered Couture's studio in Paris, in 1851; highly commended by the author of this memoir are the careful studies of this artist and their results; it was written when the artist had attained his fortieth year, and enumerates, as his most striking and characteristic works up to that period, "The Death of a Brigand," "Portrait of a Young Girl," "An Italian Study," "A Young Italian Woman writing her Lover's Confession on a Tomb," "Francis First at Prayer after hearing of the Death of his Son," "An Il-

lustration from Byron," "Columbus making his Will," "A Scene from Waverley," "Jewish Captives at Babylon," "A Young Woman at her Toilet." It will be seen how wide is the scope of this artist's sympathies by the subjects he has treated. The writer of the biography alluded to, thus speaks of his style and abilities: "*Ce qui caractérise, selon nous, cet artiste, c'est la fermeté correcte de son dessin, la force harmonieuse de sa couler et une verité saissante.*" M. Aldini writes—"*M. May dessine et peint avec bonheur, avec succès; il copie avec le culte et l'dolâtrie pour les grands maitres: ses études sont d'une vêrité frappante; ses portraits sont vivants.*"

M. Andre Leo, in the new "Paris Guide," cites in proof of artistic feeling among Americans, the pictures of May and Langdon, and the California landscapes of Hill. Théophile Gautier has also accorded high praise to May:—

"In his 'Francis the First lamenting the Death of his Son,' the artist has grouped his figures with taste and skill. Prominent upon the canvas we have the king on his knees. He has stepped aside from those surrounding him, and, with every sign of grief and agitation upon his expressive countenance, is raising to heaven a prayer for consolation and protection. The king is in advance of the group of courtiers. The prelate, who has just communicated the fatal intelligence, stands between the kneeling monarch and those from whom he has just rushed, while in their attitudes the artist has expressed most admirably the sensations experienced by them. The whole painting is well executed, the composition very good, while the coloring is warmer and more pleasing than is generally seen at this exhibition."

In "The Italian Peasant Girl inscribing her Love upon a Tomb," the figures are the size of life. The man is seated upon the ground, and has his arm around the form of the girl, of whom we only see the profile. as she is seated with her back toward us. She is writing upon the cold gray of the tomb rock her confession of love. With her arm upon her lover's shoulder, she coyly turns away her head, as she thus reveals to the delighted peasant what he so ardently desires to know. The figures are gracefully composed, while the coloring is rich and pleasing.

In his picture of "Lady Jane Grey taking Leave of the Governor of the Tower," Jane Grey is just presenting her tablets to the Governor of the Tower previous to her execution. The stern old Governor bows lowly and reverentially to receive them from her hand. Her girlish face is pale, her eyes are circled with red from the anguish she has suffered, while at the same time a serene dignity shines in her features; a noble, glorious womanliness, mingled with sweet, almost childlike simplicity. This is the impression this calm, pure face makes upon one only who reads in it that the tempests of sorrow which have assailed this victim to royal female ambition have only served to ennoble her nature.

His "Michael Angelo leaving the Vatican in Anger," is owned by Dr. Thomas Evans, the celebrated American dentist. A portrait of the Rev.

Dr. McClintock is a very noble picture. Among other of his portraits which have been recognized as true to nature and effective in execution may be named those of Jerome Bonaparte, in the costume of a carabinier; of Mr. Dayton, late U. S. Minister at Paris; and of Laboulaye and De Gasparin, painted for the Union League Club, of New York.

M. Wight was born in Boston in 1827, and began to draw and paint at the age of eighteen. Occupied with portraits until 1851, he then went abroad, and visited all the principal galleries of Europe.

Wight.

Three years of study and practice in the Old World had matured his skill, as was evident by the fine portrait of Humboldt which he brought home. He then painted, in Boston, a series of remarkably good likenesses, some of them elaborately finished; among the subjects were Edward Everett, Josiah Quincy, Senator Sumner, Professor Agassiz, James Savage, and numerous other citizens. In 1860 the artist again visited Europe, chiefly to study the French school; on his return to his native city he executed two much-admired ideal works—the "Sleeping Beauty" and "Eve at the Fountain." A third sojourn in Europe, commencing in 1865, was passed chiefly in Paris, in professional work and study; and in 1867 Mr. Wight returned to his Boston studio. The circumstances attending his Humboldt portrait are of interest—that work having established his reputation; and we copy from a journal of the day the facts as they occurred:—

"Desirous while in Europe to produce the portrait of some person of note and well known in America, it was suggested to Mr. Wight to select that of Baron von Humboldt. Accordingly, with this purpose in view, and a letter of introduction from one of the most eminent orators in the United States, he called, while in Berlin, upon the Hon. D. D. Barnard, the able and accomplished minister from the United States, then at the court of Prussia. Seeing before him a mere beardless boy, Mr. Barnard, notwithstanding the testimonials of his genius and character, could hardly help the expression of a wish for some specimen of the talent of so young an artist, before assuming the responsibility of asking the baron to sit for his picture. But Mr. Wight had no specimen with him. All he could do was immediately to propose to paint the American minister himself. Mr. Barnard as immediately accepted the invitation. In a few days Mr. Wight completed his task. At the next of those elegant receptions which were regularly given by the American minister, the portrait was hung upon the wall. Quite a number of ladies and gentlemen were in attendance. They were filled with surprise and admiration. With one accord they pronounced it a perfect success, and without delay Mr. Barnard, true to his word and countryman, communicated the request to the baron. The proposition of the young American artist brought a thousand reminiscences to the mind of Humboldt, who, however, soon terminated all suspense or fear of denial by giving, in his own frank and genial manner, the much-desired affirmative reply. The matter soon became known, and excited a lively curiosity, particularly among some of the American residents and students, an

unusually large number of whom were at that season in Berlin. Mr. Wight occupied a small room in Franzosisch Strasse, and its entire contents embraced little more than a few chairs, a borrowed easel, a set of colors and brushes, and a piece of canvas stretched upon a frame. There were to be five sittings—Mr. Wight requiring no more. Of Von Humboldt, promptness is a well-known characteristic; and punctual to a minute, the baron came on each appointed day to the temporary and unpretending studio of the American artist. He was always driven there in the same vehicle, and always accompanied by the same confidential valet, who attended him up stairs, and then either left or paced back and forth along the corridor, or in the courtyard, until the allotted hour and a half for sitting within expired, when the valet instantly appeared and knocked at the door in obedience to the previous command of his master, who as instantly arose, and, politely taking his leave, departed. Few painters, perhaps, are more alive to the importance, not to say the necessity, of having all things in readiness against the arrival of a patron than Mr. Wight, and he invariably held pallet and pencil in hand, and as invariably began his delineations the moment the baron was seated; and, inspired as it were by the presence of so noble and illustrious a subject, he wrought with such zeal, facility, power, and effect, as to complete every part of the work upon the day agreed upon, and thus gave to the world his famous portrait of Baron von Humboldt, the profoundest and most renowned philosopher, if not the most wonderful man of his age. Many persons, citizens and strangers as well as artists, now paid their respects to Mr. Wight. Among the latter may be mentioned Cornelius, whose magnificent cartoons and frescoes, in church, palace, and cathedral, have emblazoned his name throughout all Germany; and Rauch, that immortal sculptor, whose colossal statue of Frederick the Great, which was being constructed for so many years, and at such an immense expense, which was inaugurated with so much pomp and ceremony in the presence of the emperor and his court, the flower of the princes of the blood, of the nobles, and of the army, and all the ecclesiastical and civil functionaries and dignitaries of the empire, and a countless multitude of other citizens, and which statue has scarcely, either in its design and execution, any parallel in modern times. These and other artists and friends of Humboldt came to see the new portrait, and, having beheld it, to take Mr. Wight by the hand and express to him their surprise and gratification. Nothing would do but the portrait must be deposited in the Grand Hall of the Art-Union of Berlin. Here it was placed upon an easel by itself, in a most conspicuous position for general view and examination, and here it was gazed at from day to day, and its merits and effects discussed in almost every tongue and strain of commendation."

LANDSCAPE-PAINTERS.

Doughty.—Gignoux.—Kensett.—Whittredge.—Russell Smith.—Casilaer.—Hubbard.—W. T. Richards.—T. A. Richards.—Gifford.—Inness.—Cropsey.—Suydam.—Wenzler.—Heade.—McEntee.—W. Hart.—Birch.—Salmon.—R. Bonfield.—Marine Painters: De Haas.—Dix. Warren.—Bradford.—Haseltine.—Williamson.—Bristol.—Tilton.—Colman.—Shattuck.—Griswold.—Gay.—Mignot.—Hamilton.—Brevoort.—Sontag.—Bellows, and others.—Ropes.—Thorndike.—Ruggles.—Moran.—Hotchkiss.

PREVIOUS to and simultaneously with the new interest excited in American landscape art, by the true and genial works of Cole, Thomas Doughty promoted its success, and was long regarded as its representative. He was born in Philadelphia, on the 19th of July, 1793. His original occupation was as far removed as it is possible to imagine from those associations which usually lead to the cultivation of art. He was a leather manufacturer; having served an apprenticeship to that business, and afterwards engaged in it on his own account.

Doughty.

As in the case of the late Thomas Dowse, of Cambridgeport, Mass., who followed the same trade, a love and taste for art gradually took possession of Doughty while engaged in this occupation, or rather during his intervals of leisure and recreation. He was nearly thirty years of age when, to the surprise and disappointment of his friends, he resolved to make painting his vocation. Adopted at such a period of life, and in the face of many practical difficulties, it could only have been the strong and deliberate love of art, for her own sake and delight therein, that led Doughty to sacrifice an assured economical prosperity to the attractive but precarious career thus adopted.

He always spoke of his early experiments with contempt; and seems to have had little other instruction before he made them than was afforded by a single quarter's tuition in India-ink drawing. His woodland landscapes, especially many small, picturesque, and effectively colored scenes, soon became popular; there was often a cool, vivid tone, a true execution, and especially a genuine American character about them, which, in the early part of his professional life, rendered the studies, sketches, and finished landscapes of Doughty more characteristic, suggestive, and interesting to

lovers of nature and of art among us, than other works of the kind. After a time, Cole, Durand, Brown, and others, made native landscape art more familiar and available; but for some years the demand for and the reputation of Doughty's pictures indicated a high rank and an effective style. He was one of the earliest American artists to make evident the charm of what is called the "silvery tone," and to reproduce with genuine emphasis and grace autumnal effects. His "Peep at the Catskills," "View on the Hudson," "Lake Scene," and "Old Mill," are memorable. In the United States, at London and Paris, Doughty pursued the art he so truly loved and so well illustrated, with frequent but irregular success. A collection of his landscapes, exhibited in Boston, in conjunction with some of Fisher's, and many portraits by Harding and Alexander—then fashionable artists—impressed all capable judges with Doughty's remarkable talent and true feeling for nature; and the same impression is made upon all who have examined the specimens in the possession of the artist's brother, Col. William Doughty, at Georgetown, D. C. The latter years of Doughty were shadowed by misfortune and illness, and he died in poverty at New York, July 24, 1856. "A View of the Hudson River," from his pencil, belongs to J. Taylor Johnson, of New York; another, "Near the Delaware Water-Gap," was sold with the Wright collection; "A View near Fishkill," is in the possession of J. W. Field, Esq., of Philadelphia, Pa.; one of his landscapes is in the Boston Athenæum; another, "Scene on the Susquehanna," is in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; also a "Canal Scene." "A View near Paris," and "Trout Brook," belong to A. M. Cozzens, Esq., of New York. About his sylvan scenes there is often a soft and sunny tone; he exhibits the delicacy of truth. To one who knew the man in his latter years, there is something sadly impressive in the contrast between his work and his life; for pecuniary ill-success and artistic sensibility rendered him morbidly despondent and even perverse.

Among the foreign artists whose career, naturalization, and domestication in the United States identify them with the country, and whose artistic career is intimately associated with our own landscape schools, is Gignoux, whose "Winter Scenes" became popular at the time when our landscape art was becoming a recognized and creditable fact. Educated at Fribourg, he entered the Academy of St. Pierre at Lyons—a school celebrated for flower-painting; receiving an annual premium, he studied at the Royal School of Fine Arts in Paris, and with Delaroche and Vernet. Becoming interested in a young American lady, he followed his brother across the Atlantic in 1840, married, and, struck with the bold and beautiful scenery of the country, determined to pursue his vocation as well as establish his home on this side of the Atlantic. A bit of glowing canvas—the sketch of a sunset on a river—before us as we write, suggests Gignoux's urbane temperament; he having left, as a visiting-card, this "bit of sunshine," characteristic of the Gallic cheerfulness and good-fellowship of the man.

Gignoux.

wherein he contrasts strongly with the more serious of our painters in the same sphere, and adds another element of variety to the versatile group of the American school of landscape-painters.

It is indeed a striking evidence of the advantages, scenic and social, attainable by the landscape-artist in America, that a leading foreigner in this department among us gained his position therein entirely on this side of the ocean. François Regis Gignoux was born at Lyons in 1816. Adopting at an early age the profession of an artist, he became a student, intending to devote himself to historical painting. Paul Delaroche, his early teacher, has left a name not less identified with the romantic interest of his life than with transcendent professional renown—his striking resemblance to the first Napoleon; his marriage with the gifted, beautiful, early-lost, and widely-mourned daughter of Horace Vernet; the intense dramatic and characteristic pathos and power of his historical pictures, culminating in that of Lady Jane Grey—which so tasked his brain that thenceforth he was a nervous invalid—all combine, with the profound impression his artistic genius makes on every imaginative and enthusiastic mind, to render the memory of Delaroche the most personally interesting of all modern French painters. As a teacher, doubtless, his sensitive organization and prolonged ill-health made his moods variable; his *élèves*, too, amused themselves by observing an assumed Napoleonic style in his folded arms, method of wearing his hair, and frequent contemplative attitudes; instead of deliberate affectation, however, this pardonable weakness may have arisen unconsciously, and, in some degree at least, is easily traced to individual and not imitative traits. The peculiar ability and genuine sentiment of Delaroche fitted him to inspire aspirants in art, as few of his clever but less earnest contemporaries could; and his suggestions were valued by his pupils as coming from one not less remarkable for deep insight and sympathy than great technical skill. It was a casual word of Delaroche that decided Gignoux to turn his attention to landscape art. Having accompanied a number of his fellow-students on a summer excursion to Switzerland, he brought to Paris, among other sketches, a view of a Swiss village, and one of a cottage interior; and when Delaroche saw them, he exclaimed: "You are strong here;—be a landscape-painter." Drawn to this branch of art by his own taste and love of nature, and encouraged by his master's opinion, Gignoux thenceforth devoted his pencil almost exclusively thereto.

He was first known among us by his winter landscapes, executed with great truth to nature and beauty of effect: it has been said that some of them are so truthful that they would almost allure a snow-bunting from the sky. Our lovers of art, comparatively few as they were twenty-five years ago, considered one of Gignoux's winter scenes essential to their limited collections; and orders flowed in upon him far beyond his ability to execute. It is a proof of his versatile and assiduous skill that the same popularity has attended each successive experiment in American landscape; to the winter succeeded autumnal views, and these in turn were in equal demand; then came his "Niagara in Winter," and his "Virginia in Indian

Summer," both of which created a new series of applications for works of a similar description, or duplicates of the originals. Gignoux has made a study of American scenery under every aspect; he has observed nature in the New World with reference to the modifying influence of the seasons; and in many instances has proved singularly felicitous in his true rendering of atmosphere, sky, and vegetation, as they are changed in tone, color, and effect by vernal, summer, autumnal, and wintry agencies.

He has all the *bonhommie* and scientific aptitudes that belong to his race; a genial man and cheerful worker, he carries into his observation of nature no morbid feeling; but catches her pleasantest language, and delights in reproducing her salient effects. His landscapes indicate accuracy of tone, a legitimate feeling for color, and a sympathy with the picturesque. He has done much for the cause of art in Brooklyn, L. I., where he resides, and was elected first president of the Art Academy there established. His summers are given to excursions, whence he returns with oil-sketches from nature; and there is always a landscape on his easel, with numerous careful studies for other elaborate works at hand.

Among the landscapes by Gignoux, which have contributed to his reputation, afforded great pleasure to lovers of art and nature, and memorably illustrated our native scenery, are "The Indian Summer," wherein the radiant forest hues and mellow haze of that season are admirably delineated with the most picturesque forest-scene and characteristic details; his "Niagara in Winter" is a bold and successful attempt to represent the vast ice-blocks which block the river, and the huge icicles and diverse tints and dreary surroundings of the marvellous scene, at a season when comparative solitude and a new sublimity enhance its grandeur and beauty. This work attracted great attention in Europe.

A very pleasing landscape called "The First Snow" is among his later works, and is no less delicate than authentic in treatment. It represents a great lake, bordered on the left by an old road which is arched by trees in their autumnal colors of red and yellow and purple, softened and tempered by a gauzy veil of snow. In the distance the mountains are wrapped in a shroud of white, and overhead is a pure cold sky. In the same spirit is the representation of "Spring," wherein the newly-awakened vegetation, the peach-blossoms, and half-budded forest-trees, as well as the tone of the foreground and sky, are instinct with the peculiar vernal attributes of the season as manifest in the Eastern States. One of Gignoux's best winter scenes was painted for Charles Gould, Esq., of New York; another for Baron Rothschild; his "Four Seasons in America" has been reproduced again and again; his "First Snow" belongs to S. Hallett, Esq., of Brooklyn, L. I.; and his "Niagara by Moonlight" is in the Belmont gallery.

In a series of pictures called "The Seasons," Gignoux embodied the results of his patient study of their phenomena in North America, giving many exquisite peculiarities of sky and vegetation, minutely true to the time of year, and often having a strictly local significance; the tone of each is caught directly from nature, and gives us the feeling of the hour

with impressive accuracy. Less finished in detail, but carefully true in general effect, is his "Bernese Alps by Sunrise," of which it has been justly observed that it affords an excellent idea of Switzerland in its general aspects. The traveller feels, at a glance, how entirely the artist has discriminated in this and other landscapes drawn from European studies, between the forms and hues of nature in the Old and New World. "The luminous nature of the atmosphere is skilfully expressed, and the aerial perspective observable in the immense distance given to the mountains, is admirably carried out." One cannot imagine a stronger contrast than that between the calm, almost solemn, and delicate treatment of this subject—the Swiss coolness, greenness, and placidity, with the warm, brilliant hues of his autumnal scenes caught from the American woods and skies; wherein the blazing maple, the common oak, the yellow beech, flash in the sunshine beside the dark emerald of the evergreens, the moss-grown, neutral-tinted trunks, the gray rocks, the shadowy lake—all haloed and enshrined with mist which, like a veil of uncondensed tears, seems to hang mysteriously and tenderly between harvest-time and snow—the hour of riper vital beauty, and that of blank, frozen sleep. Another memorable picture by Gignoux is the "Dismal Swamp," painted for the Earl of Ellesmere. If collected, the works of this indefatigable and accomplished artist, besides illustrating many foreign scenes, would be found to include the most complete and varied, as well as faithful delineations of the characteristics of American scenery produced by a foreign pencil.

Kensett.

Like Durand, Kensett was initiated into the practice of landscape art through engraving; and to this may be ascribed somewhat of the careful work so manifest in his pictures. He studied engraving with his uncle, Alfred Daggett, who, for several years, was noted for the excellence of his bank-note vignettes. While thus occupied in the fine execution incident to this art, he turned to painting as a recreation; and his love therefor, as well as his progressive taste and ability therein, led him in 1845 to abandon the burin for the pencil. Born on the 22d of March, 1818, at Cheshire, in Connecticut, when twenty-seven years of age he visited England; and five years after, sent to the Royal Academy Exhibition a view of Windsor Castle; the merit of this first attempt may be inferred from the fact that it was purchased by a prize-holder in the London Art-Union.

While in Europe in 1840 with Durand, Casilaer, and Rossiter, he studied the antique and practised in oil. It was amid the gracious scene of Pope's juvenile rhymes, that Kensett first enjoyed the delight of successfully representing nature: "My real life commenced there," he writes, "in the study of the stately woods of Windsor, and the famous beeches of Burnham, and the lovely and fascinating landscape that surrounds them." He made assiduous studies during a pedestrian tour through Switzerland, up the Rhine, and amid the Italian lakes, passing two winters at Rome, and a summer in the Abruzzi mountains; and part of another on the Bay of Naples, and at Palermo.

From Rome Kensett sent to America several Italian landscapes, two of which, under the auspices of the Art-Union, first made his name and works familiar to his countrymen. He passed seven years abroad, constantly improving in execution and enlarging his knowledge of scenery. Upon his return to his native land, he commenced a series of careful studies of our mountain, lake, forest, and coast landscape ; and in his delineation of rocks, trees, and water, attained a wide and permanent celebrity. Year after year he studiously explored and faithfully painted the mountains of New England and New York, the lakes and rivers of the Middle States, and the Eastern sea-coast, selecting with much judgment or combining with rare tact the most characteristic features and phases of each. Many of these landscapes, patiently elaborated as they were from studies made from nature, at once gained the artist numerous admirers and liberal patrons. His "Mount Washington, from North Conway," "Hudson River, from Fort Putnam," "Sunset on the Coast," "Eagle Cliffs," "Franconia Mountains," "Sunset on the Adirondacks," "Scenes on the Genesee River," "Lake George," and "Sea-coast near Newport," with many other beautiful and interesting subjects, are memorable illustrations of the scope and character of our natural landscape, and are identified with his graceful and true triumphs in art with whose earliest renown in America his name will ever be honorably and genially associated. His good sense and good feeling as an artist caused him to be appointed, at the earnest instance of his comrades, one of the Art Commissioners to regulate the ornamentation of the National Capitol. Since 1848 he has been connected with the National Academy, and his studio has been one of the attractions in New York to all lovers of art and native scenery. In some of his pictures the dense growth of trees on a rocky ledge, with the dripping stones and mouldy lichens, are rendered with the literal minuteness of one of the old Flemish painters. It is on this account that Kensett enjoys an exceptional reputation among the extreme advocates of the Pre-Raphaelite school, who praise him while ignoring the claims of other American landscape-artists. But this fidelity to detail is but a single element of his success. His best pictures exhibit a rare purity of feeling, an accuracy and delicacy, and especially a harmonious treatment, perfectly adapted to the subject. Here it may be an elm-tree, full of grace and beauty, crowning a scene of rural peace, which steals, like nature's own balm, upon the heart of the spectator ; there a "Reminiscence of Lake George" is wrought up to the highest degree of truth from the autumn mist to the lucent water and gracefully-looming mountains ; now it is the dark umbrage, and now the shelving glen ; here a ridge of stone and there a stormy mountain-cloud, or exquisite beach with greenly-curving and snowy-fringed billows—and all seem so instinct, both as to form and hue, tone and impression, with nature's truth, that they win and warm, calm or cheer, the heart of her votary, like the voice of one beloved, or the responsive glance of a kindred soul.

An able critic, in describing his "Lake George," has well said of this artist :—

"The most unaggressive and loved of the leaders of the American school of painting has at length produced a picture of size sufficient to call forth his best strength, and of importance enough in subject-matter, if successfully treated, to confirm his position as one of the three foremost men of our landscape art. Mr. Kensett has long been accepted as a most consummate master in the treatment of subjects full of repose and sweetness, and been honored by critics and painters for the simple and unpretending character of his works—works remarkable for tenderness and refinement of feeling, exquisite quality of color, and a free and individual method of painting certain facts of nature. Not great or extended in his range, not a colorist in the absolute sense of the term, but with an unfailing feeling for harmony, and of a judicious and liberal mind, noticeable for taste, Mr. Kensett has painted some of the most exquisite pictures that illustrate our art. Never invoking the assistance of a great or sensational subject, but sedulously seeking for the simplest material, he has by his skill and feeling as a painter, taught us the beauty and poetry of subjects that have been called meagre and devoid of interest. By infusing his personality into his work, by painting conscientiously, and up to his understanding of nature, by the utter absence of cant and affectation of what is called truth in art, which too often means the limitations of a narrow, immature, and unphilosophical understanding of nature, he has rendered for us much of the free spirit of this world, in which our senses converse with delight; and if at times devoid of strength, in his best estate he fairly won for himself the honor of being called the lyrical poet of American landscape art."

The subdued tone of the autumnal atmosphere and foliage in this picture is tender and true; its effect is singularly harmonious; how exquisite the clouds, warm the atmosphere, and effective the large oak in the foreground; and, above all, what sublime repose! Kensett does not merely imitate, or emphasize, or reflect nature—he interprets her—which we take to be the legitimate and holy task of the scenic limner.

One of Kensett's inimitable landscapes is a favorite little engraving. The style of none of our artists is better adapted to the burin. His rocks and foliage are so well defined as to bear transfer admirably. His coast scenes are so popular that they find purchasers before they leave the easel; but many who would fain possess one of these charming memorials of a favorite summer haunt, cannot well afford to buy an oil picture; to such, a good engraving therefrom is a great boon. Mr. Knoedler published a beautiful specimen of this kind, under the title of "Noon on the Sea-Shore." In size, though not in general effect, it resembles the popular little print from Church's "Morning in the Tropics." The engraving from Kensett, however, is more distinct and emphatic; the scene is thoroughly American—typical of our Eastern sea-coast. It is most skilfully engraved by S. V. Hunt.

Kensett's "White Mountains" was purchased at the Wright sale for thirteen hundred dollars; his "Ulswater—Cumberland, England," belongs to George W. Riggs, Esq., of Washington, D. C.; "A View of Lake

George," to A. M. Cozzens, Esq.; "A Reminiscence of New England," to Le Grand Lockwood, Esq.; "White Mountain Scenery," and "Noon on the Sea-Shore," to Marshall O. Roberts, Esq., of New York; five marine views near Newport, to R. L. Stuart, Esq., of New York; "October Afternoon on Lake George," "Adirondacks," "Genesee Valley," "Fort Dumpling," "The North River," "Niagara," "Trenton Scenery," "Newport Harbor," and "The Housatonic Valley," to R. M. Oliphant, Esq., of New York; and "Coast Scenery," to James Lenox, Esq., of New York; an elaborate view of the White Mountains belongs to the New York Century Club. One or more of his landscapes adorn every private collection of interest. His range of subjects is wide and varied, including the Catskills, Adirondacks, White Mountains, the Hudson, Upper Missouri and Mississippi, Niagara — Italian, English, and Swiss scenery—lakes, hills, rivers, woods, sea-shore, and valleys.

When one of Kensett's American coast-scenes was recently exhibited in Belgium, its strong, clear, and true traits formed so marked a contrast to the more vague and artificial landscapes around, that it became the centre of attraction; the best critics awarded it the palm; and a score of eager amateurs beset our minister at Brussels, to whom the picture belonged, with their praises and orders.

The variety and faithfulness of Kensett's studies of landscape may be learned at once by the sketches on the walls of his room. The traveller recognizes localities at a glance. One of the marked excellences of this artist is the truth and definite character of his outline; accordingly we behold a fragment of the Apennine range, an Alpine peak, and the more rounded swell of American mountains, in these artistic data for elaborate works. Careful observation is the source of Kensett's eminent success. He gives the form and superficial traits of land and water so exactly as to stamp on the most hasty sketch a local character indicative of similitude. His landscapes would charm even a man of science, so loyal to natural peculiarities are his touch and eye. Equally felicitous in the transfer of atmospheric effects to canvas, and with a genius for composition, scenery is illustrated by his fertile and well-disciplined pencil with rare correctness and beauty. Every material that goes to the formation of a landscape he appears to have carefully studied. We retrace, at ease, our summer wanderings, in his studio: there are the "Hanging-Rocks" which bound good Bishop Berkeley's old Rhode Island domain; here a bluff we beheld on the Upper Mississippi; and opposite, an angle in the gorge at Trenton, where we watched the amber flash of the cascade; how finely is reflected the morning and afternoon light of early autumn in America, in these two charming pictures; there is "Lake George" itself—the islands, the shore, the lucid water; how native is the hue of yon umbrageous notch; and what Flemish truth in the grain of that trap-rock; how rich the contrast between the glow of summer and the colorless snow on the summit of the Jungfrau; the trees in this more finished piece are daguerrotyped from a wood, with the fresh tint of the originals superadded.

There is one obstacle to impartiality in estimating Kensett, as an artist, to one who knows him well; and that is the personal confidence and sympathy he inspires. Of all our artists, he has the most thoroughly amiable disposition, is wholly superior to envy, and pursues his vocation in such a spirit of love and kindliness, that a critic must be made of very hard material who can find it in his heart to say a severe, inconsiderate, or careless word about John F. Kensett. Perhaps some of our readers will think all this is quite irrelevant to the present object, which is to define Kensett's position in art, wherewith personal qualities, it may be argued, have nothing to do. But we are of a contrary opinion. The disposition or moral nature of an artist directly and absolutely influence his works. We constantly talk of a "feeling for color"—of a picture exhibiting a fine or a true "feeling," and thus instinctively recognize a transfusion of the natural sentiment and a tone of mind into and through the mechanical execution, design, and spirit of a pictorial work. In landscape-painting especially, this result is obvious; Salvator's wild woods and savage romance, Canaletti's literal correctness, Claude's vague, but poetic sentiment, characterize their paintings. The calm sweetness of Kensett's best efforts, the conscientiousness with which he preserves local diversities—the evenness of manner, the patience in detail, the harmonious tone—all are traceable to the artist's feeling and innate disposition, as well as to his skill. If we desired to carry abroad genuine memorials of native scenery—to keep alive its impression in a foreign land—we should select half-a-dozen of Kensett's landscapes. Other artists may have produced single pictures of more genius; may be in certain instances superior; but, on the whole, for average success, Kensett's pictures are—we do not say always the most brilliant, effective, or original—but often the most satisfactory. So thought Lord Ellesmere, after visiting nearly all our native studios, and so think those who have most carefully studied American scenery. It is rarely that, to use a common phrase, we can *locate* a landscape so confidently as Kensett's; the vein of rock, perhaps, identifies the scene as in New Jersey,—the kind of cedar or grass assures us that it was taken on the Hudson,—and the tint of water or form of mountains suggests Lake George. There was a time when we feared Kensett, with all his merits, would become a mannerist,—so peculiar and stereotyped were some traits; but he soon outgrew this, by enlarging his experience—studying nature at the English lakes, as well as along the Erie Railway, and in the Adirondacks, not less than by the sea-coast; his pictures of the latter illustrate what we have said of his local truth; for they define the diversities of the New England coast. We all feel that Newport scenery—even that of the sea—so apparently monotonous, differs from that of Beverly and its vicinage, but it would be hard to point out the individualities of the two; Kensett does it with his faithful and genial pencil. He is as assiduous as he is tasteful.

Whittredge.

Whittredge is remarkably accurate in drawing—a probable result of his Düsseldorf studies; and there is sometimes not only a feeling *for* but *in* his color, which betokens no com-

mon intimacy with the picturesque and poetical side of nature. In a little autumn scene, the deep crimson of a creeper, a dreamy level, the true rendering of the trunk and branches of a tree, the clear, dark, calm lake, the many-tinted woods, and the manner in which the pervading light reveals and modifies all these, show that Whittredge unites to the American fidelity to nature in feeling, much of the practical skill derived from foreign study. The seasons are finely and truly discriminated in his pictures; how diverse in total impression and significant details is his "Summer" from the "Autumn;" in the former we have a cool tone imparted by woods and water to a sultry atmosphere; the kine knee-deep in a shaded stream, with the details and accessories, tell the whole story of a warm day in the country, and tell it to the memory as well as to the eye. There is a chastened power and faithful study in the best of this artist's works which appeal quietly, but with persuasive meaning, to the mind of every one who looks on nature with even an inkling of Wordsworth's spirit, and it has been justly said of Whittredge that his landscapes often "give the aspect of foreign scenes, treated with remarkable fidelity, and with a degree of repose in harmony with the sentiment of the country portrayed."

Worthington Whittredge was born in Ohio, in 1820. His father was a Massachusetts farmer, and one of the early emigrants to the West; the family were among the earliest settlers of Cape Ann. As soon as the future artist attained his majority he went to Cincinnati, with a view to establish himself in some kind of business. After trying several pursuits, and failing to succeed in any, he determined to follow his artistic tendencies, and at once applied himself to acquire the necessary preliminary instruction; and soon began to paint portraits. At that time in Cincinnati there were a number of artists, who, if not all residing there, still hailed from that city; and much local pride was felt among the citizens in their fame. Powers, who had displayed much talent not only in his peculiar art as a sculptor, but in arranging a singularly ingenious representation of Dante's "Inferno," which was shown for many years in the old Museum to thousands of spectators, had just gone to Florence, under the auspices of Mr. Nicholas Longworth; Clevenger, who succeeded him, had also been in Florence a short time, and had sent home works of promise. The general taste was for sculpture. Portrait-painting, however, was the most lucrative branch, and won the most disciples. H. K. Browne was a portrait-painter in Cincinnati at this time, and commenced his first bust or first study as a sculptor in Cincinnati. Among the gentlemen prominent in Cincinnati as patrons of art, were Mr. Nicholas Longworth, Mr. John Foote, Mr. Charles Stetson, Hon. Judge Burnett, and Mr. Griffin Taylor. These gentlemen possessed a few pictures—portraits by Jarvis, Sully, Harding, and others, who were in the habit of making winter tours through the South and West. Here and there their drawing-rooms were decorated with an old picture or a landscape by Doughty, Cole, or Durand. To these gentlemen much is due for their encouragement of the artists springing up in their midst. They formed a harmonious circle of cultivated minds, fully

appreciating and loving art, and always ready to encourage talent. Later emigrants to the city, though not without many prominent examples of encouragement to art and artists, have scarcely shown such a lively interest or so much pride in rising talent, or such a pure love for the arts themselves. Among those who possess the best collections of pictures in Cincinnati, are W. W. Scarborough, who has several valuable Coles, pictures by Lessing, Achenbach, and other celebrated German artists; Wm. Groesbeck owns a similar collection; and R. W. Burnett, Joseph Longworth, George K. Shoenberger, have valuable collections, chiefly of the more famous modern European, and of our own leading artists. The latter owns Leutze's "Venice," and with his brother at Pittsburgh, Pa., has, for many years, been a liberal patron of art in the West. Whittredge was therefore not without an art-atmosphere during his novitiate, and he pursued portraiture a short time. His love for the country and nature, together with the enticing examples of landscape art occasionally presented to him, soon won him to a more congenial branch. For a time he devoted himself entirely to studying from nature, taking his paint-box in his hand and going into the woods, in the manner of our landscape-painters at the present time, a mode of study not so generally pursued at that period as now. He continued to paint in Cincinnati, finding a ready sale for his works among the citizens until 1849, when, receiving a number of commissions from the leading men of the place, he determined to visit Europe. He first went to London, and after passing a short time in that city, proceeded to Paris, where he remained several months; visiting the Rhine on a sketching tour, he stopped at Düsseldorf, and made the acquaintance, among others, of Andreas Achenbach, who kindly offered to take him as a pupil. Not very well pleased with the general style of German art, he still held Achenbach, Lessing, and a few others, in high estimation; and this rare opportunity being offered to obtain instruction, he embraced it, and remained under the tuition of this celebrated artist about three years. His summers were spent in making sketches on the Rhine, in Westphalia, the Harz Mountains, and in Switzerland.

His most important pictures of this period are "The Lielengebirge," from Drachenfels, and "The Brocken," large works now in the possession of John Groesbeck, Esq., of Cincinnati; and "The Pilgrims of St. Roche," a Rhenish landscape, embracing a large number of figures, painted for Winthrop B. Smith, then a publisher in Cincinnati. Nearly all Whittredge's pictures painted in Düsseldorf, as well as those afterward finished at Rome, were sent directly to his Western friends, and have never been exhibited in New York.

From Düsseldorf he went to Holland and Belgium, and thence to Rome, where he remained four years. "The Roman Campagna," commissioned by Mr. Theodore Branson, and exhibited in the National Academy of Design in 1859, was the first of his elaborate works. "The Schutzenfest," a large Swiss landscape, with numerous figures, was purchased by Mr. Samuel B. Fales, a well-known connoisseur of Philadelphia. In 1859 Whit-

tredge returned to the United States, and opened a studio. Since that time his attention has been chiefly turned to representations of our own scenery, and subjects of a domestic character. He has made a number of studies of the interiors of the old manor-houses in different parts of the country. Two pictures of this class, painted a few years ago—"The Window," belonging to Mr. R. L. Stuart; and "A Hundred Years Ago," belonging to Mr. Robert Oliphant, and among the best of these pictures by him.

Among his principal landscapes, since his return, are "Twilight on the Shawangunk Mountains," in possession of Winthrop B. Smith, of Philadelphia; "The Old Hunting Grounds," sent to the Paris Exposition, belonging to J. W. Pinchot, Esq., of New York. "Berkeley's Seat," Newport, owned by A. M. Cozzens; "Lake George," belonging to Robert Gordon, Esq., of New York; "The Ruins of Tusculum," in the possession of James McKaye, Esq., of New York; "The Glen"—Hudson River scenery—owned by the late J. B. Cromwell, New York; "The River Nahe," belonging to Mr. Jay Cooke, of Philadelphia; a small picture of the Western Plains, in the possession of H. G. Marquand, and a large picture, lately finished, called "The Plains at the Base of the Rocky Mountains." Many other pictures of his have found purchasers among our citizens, but those above mentioned are probably the best remembered by visitors to the usual exhibitions, and have received the most favorable notice from the public.

In search of the farthest range of Western scenery, Whittredge accompanied General Pope, commanding the Department of Missouri, on his journey of inspection, in 1866, and returned with his portfolio enriched with sketches of the wildest mountain views. A Colorado correspondent gives us a glimpse of the artist in these lonely and far-away roamings in search of the picturesque:—

"Just before we turn to the left, to plunge into the Virginia cañon, leading down to Idaho, we remark, on the summit of the high mountain to the right,

> "'Where splinters of the mountain chain
> Stood black against the sky,'

a man engaged in some occupation that no one of our party could make out.

"'It's a prospector,' said one.

"'Bad place for gold,' said a Centralizer; 'no chance there.'

"A field-glass was brought to bear, and it was announced he had small, thin sticks in his hand, one of them quite long, and half-a-dozen short.

"'Witches' hazel wands!'

"'No, he has a book spread out before him, and appears to be looking at the clouds, or the great snowy ridge.'

"We afterwards learned it was Whittredge, the landscape-painter, formerly of Cincinnati, now of New York; and pleasant it was to think that,

while so many below were toiling for the yellow dross, dug out with infinite labor, to make one man rich, he was transmuting from the sky, the clouds, the rocks, and the snow-capped hills, the true gold of nature's own loveliness and grandeur, to delight the eye, adorn the mind, and enrich the imagination of thousands."

Whittredge's "Twilight on the Shawangunk Mountains" is a memorable landscape—remarkable for its vivid and true effect of light—the deep yet clear amber gleam of the horizon in contrast with the wild and shadowy hills. His "Old Hunting Ground" has been well called an idyl, telling its story in the deserted, broken canoe, the shallow bit of water wherein a deer stoops to drink, and the melancholy silvery birches that bend under the weight of years, and lean towards each other as though breathing of the light of other days ere the red man sought other grounds, and left them to sough and sigh in solitude. Whittredge has been well described by one of his friends:

"The artist, as he stands before his easel, is quite as much of a study as the picture growing up under his hand. He is a tall, dark-complexioned man, of about forty-three years of age; straight, dignified, and more striking than handsome in his general appearance. He resembles in face and figure a middle-aged cavalier of Spain or Portugal, and a portrait of him in that costume, by Leutze, which is hanging in his studio, might pass for a likeness for such an individual by Vandyke, or some old master of a long past century. In manner, Mr. Whittredge is very courteous. Not naturally talkative, he manages to entertain his guests by agreeable conversation, and makes them feel perfectly at home. While at work he is very much absorbed in his task, and seldom moves his eyes from the canvas before him; except, indeed, to cast occasional glances at the sketches and studies that lie scattered on the floor around him, or propped up against the back of a chair close by."

Whittredge is a progressive artist; he acquired with the dexterity, some of the mannerism of the Düsseldorf school; but constant and loving study of nature, since his return from abroad, has modified this habitude; he is more original, and applies his skill with deeper sentiment; conscientiously devoted to his art, for manly fidelity to the simple verities of nature, no one of our painters is more consistently distinguished than Worthington Whittredge.

The lover of American river and creek scenery, as it exists in the Middle and Western States, will often experience a delightful surprise by encountering, in the dwellings of many art-lovers of Philadelphia, representations thereof, remarkable for vividness of tone and freedom of treatment, from the pencil of William Russell Smith. In the latter quality, so essential to the successful rendering of what is most characteristic in our native landscape, some of these delineations offer a refreshing contrast to that minute and imitative skill which "endeavors to atone by microscopic accuracy for imbecility in fundamental principles." The career of this artist has been as modest as

Russell Smith.

it is consistent: avoiding rather than seeking notoriety, living fondly in the bosom of nature; of a domestic rather than social disposition, he has been and is exclusively known and cherished as a painter by the legitimate attractions of his style and the fidelity of his work; his subjects have been drawn from regions abounding in the picturesque, but less hackneyed than those which the renowned localities of New England and New York afford. His fame, like his pictures, is local, and perhaps, on this account, more genuine and more endeared. We have seldom found landscapes more cherished by their owners, or more enjoyed by those intimately acquainted with their authentic charms. The same deep love of nature leading to simplicity and force of color and limning, which we have designated as a leading characteristic of all our best landscape artists, is evident in the productions of Russell Smith; but the peculiar breadth and boldness—the remarkable freedom of touch and scope—is an individual trait for which he is indebted to long and skilful practice as a scenic painter. So striking is the advantage thus derived, in this instance, that we cannot but think it would prove, under proper regulation, a most auspicious experimental discipline for those of our landscape artists who, with adequate tact and facility for detail, lack the power of seizing general effects with confidence and truth. In the happiest efforts of this artist, we find the fresh and free impression of nature reproduced with singular vitality. He evidently approaches her with no dissembling coyness, but as a frank and honest lover whose very address wins a response, by virtue of appreciative hardihood; the absolute reverse of a dilettante mood, the positive grasp and greeting of a master guides his hand, and whatever fault may be discovered in the result, it is not in want of scope and boldness. What composers call the theme, and artists the general effect, and what is, in fact, the complete expression and impression of a scene as it strikes the eye and mind in its unity, he often gives with the most felicitous and faithful skill.

In boyhood, the scenery of the Yoghiogany, the Monongahela, the Ohio, and Juniata, was a familiar delight and study; while in youth and maturity, the shores of the Delaware, the Schuylkill, and the Wissahiccon, have been favorite haunts and cherished subjects. The cultivated and wealthy denizens of Pennsylvania, to whom her scenery is a source of local pride and pleasure, have long and thoroughly appreciated these admirable illustrations thereof; they are in great demand as household treasures as well as artistic gems.

William Russell Smith, when but seven years of age, accompanied his family to Pennsylvania, where they emigrated from Scotland; they were finally established at Pittsburgh, Pa.; the father was an ingenious mechanic, excelling in the manufacture of cutlery, artist's tools, and mathematical instruments: from him the artist doubtless inherited somewhat of the skilful aptitudes, frugal and modest tastes, and Scotch probity which belong to his character; while an impulse and direction to his intellectual tendencies was subsequently given by the society of his maternal uncle, William Russell,

so well known and highly esteemed in New England, for his successful labors in the cause of elocutionary art and popular education. His father's workshop and the scenery of the Ohio were no inadequate school for the boy's development; and one is reminded of the early experience of Powers by Russell Smith's apprenticeship to Mr. Lamdin, then the proprietor of the Pittsburg Museum, and now a successful portrait-painter of Philadelphia. While thus engaged he regularly practised drawing, and improved a natural taste for art; while, as volunteer scene-painter to a society of juvenile actors, he gained some insight and practice in the use of colors. Indeed, his talent for this kind of work was so apparent that, a few years later, it led to his engagement by Mr. Wemyss, the manager of the Pittsburg theatre, as scene-painter, wherein his efforts were so original and brilliant that his employer soon transferred him to Philadelphia, where he gained the highest honors of the scenic artist, in the palmy days of the Walnut-street theatre. Lucrative as this branch of art then proved, and capable, as it was shown to be in his hands, of high and ingenious effects, the reputation thus achieved was not confined to the theatre; his skill was in requisition as a scientific illustrator; and Sir Charles Lyell, with other eminent lecturers, availed themselves of his facility and felicity of execution. For several years, and in various cities, his brilliant and attractive designs in distemper coloring were in constant demand, especially to illustrate melodramatic subjects; several popular plays of a classic kind afforded him scope for the higher and more graceful exhibition of scenic art; but, in the mean time, he became more and more interested in and devoted to local scenery. "The freedom of hand and magnificent breadth of style," writes one who knew him well, "which he derived from his extensive practice on the large scale required by scene-painting, stamped his more elaborate and highly finished works in oil with a corresponding freedom and grandeur, seldom attained by those votaries of art who devote themselves, through life, to the expression of minute and close details, and carry fidelity to the extent of mere servile and elaborate copying. Everything from his hand, in whatever department of art, breathed of fresh open air, sunlight, or impalpable shadow. His forte lay in the presentation of rock, and stream, and forest, such as he saw them in the days of his boyhood or in maturer years, in Ohio and Pennsylvania: liberal patrons of art attested the originality and the power of his style, as well as its truthful devotion to nature."

Having by systematic industry acquired the means to retire from the less congenial labors of art and life of cities, Russell Smith married, and fixed his abode in the country: his wife not only sympathized in his pursuits but possessed decided artistic talent; and her husband, in a beautiful rural home within a few miles of Philadelphia, devoted himself to landscape art. Several years elapsed; and his children inheriting the taste of their parents, the artist disposed of his cottage, and took his family to Europe on a tour of studious observation. We have had more than one pleasant glimpse of their sojourn abroad from returned American travellers, by whom they

were accidentally encountered amid the magnificent scenery of Switzerland —all happily occupied in drawing from nature: many of the fruits of their sketching excursions were admired and purchased by English travellers. The artist's son, Xanthus, has already exhibited much of his father's genius for landscape, and has achieved no ordinary degree of success in his profession as an artist; while the daughter is no less remarkable for grace, fidelity, and skill in the delineation of the feathered tribe—her special branch. On their return to the United States, they took up their residence in the vicinity of Jenkintown, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, a region abounding in picturesque scenery; and, in this beautiful and sequestered home, the family have for some years continued to devote themselves with rare singleness of purpose, and modest contentment, to their respective branches of art.

J. W. Casilear, like Durand and Kensett, graduated from the engraver's discipline to the landscape-artist's more genial vocation. In his case, however, the former occupation was followed for many years, with eminent success and prosperous results. The only support of a widowed mother and several brothers and sisters, he labored with assiduous skill, and became interested in the American Bank-Note Company, in whose employ he long wrought; and acquired a handsome competence. He went abroad, and studied in company with Edmonds and Durand. The latter artist and Cole initiated him into the technical process of landscape art: his bank-note designs had a light and graceful effect; and his engraving of Huntington's "Sybil," published by the American Art-Union, was a notable triumph of the burin; it has a sharpness and decision of line worthy of the celebrated old engravers. At a comparatively mature period of life, Casilear felt himself free to engage in the pursuit he loved; and, having visited Europe, made frequent summer excursions at home, in one of which he lately found a congenial life-companion among the mountains of Vermont. He opened the studio of a landscape artist in New York several years since. The rectitude of his character and the refined accuracy of his original profession are exhibited in his pictures. They are finished with great care, and the subjects chosen with fastidious taste; the habit of dealing strictly with form, gives a curious correctness to the details of his work; there is nothing dashing, daring, or off-hand; all is correct, delicate, and indicative of a sincere feeling for truth, both executive and moral; not so much a passion for beauty as a love of elegance, is manifest; the precise, the firm, and the graceful traits of artistic skill, belong to Casilear. He excels in lake scenes and Alpine peaks. Casilear.

One of his most congenial and successful American subjects is Lake George. The immediate foreground is a rocky promontory, looking down upon the lake, studded with huge boulders, and a group of white birch trees leaning over the water. The glassy surface of the lake, its smoothness disturbed only by the ripples caused by leaping trout, spreads beyond and across to the opposite hills. A small boat, propelled by one person, leaves

a slender wake behind it. A few light clouds hover above the hill-tops, and summer's peace seems to pervade the scene.

Marshall O. Roberts, Esq., of New York, owns one of Casilear's Lake George landscapes; R. L. Stuart, Esq., another lake scene; G. W. Riggs, Esq., of Washington, a characteristic landscape; and R. M. Olyphant, Esq., a "Swiss Lake," "Swiss Scenery," and "The Four Seasons."

There is a remarkable evenness in the landscapes of Casilear, who is a patient worker; there is a finish and completeness in his best pictures which equally indicate conscientiousness and good taste. As an illustration, we recall an Alpine lake with a group of Swiss mountains reflecting the setting sun; and another called "June," wherein the luminous sky, the cheerful aspect, the fine perspective, and feeling of space, combine to please. Casilear excels in water scenes; his foregrounds are often beautifully elaborate; a pure light, and neat outline, and distinct grace or grandeur, mark the works of this faithful and accomplished artist. Casilear has been one of the most efficient officers of the Artists' Fund Society since its institution.

Hubbard.

The careful observer of landscape art, will often enjoy an agreeable surprise in discovering, amid more pretentious works, gems of quiet beauty wherein some of the least obtrusive but most winsome effects of nature, have been tenderly conserved. They create a feeling akin to that with which, in a calm and sensitive mood, we light upon some little poem in a favorite author, previously neglected, and find therein a meaning and a beauty hitherto undreamed of; or it may be they awaken the calm delight which steals over the heart from Nature herself, when a familiar scene is all at once clothed with new charms by the felicitous light and shade in which it is temporarily seen, or the more appreciative state of feeling wherewith it assimilates. The method by which this latent interest is developed in landscape is in a great degree scientific, but not unfrequently it may be traced to a certain refinement of sentiment or special artistic sympathy. It implies rectitude and feeling rather than great power; but however limited, it is genuine, and therefore singularly interesting. Among the modest aspirants of this class, few have contributed more beautiful illustrations of native landscape than R. W. Hubbard. The absence of affectation alone would win to his best pictures a kindly eye; and then, by degrees, it is discovered that a remarkable harmony of tone, conscientious devotion to truth, simplicity of aim, and a quiet but serious feeling, combine to claim attention and excite interest. As we pass by or overlook, in a gay assembly, those whose manners, dress, and physiognomy are subdued and unemphatic, until a look, word, or action gives us a clew to character, so one is apt only by degrees, or accidentally, to recognize the more quiet yet universal and significant charms of nature and their reflection in art. The repose of Hubbard's landscapes and those of kindred spirit, appeal mainly to the contemplative and patient, we had almost said pensive, observer. Their tone is usually subdued, their beauty poetic; occasionally the effects are exquisite; they may lack bold-

ness and vigor, but rarely meaning and grace, and as a class, they have a distinct and auspicious place and influence, and are related to the gentler, more thoughtful and dreamy impressions we derive from nature, whose agency Wordsworth so delighted to advocate and illustrate.

Hubbard works slowly; he loves to elaborate his subject by fond degrees; and sometimes lessens the first success by repeated emendations or modifications. A native of Middletown, Ct., and a member of that large family of the same name so prominent in public life from the colonial era to the present day, in boyhood he used to gaze with admiration on a fine print from Claude which, with a harpsichord and other modest tokens of artistic taste, embellished the dwelling of one of his relatives. Thus early impressed with a phase of culture not common then and there, his mind was first opened to the significance of nature by Virgil, the first academic book he really enjoyed; so that the time came when the beauty of the universe was revealed, as it were, freshly to his senses and his soul, and the desire and determination to represent and interpret it in landscape art became a purpose and a passion. Lake George, Lake Dunmore, and the Connecticut river have been the favorite scenes of his summer and autumn studies. It has been well said of him that he paints few pictures, but never paints badly. One of his characteristic works is a small picture of a mountain lake and distant river, over which a clouded sky has cast a broad, almost saddening, shadow: his "Showery Day, Lake George," belongs to Mr. Olyphant, of Nem York; and Mr. Riggs, of Washington, D. C., has one of his fine landscapes: indeed they are to be found in all choice collections of native art, and there is one always on his easel, usually chosen from his sketches, to be carefully elaborated for one of his tasteful circle of admirers.

Whoever has haunted the Connecticut river near Newbury, New Hampshire, must have noticed, with admiration, a beautiful, broad bend of the stream, with a flat, wooded promontory running out into the water, and a fine mountain height for a background; imagine this scene on a beautiful autumn day—the water placid as a mirror and reflecting cloud, tree, and skiff—the woods clustered on the picturesque tongue of land, radiant with the crimson, topaz, and purple hues of the frost-kindled leaves—and you have an inadequate but not incorrect idea of one of the beautiful landscapes of Hubbard, which, besides its truthful character and its singularly native zest, is instinct with that quiet and sincere feeling for nature so peculiar to this modest and faithful artist.

Sometimes what is called a cloud-broken sky suffused with light, sometimes the bright picturesqueness of early autumn, and, again, the cool, placid nook of a woodland stream, form the salient points of the scene. The tone is often silvery and soft; one can tell not only the season, but the month and the kind of day wherein the artist sketched from nature, the place thus reproduced. "Mansfield Mountain at Sundown" is a good illustration of Hubbard's peculiar ability; and in small, carefully studied, soft-toned bits of wood, glimpses of mountain, lake, and stream, he proves himself a loving, true, and earnest art-student.

The other extreme of this skill in general, and especially atmospheric effects, is exhibited by those of our landscape-painters who, in the minuteness of their limning, carry out in practice the extreme theory of the Pre-Raphaelites. The most remarkable instance thereof is found is the landscapes of W. T. Richards, of Philadelphia. So carefully finished in some of them are the leaves, grasses, grain-stalks, weeds, stones, and flowers, that we seem not to be looking at a distant prospect, but lying on the ground with herbage and blossom directly under our eyes. Marvellous in accurate imitation are the separate objects in the foreground of these pictures: the golden rod seems to wave, and the blackberry to glisten; but the relative finish of the foreground, centre, and background is not always harmonious; there is little perspective illusion; what is gained in accuracy of details seems lost in aërial gradation and distances. Though for miracles of special study these works are interesting, even while enjoying the perfection of the minutiæ, we cannot but question the principle upon which they are executed, and doubt the ultimate triumph of a literalness so purely imitative. Yet, as studies from nature, they are curious and interesting; and such power for reproducing the details, added to an equal grasp of general effect, equips a landscape-painter for the most authentic work. Some of the elaborate pictures of Richards thus contribute signally to the remarkable variety of style and individuality of manner which is so desirable a trait of our American school.

W. T. Richards.

T. Addison Richards, the faithful and esteemed Secretary of the National Academy, is a native of Carolina, and knows her live-oaks, streams, and evergreens by heart; and has given excellent proof of his appreciation of nature in her most picturesque American forms, by the articles written and illustrated by him in Harper's Magazine. Lake George, the Juniata River, and Vermont mountains, have been favorite subjects with him. He is thoroughly aware of the scenic phases of the different States of the Union, having passed many summers in sketching their respective features, and collecting a large number of studies, some of mountain ridges, some of patches of woodland, and some of forest streams, and others of the details of landscape, plants, stones, and individual trees.

T. A. Richards.

If we were to select one of our landscape-painters as an example of artistic intelligence—by which we mean the power of knowledge in the use of means, the choice of subjects, and the wise direction of executive skill—we should confidently designate Sanford R. Gifford. His best pictures can be not merely seen but *contemplated* with entire satisfaction; they indicate a capacity based upon genuine principles; their effect is the reverse of sensational; their subjects are often destitute of exceptional picturesqueness, but selected simply because they include average and suggestive traits, normal aspects, recognized and familiar charms. Sometimes Gifford's landscapes exhibit an executive skill, a judicious treatment—an harmonious effect and impression,

Gifford.

which can only result from conscientious fidelity to truth in art: they do not dazzle, they win; they appeal to our calm and thoughtful appreciation; they minister to our most gentle and gracious sympathies, to our most tranquil and congenial observation.

Born in Saratoga county, N. Y., his boyhood and youth were passed at Hudson, where his father is the proprietor of extensive iron-works. He learned perspective and other technical elements of painting from the venerable John R. Smith, in New York; the father of this early teacher was a celebrated engraver in London, and the son was well acquainted with the artists who illustrated Boydell's Shakespeare, and had a fund of anecdotes and artistic personalities, wherewith to beguile and stimulate his pupils.

Gifford went abroad and visited the most celebrated *ateliers* in Paris, London, and elsewhere in Europe; but found that they offered no special advantages for the study of the branch of art to which he inclined. Like his confrères of the American school he soon realized the conviction that, having acquired technical skill and manual dexterity, the landscape-painter must go directly to nature, both for discipline and inspiration. He collected many interesting and genuine studies abroad, some of which he carefully and laboriously elaborated; and, returning home, devoted his summers to sketching from nature, and his winters to working up the results thereof, with a patience, a truth, and consistent progress and power, which have established his fame and endeared his pencil. It is difficult to give the preference to any one of the class of subjects Gifford has memorably illustrated; whether a mountain gorge in summer, a rocky coast scene on the Atlantic, or an inland meadow and forest scene—each has a familiar attraction and an artistic beauty and truth at once impressive and winsome. He is a noble interpreter of American scenery, a master of his art: whether delineating the brooding shadow of an impending thunder-storm—so grand in its shadowy gloom that it won the heart of the best living representative of Shakespeare's Hamlet; or portraying a promontory of Cape Ann, with its lofty rock, its combing waves, strip of glistening sand, and cavernous base—so vividly real in hue, form, and atmosphere; or photographing in color a foggy day in early autumn on the Bronx river, with its pale sunlight, leafless trees, and still water—cathedral-like in its dim and pensive impressiveness; or, more masterly still, depicting only sea and sky as they appear at sunrise from the low shores of New Jersey at Long Branch, with no accessories—bare, solitary, vast, elemental nature—with such truth in wave and air, in strand and horizon, in light and perspective as to captivate the eye, as the lone sea-shore itself does in its sublime reality.

Gifford's "Coming Storm" is owned by Edwin Booth, and a similar picture by J. Taylor Johnston, Esq., of New York; "Quebec" and a landscape are in the collection of Marshall O. Roberts, Esq.; the "Camp of the Seventh Regiment" and "Twilight in the Wilderness" in that of R. M. Olyphant, Esq.; "On the Hudson," "Coming Rain," and "First

Skating of the Season," belonged to the Wright collection, and brought large prices at the sale thereof; a fine "Autumn Scene" is in the possession of G. R. McVickars, Esq., of Baltimore, Md.; "Mount Washington" belongs to R. H. Manning, Esq., of Brooklyn, L. I.; and "Schoharie Kill" to Mr. Stephenson; his attractive marine—"Waves breaking on the Beach at Early Dawn"—is owned by R. M. Hoe, Esq., of New York. To realize the steady and intelligent progress of this artist, it is only requisite to compare one of his earliest attempts—a sketch of the Palisades, in the possession of the Rowley family, at Hastings on the Hudson, from whose piazza it was taken—with the mature efforts which may now be seen at his studio. "One of the most beautiful of this artist's pictures is a view of beach and shore, encircling a broad, deep lake, that winds away from the foreground to a hut standing on the edge of a forest, which stretches off to the distant mountains, and is lost in the rosy drifts of clouds, which, just quickened into life and motion by the rising sun, are creeping up the cliffs, out of the woods, out of rain and valley, into the pure blue ether. Mr. Gifford calls this picture 'Morning in the Mountains,' and it is full of the tenderness and grandeur such a scene."

Few of our landscape-painters have been more directly influenced in their artistic development by the example of Cole, than Gifford. It was the sight of his pictures which kindled the sympathy and emulation of the painter's instinct in the heart of his youthful neighbor; for Gifford was bred, and still passes his holidays, within constant sight of the grand old mountains at whose feet, lived, for many years, our benign pioneer in landscape art. It was because Nature, in Cole's pictures, looked to Gifford as she herself appeared to him, awakening kindred sensations and sentiments, that he recognized a master-spirit in the artist, and one congenial to his own.

Gifford has lived so much in the immediate vicinity of the Catskills that, faithful limner as he is, it is not surprising that he has mastered some of the most difficult and desirable requisites of mountain scenery; one recognizes in his best studies a remarkably true representation of the gradual rise and fall, the successive grades and the apparent distances in the summits, gorges, slopes, and swells; local effects which have so much to do with the impression that awes and pleases the spectator at the same time; and yet which are so rarely effective in a picture. This trait of Gifford's landscapes has won for them a class of warm admirers who discover a subtle charm therein that more than compensates for the less highly-finished details which is the distinctive merit of so many of our artists. Gifford has also been successful in the experiment, which, of late, has been tried by several American landscape-painters, to reproduce the effects of a misty atmosphere so often witnessed by summer travellers among the mountains; when the thick vapor which sometimes, at early morning, shrouds their lofty summits from view, is partially dissolved by the sun, the thinned fleecy moisture expands, and clings in half-dense, half-luminous wreaths, along the forest-clad hill-sides; the effect is often most beautiful, as open glade, or dark ridge, or piny gorge reflects the light and shade. Two re-

markable instances of Gifford's skill and feeling, in this special phase of mountain scenery, are his "Mansfield Mountain" and "Catskill Clove;" the latter is a deep gorge, tufted with trees and thickets; its proportions and profundity are made wonderfully sensible to the eye, and over them broods a flood of that peculiar yellow light born of mist and sunshine. The individual trees and the local geology of the region have been more effectively rendered as regards fidelity in detail; but the general effect is grand, true, and singularly attractive to the imagination; the artist has caught the very tint and tone of the hour, and bathed this sublime gorge therewith, so that, like a suggestive and emphatic expression in a poem, the key-note of a boundless scene is struck—the associations of a vast mountain range pensively glorified by the dying day, are awakened by this splendid revelation of one characteristic feature thereof.

There hung, for many months, on the wall of Gifford's studio, a little sketch representing a bastion—cannon and tall sentinel in dark relief against a crimson horizon, between which and the parapet rose the spires of a city. It reminded the artist's friends of the patriotism he repeatedly exhibited as a member of the Seventh Regiment of New York, in hastening to the scene of war, when an exigency occurred; the sketch represented Federal Hill, where, for months, he and his comrades stood guard over the recusant city of Baltimore. Gifford has a true eye for atmospheric effects; a picture of his called "The Wilderness," and another, "The Coming Rain," will bear critical study in this regard: there is a scope, a masterly treatment of light and shade, full of reality and often poetically suggestive, as in nature and perspective; while ridge, hollow, precipice, glen, and summit in the mountains are divided by a seeming space which is one of the most subtle illusions of the art.

More vigorous and suggestive, but less equable, are the landscapes of George Inness, some of which are among the most remarkable works of the kind produced among us. Inness, in his best moods, is effective through his freedom and boldness, whereby he often grasps the truth with refreshing power; sometimes this manner overleaps the modesty of nature, and license takes the place of freedom; somewhat too much of the French style is often complained of as vitiating the legitimate individuality of this artist; and there is in him, as in so many of his peers, a provoking want of sustained excellence, a spasmodic rather than a consistent merit. He paints, at times, with haste and carelessness; he does not always do himself justice. Yet rarely do we see one of his landscapes without finding therein a picturesque effect, or a subtle meaning, indicative of the rarest skill and the most absolute genius; if limited in scope, yet actual and true. Inness.

George Inness has been singularly loyal to his French ideal in landscape; he is an admirer of Rousseau, and reproduces his manner perfectly. There is great strength in his limning of trees, great effect in his treatment of light. His best landscapes have the mellow, shadowy tone of the old world, and are therefore preferred by his admirers beyond all

American productions of the kind. It may be questioned, however, whether it is not truth to a phase, skill in a sphere, rather than an eclectic ability in general landscape art, which has established his fame. For several years Innes resided near Boston, and found satisfactory subjects for his pencil in his immediate vicinity. There is an evening scene which gives a good idea of his characteristic merits: a meadow, flanked by a thick grove of old oaks, is overshadowed by an approaching thunder-cloud; a farmer is trying to drive a herd of swine into a paddock, the gate of which is held open by another rustic; deep is the shadow; a patch of blue sky is just visible through the massive boughs; the peculiar faint, yellow light before a summer tempest, fills the atmosphere; the trees are magnificent in their solemn, vigorous beauty; there is nothing conventional; all is real and simple, strong and pensively lighted. It is a phase of nature we have all seen and felt. We cannot better suggest the estimation in which the best efforts of this artist are held by the exclusive votaries of his school, than by quoting an elaborate critical eulogy of one of his most characteristic pastoral landscapes, by one of his most enthusiastic admirers:—

"The Sign of Promise" is a generalization of the scenery of our Eastern and Middle States; a heavy thunder-storm is passing off, down a broad and fertile valley, over a bold, steep hill or mountain on the right, while the darkling vapor clings to the summit and rolls upon the ridge in angry collision, a clear light rifts the clouds, and a deep, pure azure is seen through a parting silvery film, the last hazy veil to the coming sunlight, harbingered by the rainbow, which, starting from the base of the valley, on the very edge of the retreating rain, rises a short way till it is lost in tangled shreds of cloud, which, on the left, fiercely rush in ragged ranks from the brightening scene. Down the valley, in the distance sweeps the heavy-descending shower, blue and purple, with the faintly-penetrating light.

"From a road upon the rising hill, in the immediate foreground, the eye passes over a broad harvest-field with reapers, down across an ample lawn with cattle, to a farm-house and barn among the trees, and beyond, to a winding river. We do not cross the river, but pass directly round the bend, by green fields, to the foot of the mountain on the right, or we cross directly, and are lost among the clustered trees, till they, too, are lost in the far-off storm-mist. This is a very inadequate description of an entirely grand scene. The storm, especially, is a very grand conception, powerfully rendered.

"Innes is well known among our artists as a leading man. It would seem to be a fundamental tenet with him that the means of the painter are not adequate to express the full brilliancy of nature. Accordingly he must adopt a simpler standard, strike a lower key; pictures must be deductions from nature, so to speak—perfect harmonies on a lower scale. Thus Innes, working within his means, has power of expression, unity of effect, while a fine feeling, rendered with the firm touch and clear reality which his true motive and true method allow, makes his pictures durably impressive.

"The Sign of Promise" is a great composition, expressing the *soul* of the artist, his faith, his aspirations, his method. It is his religion, pictorially professed, and preaches reform in judgment and requirement to the public. For the picture has a moral in its subject and a moral in its treatment. It expresses hopefulness, the promise of good; it implies a divine purpose in the fertilizing shower, the genial sunshine, the beautiful and fruitful valley, and in the combination of these in a grand unity surely not unmeaning. But the expression and effect are due to the treatment. The artist seeks to cover, to harmonize details with the central idea; to carry the mind from the objective fact to the subjective thought. Thus emphasis is put upon no specific detail; device or trick for effect is scorned; forms suggest ideas, and one feels rather than sees, or exclaims rather, 'How impressive!' than 'How pretty!' Loving truth more than himself, the artist has restrained the least tendency to particular elaboration. Now that he has tried himself and the great work is done—the ideal effect attained—he may add some artistic touches which will make the picture more warm and tender."

Passing an art-store in Broadway, on a warm and breezy spring day, a glance in at the open door deluded us with the idea that we caught a glimpse of a meadow on the Connecticut. There was the long sweep of green plain, the lofty and graceful cluster of elms in the foreground, the thick-set field of ripe grain, the reapers here and there, the distant hills—all glowing in the sunshine, so real, fresh, palpable, and alive to the eye, that it required a second thought to bring home the fact that we were looking on a picture called "Peace and Plenty," by George Innes; truly a marvellous and magnificent American landscape.

"Going out of the Woods," by this artist, was chosen by the committee to send to the Paris Exhibition, and has been thus described: "This picture is one of those magnificent effects of sunlit atmosphere wherein Mr. Innes stands unrivalled. The spectator is looking out from beneath the shade of huge forest trees into the shimmering, maturing sunlight. The distant horizon, the trees, the village church spire, are bathed in their golden glory. It penetrates into the mass of foliage overhead; it illuminates the long avenues of oak and elm; it spreads its crimson mantle over the dewy herbage at your feet, while the group of cattle nipping at the fresh green grass as they wander toward home, seems to greet its genial rays.

"In a freshness of color, in breadth of effect, in a certain grandeur and dignity of treatment, in its absolute truth to a phase of nature which we all love to see, this work will nobly represent our American school of landscape-painting; and we would be willing to hang it between Troyon and Rousseau, and court the comparison."

The imaginative freedom of Innes has led him to allegorical landscape—a branch of art at once difficult and delicate, for it presupposes some poetical sympathy in the spectator, whereby he can recognize the latent and sublime affinities and suggestions of scenery. It is not surprising,

therefore, that many who thoroughly appreciate one of Cole's genuine transcripts from nature, fail to enjoy thoroughly his "Voyage of Life," "Course of Empire," and "Cross and World;" that is, the picturesque truth is felt, but the meaning of the artist but faintly interpreted. The subjects of George Innes are still more vague and ideal; "Peace and Plenty" is a simple and appropriate designation; but the "Sign of Promise" and "A Vision of Faith" require a poet to sympathize with the painter, although any true lover of nature can appreciate them as landscapes. This suggestive in contrast with the literal aim in landscape, has caused a decided partisan tone in criticism; on the one hand, we are told that painters like Church are scientific, and painters like Innes soulful; but the diversity is greatly exaggerated; the two styles often approach each other, and not infrequently mingle in the same work. J. J. Jarves, author of the "Art Idea," thus eulogizes the "Sign of Promise":—

"This picture fulfils its title. It is a sign of promise to art, as well as to the artist's mind. The public owe much to it, not only in what it promises, but in what it fulfils. Not the least of its merits is, that it is a living protest against the popular materialism in American art, which, on account of the cleverness of mechanical execution in the best specimens of the school, threatens to mislead the public mind as to the higher purposes and meaning of art. Innes's example, therefore, is the more valuable, based as it is upon the higher principles of art. It develops the fact from the idea, giving the preference to subjective thought over the objective form of its fundamental *motive*. With him the inspiring idea is principal; form secondary, being the outgrowth of the idea. His picture illustrates phases of mind and feelings. He uses nature's forms simply as language to express thought. The opposite school of painters are content with clever imitation. This calls for no loftier tribute than admiration of scientific knowledge or dexterous manipulation. As appeals to the soul these works are lifeless. Being of things that perish in the using, they can never become a 'joy for ever.'"

"A Vision of Faith—View from the Delectable Mountains," illustrates John Bunyan's religious allegory, by landscape art: The picture represents first, on the left, the Pilgrims, Christian and Hopeful, on the mountain with the shepherds and their flocks. One of the Pilgrims is looking with an eye of faith through the perspective glass for the gates of the Celestial City. To the left of the Pilgrims is the home of the shepherds. In the middle distance is a lovely valley, magnificent in its breadth, and nestling in its centre is a lake; while far in the dim distance are the snow-clad mountains which intervene between the Pilgrims and the Celestial City. The picture is marvellous in perspective, in chaste coloring, and truthful atmospheric effects. A companion picture is entitled "The Valley of the Shadow of Death," as represented by the Crucifixion.

To show how differently allegorical scenic pictures impress different minds, here is the report of a professional but not practical critic of the work last mentioned:—

"'The Valley of the Shadow of Death' is a cheerful place, and looks like the Grotto of Antiparos. We suppose there is some very profound meaning in painting the valley this pretty blue, and making the rock in front look like a man, and in putting a person in a white sheet in a conspicuous place; but as the printed description does not tell us what these things mean, and as we are not very good at understanding allegories, we give it up."

It is a trite observation that people look at nature with different eyes; but, in regard to landscape art, it is apparent that the impression must depend upon the habits of observation and the degree of moral sensibility of the spectator. In our daily walks we meet with many who seem utterly insensible to the language of scenery, and pass noble trees, picturesque rocks, exquisite effects of color, radiant clouds, and all the phases and phenomena of season and scene, without notice or sympathy. How absurd to suppose that such persons can enter into, or even recognize the significance of landscape art! Lovers of nature, on the contrary, find something to gratefully admire in all our leading scenic limners; and, among them, George Innes has his full share of traits and triumphs; enamoured as he is, or has been, of French processes, the individuality of the artist is not thereby superseded. A critic has said of him:—

"We have in this country only one artist who may be compared with Rousseau, and George Innes, for it is he, is sometimes accused of imitating the great Frenchman; but a comparison of the works of the two men will show that Innes does not imitate, and resembles Rousseau because of his profound comprehension of those grander, subtler laws of nature which are revealed only to the mind of genius. It is such pictures as these which have given Rousseau undisputed supremacy in European art. It was a long while before he gained the high position, for his pictures were refused the Paris Exhibition until very lately; and I mention the fact to show, that even in France the art-world is slow to acknowledge great genius."

In a catalogue of pictures, by Inness, offered for sale last year, the subjects include scenes in the Catskills, and near Medfield, Mass., Eagleswood, N. J., and on Staten Island, at the Delaware Water Gap, and Charles River, Mass.; while with these familiar regions are associated generalized landscapes, where the sentiment rather than the local scene gives interest and charm, such as "Cloudy Day," "Grey Twilight," "Old Homestead," "Evening," and "Twilight." For certain elements of executive skill, and for the embodiment and illustration of the sentiment of nature, some of the works of this artist justify the highest praise of his admirers; while the unequal merit of his productions, and their ideal tendency, explain the other extreme of illiberal criticism of which they have been the subject.

"A Passing Storm," by this artist, belongs to C. E. Detmold, Esq.; R. L. Stuart, Esq., has one of his earlier landscapes; his "Summer Afternoon" and "Twilight" belong to Rev. H. W. Beecher, and his "Light Triumphant" to Mrs. Gibson; "Sunshine and Shadow" and "Summer" were in the Wright collection; Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati, has a "Moist

Green Level, with Trees." His last allegorical series is "The Apocalyptic Vision of the New Jerusalem and River of Life;" in the former there are points of great natural truth. Some of the most intelligent admirers of Innes are Boston amateurs.

George Inness was born at Newburgh, Orange county, N. Y., on the 1st of May, 1825. When an infant he was removed to New York, and thence, after a few years, to Newark, N. J., where his parents established their home. As early as the age of thirteen the boy's love of drawing was such that a master was allowed him; he was an old gentleman named Baker; the pupil soon learned to make good copies in oil of his teacher's pictures; but, at this time, he was attacked with epilepsy, to which painful malady he has been liable ever since, to the great detriment of consecutive and sustained artistic work. At the age of sixteen Inness went to New York, and attempted to learn engraving with a view of making it a profession; but ill-health obliged him to return home, where, from time to time, he painted and sketched, and, at the age of twenty, passed a month in Gignoux's studio, and then fairly embarked in landscape art. He has visited Europe twice, but never studied with any one, or copied a picture.

Nearly two miles back of Perth Amboy, in the State of New Jersey, is a rural hamlet, bearing the pleasant name of Eagleswood. The settlement consists of a large and elegant stone edifice, at present occupied as a military school; a fine mansion; the residence of the proprietor of the broad acres composing the hamlet, and also the residences of George Inness and William McEwan, artists. In the grounds there is a fine studio building, occupied by Wm. Page, Wm. McEwan, and E. W. Hall. Inness has a finely constructed studio in his house, and there, at his "Eagleswood Eyry," he conceives and produces the artistic works which are from time to time exhibited to the public gaze.

It accords with the imaginative scope and spiritual instinct of Inness, that he should incline to the doctrines of Swedenborg; his appearance, temperament, and character belong to that phase of artist-life where insight and enthusiasm, the unpractical and the sensitive elements, predominate. Inness is, as we have said, unequal in his artistic efforts, but he is also sometimes unequalled; and his foreign proclivities and his suggestive method offer a not undesirable contrast to those wherein merely imitative skill and local fidelity are exhibited,—thus adding another element to the delightful variety of taste and talent that belongs to American landscape art, and attests its honest individuality.

Cropsey.

The versatility and skill in landscape Cropsey has acquired were manifested in a memorable degree, when his pictures and sketches which had not been disposed of, were exhibited preparatory to a sale that took place just before he embarked for England in June, 1856, with the intention of remaining several years: the sale also was so remunerative as to afford the best evidence of the extent of his popularity. Besides a remarkable tact and truth in color and a true sense of the picturesque, a moral interest was frequently imparted to

his landscapes by their historical or allegorical significance, in which as in other respects he reminded his countrymen of Cole. Some of his most felicitous compositions have been repeated in chromo-lithographs, which have extended a knowledge of, and interest in, American landscape art. Among his most characteristic works may be mentioned the "Return from Hawking," and "The Olden Time." He has effectively illustrated New Hampshire scenery, and his sky-studies are indicated by an excellent paper that appeared in an art journal, entitled "Up among the Clouds." A critic of much discrimination defines the peculiar charm of one of his pictures as consisting in "a certain juicy crispness in the foliage, mingled with delicate gray and purple tints."

Cropsey is sometimes careless and crude. His sense of beauty and truth in nature are eloquently apparent in his best efforts; but his executive power seems unequal, which is probably owing to the inequality of working moods incident to irregular health. Many leading English amateurs recognize a genuine force and felicity in his most elaborate landscapes, especially those wherein he has set forth with fidelity and emphasis the radiant forests of the American autumn. After a residence of several years at Kensington, near London, where he enjoyed the sympathy of many English artists, and gained several eminent friends, Cropsey, in anticipation of a visit to his own country, to which he returned in 1863, in search of fresh material, offered, at public sale, about one hundred and thirty sketches, studies, and finished landscapes, which produced the sum of twelve hundred guineas—no inadequate proof of his foreign reputation. When the collection was exposed to public view in Pall Mall, the London Times thus referred to it; and perhaps we cannot more impartially suggest his claims as a landscape-painter than by adducing testimony which is, at least, disinterested, and indicative of the new and nobler light in which American art and artists are regarded of late years by the prominent organs of public opinion in Great Britain:—

"It is interesting not only from the intrinsic merits of many of the pictures, but from the example it affords of the gradual growth of the painter's power, under the influence of a constantly widening experience of nature, and a knowledge of the schools of this country and the continent. It is hardly possible that a new country can produce a native school of painters, unless those of its children who are led to art from innate bent have the opportunity, of which Mr. Cropsey has made such good use, of studying art as well as nature in the old countries. Among the most valuable works in the collection are many studies of skies, showing true and delicate observation of nature, some graceful vignette illustrations of English and American poets, and many charming little landscapes and sea-side studies in England and Italy. The most important works are a large picture of "Catskill Falls, in America," and two important English subjects, Corfe Castle (exhibited at the Royal Academy a few years ago), and the painter's latest work, "Richmond Hill in the Summer of 1862."

Jasper Francis Cropsey was born on Staten Island, near Rossville, on

February 18, 1823, of poor but very respectable parents. His health was very delicate. He exhibited from childhood a taste for art and mechanism. His education was obtained from the country schools, through boyhood; and, in after years, by self-culture. At the age of twelve he received a diploma from the Mechanics' Institute, and one from the American Institute, for architectural modelling—the model of a country house, built very elaborately—having made his own tools.

After this he entered an architect's office, and, in the second year, received a diploma from the American Institute, for the best specimens of architectural drawing. Two years later his health entirely failed, and he was compelled to go to the country; but the love for painting which had been more or less encouraged during his architectural apprenticeship, was now indulged in at such intervals as health allowed. He returned again to the office, but disagreement with his employer caused him to leave permanently. He retired for the winter to Staten Island, where he painted an architectural landscape, entitled "Italian Composition," which was favorably hung at the National Academy. This now belongs to L. H. Cortelyou, Esq., Staten Island, who gave him an order for a picture of his farm and homestead, as a pendant.

The next season he hung out his sign as an architect, and designed one dwelling-house and one church, which all who have visited New Dorp Cemetery will have noticed as standing in the centre of the grounds. He also designed a little gothic church at Rossville, but the plan was sadly mutilated by the builder. Want of encouragement in architectural labor led him naturally to fall back on painting. About this time he made many little sepia sketches, which were sold at auction by Levy. Mr. J. M. Falconer, of Brooklyn, has one or two of these. Cropsey soon after became acquainted with J. P. Ridner, who induced him to visit a place in New Jersey, the result of which visit (beside many sketches) was quite a large picture, entitled "Greenwood Lake from Orange County," that attracted the attention of Inman, the artist, and, by his request, was sent to the Academy, and the artist was soon elected an Associate. He was so little known to the arts and artists that he had the notice of election for some time without knowing what it meant.

This picture was purchased by the Art-Union; it was about three by five feet, and was drawn by a Philadelphian. Then followed two or three years of hard study from nature—in Connecticut, on the Hudson River, Lake George, but chiefly at Greenwood Lake. Continuous application again broke down his health. He, however, painted the picture called the "Nameless River," now in the possession of Hon. E. D. Morgan, to illustrate a poem, and a picture called "Noonday," which attracted much attention at the Academy of Design; pendant pictures, "Looking Oceanward," "Looking Land-ward," Staten Island; they belonged to Obadiah Bowne, Esq. But, as this labor was very unremunerative, he became weary, ill, dissatisfied, and sought change.

In 1847 Cropsey married the daughter of Hon. J. P. Cooley, Greenwood

Lake, and made his first visit to Europe, leaving New York in May, 1847. After the usual sight-seeing in London, he made a tour through Scotland and the English lakes; visited Stratford-on-Avon, Kenilworth, etc.; and stopped long enough at Loch Lomond to paint a picture of the lake for the Art-Union. He passed through Paris, through Geneva, and over the Simplon Pass to Lago Maggiore, Milan, and Genoa; thence to Rome, via Civita Vecchia, and there passed the winter. His studio was in the Via Babuino, the same that had been occupied by Cole several years previous. Close study and pecuniary disappointments brought on illness, and for some weeks Cropsey was prostrated. He painted several pictures, but they were small and comparatively unimportant, except "Jedburg Abbey," for John Rutherford, Esq., of New Jersey. The following spring (1848) as he recovered, he worked in the open air, making many studies of objects of interest and scenery about Rome, Tivoli, Albano, and Lake Nemi; early in the summer, accompanied by his wife, he passed on to Naples, and spent the summer at Sorrento and Amalfi, living in the house with Story, the sculptor, and near C. P. Cranch, and visiting the temples of Pæstum in their company. Cropsey painted, while at Sorrento, two pictures—one of Sorrento, and one of the Island of Capri which was purchased by the Art-Union.

The winter found him back at Rome, in a studio adjoining Louis Lang. The most important work executed here was a picture, four by six feet, of the "Pontine Marshes," which, a year later, was purchased by the Art-Union out of the Academy exhibition. Another picture, painted the same winter, of Lake Nemi, was afterwards presented to the Academy, and by the Academy sold to the Art-Union, to cover a deficiency in their funds; several members contributed for this purpose. It is now in the possession of William H. Appleton, Esq., of New York.

The civic troubles in Rome, and the attack on the city by the French in the spring of 1849, hurried Cropsey homeward. He had a pleasant journey to Florence, although the road was infested with banditti, and many travellers were robbed, through the beautiful towns on the way, which afforded him many sketches. Three or four weeks were spent in Florence; thence he went to Pisa and Genoa, and then, by sea, to Marseilles and up the Rhone to Paris. The cholera in Paris drove him away, but not till he had enjoyed a brief sketching season at Barbison and the forest of Fontainebleau, in company with Hicks, G. W. Curtis, and Gay, of Boston. He stayed in Great Britain long enough to make a tour through Wales, and then came home by way of Liverpool, arriving in the United States in July.

Then followed several years of study and successful labor; the summers being spent at the Greenwood Lake, Newport, or the White Mountains. The principal pictures of this period are the "Sybil's Temple," bought by the Art-Union, and engraved on wood; "Harvesting," engraved by Smillie, on steel, for the Art-Union. The "Sybil's Temple" is a great favorite, six *replicas* having been called for. "Peace" and "War," now

in the possession of Joseph Harrison, of Philadelphia, was painted at this time; also "Niagara, the American Falls, from below," and the "Coast of Genoa," belonging to Moses H. Grinnell.

In the spring of 1856 Cropsey sold his sketches and pictures, and embarked for London, where he spent seven years, gaining social and artistic position, receiving many attentions, and having great inducements to make that city his home for life; but the Slaveholders' Rebellion broke out, and the artist's intense love of home and country induced him to return. While in London he painted many pictures, but those which attracted the greatest attention were, "The Backwoods of America," exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1857, and "Pæstum," exhibited in the Royal Academy, and received much praise from David Roberts. The following season he exhibited small studies of Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, one of which was purchased by the London Art-Union, and the other bought out of the Academy by an English gentleman. A series of designs for wood-cuts, illustrative of Moore and Poe ("The Poetry and Pictures of Thomas Moore," Longmans, 1858; "Edgar A. Poe—Illustrated," same year) were very favorably commented on by the press. A commission from Mr. Gambert for thirty-six pictures, intended for publication, which fell through after sixteen were painted, on account of the financial difficulties of 1857, occupied several months. "Corfe Castle," in the possession of Marshall O. Roberts, Esq., was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and a work of paramount interest in London was the large picture of "Autumn on the Hudson River," five by nine feet. This attracted unusual notice from all parts of the country. It was exhibited at the Great London International Exhibition of '62—special attention being directed to it by the Royal Commissioners on account of services the artist rendered in the American Department, for which he afterward received a medal. It was sold out of the exhibition to an English gentleman. Just before leaving London, Cropsey finished a large picture of "Richmond Hill," which was regarded with great favor by the artists, and considered by them as better than the "Autumn on the Hudson." It being English scenery, they understood it better. It had many figures of about twelve inches high; the principal group were painted from life. This work became the property of James McHenry. "Warwick Castle," for Mr. Cyrus W. Field, was painted in London. The first of a set of pictures of Stoke Pogis—the scene of Gray's Elegy—was painted for Sir Danie Gooch, who has seven of Cropsey's pictures. Another favorite work is "Ann Hathaway's Cottage," a little sketch of which was sold out of the Avery collection to Booth. Before leaving London, Cropsey had another sale of pictures. He returned home in 1863. "Wyoming Valley," "Autumn on the Erie Railroad," and "Indian Summer," are among his late elaborate works.

The London Times thus speaks of Cropsey's "Autumn on the Hudson:"—

"American artists are rapidly making the untravelled portion of the English public familiar with the scenery of the great Western continent. Mr. Church's 'Falls of Niagara,' and the 'Heart of the Andes,' recently exhibited, have found a companion picture in Mr. Cropsey's 'Autumn on the

Hudson River,' now on view. The painting is a perfectly faithful view of the locality—a valley running inland from the Hudson, between West Point and Newburgh—in the vicinity of the Sleepy Hollow of Washington Irving, and Sunnyside, the pleasantly-named retreat in which the last years of that popular writer were passed. The point of view is well chosen for variety of effect. It comprises a lake-like inlet of the river, the distant river itself, mountains, and an undulating foreground of forest and wood. The singularly vivid colors of an American autumnal scene, the endless contrast of purples and yellows, scarlets and browns, running into every conceivable shade between the extremes, might easily tempt a painter to exaggerate, or revel in variety of hue and effect, like a Turner of the forest. But Mr. Cropsey has resisted the temptation, and even a little tempered the capricious tinting of nature; his autumn is still brilliant, but not quite lost to sobriety, as we have sometimes, we think, seen it in that Western World. The result is a fine picture, full of points that are new, without being wholly foreign and strange to the European eye. It will take the ordinary observer into another sphere and region, while its execution will bear any technical criticism."

Of "Richmond Hill in '62," the London Builder says:—

"Mr. Cropsey, the American landscape-painter, whose 'Autumn on the Hudson' was the great adornment of the United States department of the International Exhibition, sought for a corresponding view to show Summer in England, and finding it on Richmond Hill, 'loved by the Muses,' has painted a parallel picture of great size. He has chosen well. Every one knows Royal Richmond, the *Sheen* (from the shining river) of former time; where Edward III., Henry VII. (from whose paternal estate in Yorkshire it had its present name), and Queen Elizabeth all died; where Henry VIII. jousted; where the Queen of George II. received Jeanie Deans; where Reynolds and Gainsborough lived; and which has been sung by Pope and Thomson.

"The wall of famous 'Star and Garter' is on the left of the picture; beyond is Petersham, with the grounds of Ham House, where the great Duke of Argyle was born: in the centre, or rather to the right of it,—

> "'Wanders the hoary Thames along
> His silver winding way!'

Though, as the time chosen is the afternoon (just before going in to that very pleasant dinner), and a rich, warm sky gives color to the river, it becomes rather the '*gilded* stream' of Thomson's verse. In the distance, which is capitally painted, is seen Windsor; everywhere are the beauties with which nature is there so affluent; and in the foreground is a group of many figures of varied classes, the costume marking the period. These figures are of large size, and very cleverly presented. We congratulate Mr. Cropsey on having produced a charming picture of a charming spot, the first view of which ever leaves with the impressionable observer,—

> "'A bright resemblance ne'er to be destroyed.'

"The picture is now at Mr. Henry Graves's, in Pall-mall, and is to be forthwith engraved by Mr. Robert Wallis."

"Statucca Vale" is a panoramic, almost topographical work, faithfully painted in detail, and remarkable for its extent, minuteness, and color. A well-informed critic says of this work:—

"The painter has chosen for his subject a beautiful valley in Wayne county, Penn. His point of view embraces the lofty viaduct of the Erie Railroad, which spans the river here, the village resting at its foot, and the devious course of the shining band for miles, till it is lost beneath the shadows of the mist-clad mountains in the distance. The season expressed is autumn, the gorgeous tints of whose foliage are conveyed with an abandon of coloring which must have asked for the courage of a Turner in the handling, and makes serious demands for a defence of its truthfulness upon those whose good fortune it has been to have seen how much more startling in its varied beauty, than art can ever hope to convey on canvas, is the foliage of our forests when the first icy breathings of the approaching winter works its change; when leaf and shrub grow wondrous beautiful at the approach of death, and hill and valley are ablaze with color.

Whatever may be the exceptions raised to the somewhat scenic characteristics of this work in the judicious praise its unquestioned merit must receive, the artist will no doubt find the reward he most covets. A student of nature so faithful to his task as Cropsey, and with a pencil so fearless, may rest easy about the reputation of his works, which, like those of Turner, may stir up the critics of the present, yet be worshipped by the Ruskins of the future."

An entire contrast to this picture is a beautiful soft lake view, highly colored, reminding one far more of Lake Como and the strong tints of Italian scenery, than of Lake George. The atmosphere is admirable, the distance well maintained, and the coloring so beautifully toned and composed that it charms the eye. It presents a smooth sheet of water in the glare of a midday sun, with a number of small figures in the middle distance, and with some graceful trees in the foreground. The entire effect is extremely pleasant, and the picture has been greatly admired. It is undoubtedly the best that Cropsey has executed for some time.

"Corfe Castle" and one of "Mediterranean Sea-Coast" are owned by Marshall O. Roberts, Esq., of New York; the "Return from Hawking," by J. C. Claghorn, Esq., of Philadelphia, Pa.

At one visit to his studio, I found a "Winter-Scene" on Cropsey's easel of both artistic and historical interest. A picturesque, shelvy mountain impends over a dell in the Ramapo valley; two or three cottages with snow-crowned roofs are grouped in lonely brotherhood; the white drifts on the shaggy and precipitous side of the cliff, the wintry sky, the unsullied expanse of the foreground, where a woman is crossing with a pail, a boy loitering with his sled, and a load of wood stands ready to be piled away, unite to form a landscape at once indicative of the season and the country; the tint of the frozen pool and the hue of the atmosphere are given with

much truth to nature. In this vicinity Washington made his head-quarters during the fearful episode of our revolutionary struggle identified with Valley Forge: and from the summit of this abrupt and lofty mountain, he often gazed toward New York, thirty miles distant, visible on a clear day. With how many months of weary and intensely anxious vigil is that bleak and isolated observatory associated; and how vividly the terrible ordeal through which the scanty and famished army passed, reappears to the mind while contemplating the scene in all its wintry desolation! An entire contrast is afforded by a view of Greenwood Lake. I knew it belonged to New Jersey, from the character of the rocks, familiar to all who have wandered along the Passaic. In the umbrageous glen Cropsey has passed many a dreamy hour—his summer studio was near by. Another sketch is quite characteristic of the region: it represents an inundated valley overgrown with dead trees, whose huge spectral limbs have a melancholy fascination. There is a spirited view of a gorge in the Catskills, wild enough to charm Salvator; a shivered tree hangs over a chasm, and down its sides of gray stone, half hid by a thicket, a foaming cascade is dashing. Those familiar with the aspect of the Mediterranean coast will recognize the cliffs, water, and sky of the Genoese territory in the masterly scene drawn from nature there. One large canvas was outlined with an effective picture of the Roman Forum; every column and arch wears a grand yet familiar look, and recalls the delicious spring morning when I watched the snail-like excavators with their children's barrows and indolent motion, and the solemn nights when the moon gleamed on architrave and frieze, and memory conjured back a triumphal procession or a Ciceronian discourse. But here is something nearer home: a beach with granite ledges and a high cliff—a seaward perspective and the green billows fringed with foam,—majestic, graceful, half transparent; and fair figures watching the beautiful scene; that curve of the shore, the mould of that rock, the outline of the cliff, are easily recognized: it is the favorite trysting-place for lovers, the delight of children in their afternoon walk, the goal of the Sunday evening promenade at Newport—the shore below the "Forty Steps." How many will gaze on this bit of coast-scenery with emotion! More than one poet has sat there in reverie; more than one flirt has been awed into momentary earnestness by the limitless expanse of wave and sky thence stretching before her fickle eye; and many a rosy-cheeked urchin has gathered bright pebbles there and wet his little feet, while the nurse listened, forgetful of her charge, to an insinuating coachman. The place, too, has witnessed rare sport. My friend, the pastor, Isaac Walton, Jr., has landed on the slippery ledge many a giant tautog, and a less clerical fisherman grown profane as he jerked his broken hook from the clinging kelp, or waded through the advancing tide to dry land, with nothing but bait in his basket. I wonder not that the humorist who used to wake laughing echoes here with his bon-mots, set Cropsey to work in order to have the beach and its environment reflected by his truthful pencil. Magical in more than a professional sense is the scenic limner. During this half-hour in Cropsey's

studio, I have been lured to Rome, to the Catskills and the Passaic, to the Ramapo Valley and to Newport; and each locality, besides refreshing my eye with natural beauty, has wakened fond reminiscence.

A characteristic landscape, by this artist, is "Long Island Shore." It possesses that coolness of tone and tenderness of expression which formed the principal charms of his pictures. The hour represented is just at sunset, when the last rays of the sun shine on the summit of the lighthouse, while its base is in shadow. The full moon has just risen, and its beams make a broad pathway from the beach to the horizon, across the calm waters, the smooth surface of which is only broken by two lines of ripples spreading in graceful curves along the shore. The sandy beach, with an occasional rock, green and slimy with the salt waves, jutting above its level, marks the foreground. A boatman is in the act of drawing upon the sands his light skiff, and between him and the point where the lighthouse stands, several other figures are discernible. In the distance, a rocky island slightly wooded, is reflected in the calm waters, and a few clouds, their edges tinged by the rays of the setting sun, float in the mid-heaven. The quiet, thoughtful character of this picture is eminently pleasing and suggestive.

Suydam.

Although James A. Suydam died in the prime of his life and usefulness, his career and character were singularly complete. One of the few American artists whose competent fortune exempted him from the necessity of toil, he devoted his time and no small part of his income to the encouragement of art, and the succor of unappreciated merit. Of an old and well-known New York family, he offered the pleasing exception of an American gentleman of independent means and social position, devoting himself to a refined and noble object, with disinterested zeal and intelligent sympathy. The following tribute from the pen of one who knew and understood the man and the artist, will best illustrate his character and influence; while his taste and talent in landscape art may be estimated by the graceful specimens of his skill which he bequeathed to the National Academy of Design, where they are arranged together, and beside the excellent portrait of the artist, from the faithful pencil of Huntington:—

"In the death of Mr. James A. Suydam, American art has met with more than a common loss; and the group of painters that make a social influence so personal and delightful as that of our New York artists, have lost a sincere and active friend, a high-bred and true gentleman, a genuine and refined painter. Mr. Suydam was a quiet and gentle nature, an exquisite and conscientious artist.

"He lived free from the noisy unrest of better known and more popular painters; he was never stung by the gadfly of notoriety; he never even seemed to have a passion for fame or for greatness. All the movements of his nature were in harmony with the soothing, the tender, the true. Compared with other painters of vigorous, or impassioned, or purely intellectual genius, his was as gentle and sweet as the south wind over blow-

ing roses, and it had something of the seductive sadness of an evening of June. As a man and as an artist I believe his sympathies were in correspondence with all blameless and gentle things. He loved the soft lapsing of waters, the fainting wave, better than the tumult of its rising strength or the force of its breaking fury.

"In the few pictures of our coast scenery or of our twilights which he loved to paint, he has always given us nature in repose, and expressed the sentiment of peace, of stillness, of brooding love. Nature had but one mood for him, and that mood was peaceful. This universal sentiment of nature he expressed with tenderness and conscientiousness.

"If asked what artistic quality and what truth of nature he best illustrated with his art, I should say that of *gradation*. In this he rivalled, if he did not surpass, his friend, Mr. John F. Kensett. Although Mr. Suydam has never painted a picture characterized by strength, although he has never given any evidence of a creative or highly imaginative mind, he must always be cherished as a painter of sentiment, sensitive to truth of tone, always harmonious, always exquisite in gradation, and charming in certain qualities of color. Mr. Suydam exposed but one picture at the last exhibition of the Academy of Design, and I may say he seldom if ever exhibited more than two or three pictures at a time. He seemed entirely oblivious of the public, and he painted his simple little landscapes out of pure love of nature; and I know of no pictures that are more charming, more opposed to sensationalism, more peculiar and delightful, than the few he has given to American art. It is true that Mr. Suydam never gave promise of richness or power in his treatment of nature. He was one of the minor poets of American landscape art, often exposed to the charge of weakness, often objected to as monotonous in his style, but always welcomed and valued as true, simple, and soothing.

"It seems so strange to write of Mr. Suydam as no more with us; it is so startling to think of him as dead! He was known to the choicest spirits among our New York painters; he was respected by all; he was loved by those who knew him best. His 'conscientious and honorable character,' his 'refined and noble soul,' endeared him to the few who knew him well. With all his modesty and unobtrusiveness of character, he was firm and manly. But he is dead. He is no more with us. He has passed away into the silence, into the peace, into the infinite love, which so unconsciously seemed to engage him in his life and speak to us from his works. I believe the best men of American art have lost in him a brother, and that he is no more with us is a personal sorrow. Artists will not think of him as a great light gone out, but as a sweet influence no more active. They will not think of him as a mighty river, enriching a country and bearing the future on its strong current, suddenly checked; but they will think of him as a spring lost under the earth—as a sweet voice no more heard.

"Mr. Suydam, at the time of his death, was at Conway, resting from a fatiguing yet delightful study of the Massachusetts coast, in company with his friends, Mr. S. R. Gifford and Mr. W. Whittredge. Mr. Suydam

not feeling very well, determined to rest at North Conway, while Mr. Gifford went into the mountains to study, after which he was to join Mr. Suydam and go to Lake George. Mr. Gifford joined his friend in time to share his last hours, and, with Mr. Suydam's brothers, take care of him during his short and fatal sickness. Mr. Suydam died on the 15th of September, 1865, at North Conway. He was a true man, a high-bred gentleman, and a refined and genuine artist."

A. H. Wenzler has painted a few landscapes, almost photographic in detail. One represents a part of the Berkshire Hills where they cross the border between Connecticut and Massachusetts. Whoever has sojourned in the romantic region of the Salisbury lakes will not easily forget its beautiful mountain scenery. Mr. Wenzler passed a summer in this picturesque vicinity, and has with remarkable skill embodied its characteristic features. We have rarely seen the effects of distance, the gradations of light, and the aërial perspective more truly rendered; the eye penetrates into the far horizon and over leagues of mountain-range; the hour chosen is about ten o'clock in the morning, when the mists are just dissolving before the sun's rays, whereby a cool veil is thinly spread over the prospect; neutral tints relieve the eye, and an exquisite and subdued tone harmonizes the general effect; the village of Salisbury, or rather its church and the few edifices near it, occupies the centre of the picture; while in the foreground is one of those broad but shallow streams brawling over pebbles, one of those plank bridges, clusters of noble trees, and rock-bordered dusty roads, which are so characteristic of a New England village: two figures, naturally introduced, give human significance to the scene; about which, in its details, there is a reality, and in its general effect a literal truth.

Wenzler.

J. M. Heade was born in Bucks county, Pa., near the home of Bayard Taylor. He began his artistic career as a portrait-painter; but the love of travel was strong within him, and few of our artists have roved more about the world; he passed two years in Rome, sojourned in France and England, and has visited both South and Central America. The Emperor of Brazil was delighted with Heade's pictures, and bestowed a decoration upon him when they were exhibited. This artist has become identified with tropical landscapes, and especially succeeds in representing marsh-lands, with hay-ricks, and the peculiar atmospheric effects thereof. In Boston, and Providence, R. I., where he had a studio before removing to New York, there are several fine and highly-prized examples of his skill and taste. He meditates another trip to South America.

Heade.

As an accurate and graceful illustrator of natural history, Heade attained a special reputation; his delineation of birds and flowers is remarkable for the most faithful drawing and exquisite color. During a sojourn in South America he made a fine collection of tropical birds and butterflies, which have served him for authentic and elaborate studies.

He has lately turned his attention to landscape art with great success.

Several fine pictures of tropical scenery have attracted much attention; one in particular, rich with South American vegetation, and singularly true to nature in atmosphere and general effect, was the subject of high encomium on the part of the returned Amazon explorers—Agassiz included. Another clever and novel landscape by Heade is a view of Point Judith, where the effect of a thin overflow of water on the glistening sand of the beach is given with rare truth. None of our painters has a more refined sense of beauty, or a more delicate feeling for color. Mr. Heade embodied the very soul of vernal bloom and tenderness in two or three modest, lovely pictures of "Apple Blossoms;" we could not have believed so simple and common an object could be made so suggestive; but they give the very key-note of the season; they sweetly hint, not only an orchard, but a landscape; we seem to inhale their odor, and see their pink and white flakes quiver in the breeze of May down on the newly sprung grass.

McEntee.

Jervis McEntee is another of our artists who knows how to unite in landscape technical merit and the true sentiment of a scene or season; in the latter respect he is remarkably effective; his "Autumn Leaves" and "Winter Night" not only give the sensation but awaken the mood appropriate to the time they respectively delineate and suggest. In many of his landscapes the woods and waters are combined or reflected in a way that shows a true perception of natural as distinguished from conventional effects. His "Mount Tahawas" is not adequately luminous in tone, but its conception shows a certain experimental courage which is auspicious; it represents a mountain at the moment of early day, when the mist begins to roll in great drifts away from its summit. Whoever has watched the freaks of the mist in the heart of a mountainous region, will find some touches in this picture true to nature and rarely reproduced; others may strike him as apocryphal; but, in the freedom and novelty of the treatment, we find another evidence of the untraditional, confidently sympathetic spirit in which our landscape-artists look at nature. McEntee is fond of rendering landscape subservient to, or identical with, a special sentiment or general fact of interest. Thus, not long since, he executed a small picture, the body of which was an overgrown thicket, a neglected field where stood a dilapidated farm-house, through whose bare rafters gleamed, under a dark wintry sky, the cold amber light from a belt of sunset along the far horizon; the chill tone, the deserted feeling, the utter dreariness of this little scene emphasized its name as the type of desolation; it was called "Virginia."

Jervis McEntee was born at Rondout, Ulster County, N. Y., in 1828, and this is still his home, except in winter, when he occupies a studio in New York. His tendency to art studies and enjoyment was revealed to himself by accidental association, in early life, with a man of culture and refinement. One day Henry Pickering, a son of Colonel Timothy Pickering, of revolutionary fame, seeking a rural retirement to assuage a keen dis-

appointment, left his native New England and went up the Hudson river; attracted by the picturesque and wooded shores at Rondout, he landed there, and entering the house of McEntee's father, asked to be received as a boarder. The request was not a pleasant one to the family, accustomed to their domestic privacy; but something in the manner and aspect of their guest excited sympathy, and they yielded a reluctant consent. Often, in future years, they must have thought of the scriptural promise about entertaining angels unawares; for the stranger soon became like one of the family, and proved so gentle, highly educated, and interesting as a companion, that they loved him as a son and a brother. His conversation, the books he brought with him, the whole tone and character of the man, "touched to finer issues" the dawning intelligence of the future artist. It was precisely the desirable social element for a secluded household. Mr. Pickering loved children; a bachelor full of ungratified affection, he made Jervis the companion of his rambles, and exhibited to his fascinated eye the beautiful illustrated works which were his favorite recreation; a discriminating lover of art and literature, he interpreted their charms to his young friend. He was intimate with the leading artists of the day; and the companionship of such a man, for several years, in the domestic retirement and picturesque vicinage of McEntee's home, naturally awakened in his mind an appreciation of the beautiful, and of artist life as a resource and a pursuit. Moreover, Pickering was a poet,—graceful and graphic in his musings and descriptions of nature; bird and blossom, foliage and sky, river and atmosphere, as well as life and books, had for him quiet and deep teachings and subtle affinities with his chastened heart; one of his poems breathes the very spirit of spring. He was born at Newburgh, in the house known as Washington's head-quarters, where his father was on duty during the war; but the family home was at Salem, Mass.; and when, after his long sojourn, having identified himself with his adopted home, he suddenly determined to go to New York and engage in business, no evanescent sorrow fell upon the household; although but a child at the time, the artist still remembers the sadness of that parting; the familiar and cherished guest would not say "good-bye"—confidently predicting his return; but he never came back; whether so complete a change from a serene life in the midst of beautiful scenery and in a peaceful home, to the excitement and isolation of the city, proved too much for him, or whether his health suffered from constitutional tendencies, he died soon after leaving Rondout, and was as sincerely lamented by his friends there as if allied by tender bonds of kindred. Those who know, by experience, how rare in American villages it is to find a man of high and delicate sentiment, of rich culture, and of ideal aspirations, can appreciate the blank left in that little circle by the withdrawal of his society.

The winter of 1850–51 McEntee passed under the instruction of Church, in New York; and then sketched and painted at home. In 1854 he married the daughter of Rev. T. J. Sawyer; and for three years engaged in business at Rondout, with so unfavorable a result, that he felt more than

justified in devoting himself thenceforth exclusively to art. In 1858 he opened a studio in New York, and since then he has worked therein during the winter, returning home to sketch and make artistic excursions in the summer. In 1861 he finished a characteristic landscape called "Melancholy Days"—the phrase being adopted from the opening line of Bryant's poem descriptive of late autumn. With that sympathetic appreciation of true merit and promptness to encourage genuine talent, which was so noble a trait in the late James A. Suydam, he purchased this picture, and it is one of the collection he bequeathed to the National Academy of Design. It was the first work of McEntee's that gave him the peculiar reputation he enjoys in landscape art. "Virginia" is owned by Cyrus Butler, Esq., together with another called "The Wilderness"—the former, with two other of this artist's works, were sent to the Paris Exhibition, and several of the French artists emphatically recognized their merit; "Indian Summer" belongs to J. W. Pinchot, Esq., of Milford, N. J.; "Winter Night," to S. R. Gifford; "In the Kaatskills," to Mr. Chittick; "The Departure," to R. H. Browne; "The Return," to Mr. Rice; "Morning in the Adirondacks," to Mr. Jessup; "Late Autumn," to G. W. Riggs, Esq., of Washington, D. C.; "Autumn Woods," to Mr. Faber; "October," to S. C. Evans, Esq.; this picture was also selected for the Paris Exhibition. "Flight of the Birds" belongs to Walter Brown, Esq.; "Woods of Asshokan," to Robert M. Hoe, Esq., of New York. McEntee has exhibited, since these landscapes were painted, "October in the Kaatskills" and "Last Days of Autumn"—two of his best works; "November Days" belongs to J. Taylor Johnston, Esq., of New York. A recent critic observes:—

"A 'Late Autumn,' by McEntee, is a variation upon the theme which the pressure of orders has forced so often from this artist. This picture has all that sadness which was seen in his popular work, 'The Melancholy Days have Come,' and more than that, for it possesses the thought of the resurrection, and the new life, too, in a brighter future. There is a bit of water in the foreground, and a strip of woods in the middle distance, in the sober brown of the autumn days, a horizon in delicious gray, and a sky of broken clouds of white and purple.

For delicate truth in autumnal scenery, McEntee is unsurpassed. He not only delineates the seasons as they appear in the Northern States, with consummate fidelity and skill, but he gives the subtle gradations of color, atmosphere, and aspect, that mark the varying points of time in each season. There is a subtle feeling, a latent sentiment, and a delicate touch in his landscapes, rarely found even among the most skilful scenic limners.

"October in the Catskills" represents a slope of pasture-land; one of those abandoned clearings of the primeval forest, from whose ashes spring rank ferns, wild blackberry, and scented *immortels;* a kind of wild brake, full of shrubs, thorns, and grass-tinted flora—tinted and toned by the autumn winds—is the foreground of the picture; admirable in its details,

and so natural that it seems familiar as a frequented locality to every sojourner in the hill-country. Far above and back are the blue, rounded summits, snow-flecked in the upper gorges, and a strip of forest between is frost-kindled into such crimson, scarlet, yellow, and brown hues, as is nowhere to be seen except in the American woods early in the fall. The whole is a genuine, winsome, characteristic, and, so to speak, pensively eloquent bit of nature: as fine an autumnal landscape, in its simplicity and truth, as the fondest observer of that season here could wish or imagine.

Akin in felicity of execution, though quite contrasted in subject, is the view of a windy day on Lake George—where the dim mountain, gray sky, and roughened waves give one the very sensation as well as sentiment of that scene and scenery. Several of his winter pieces are remarkable for the excellent atmospheric effect and impression—from the first coming on to the full culmination of the snow-falls; while a woodland in earliest autumn breathes the solemn tranquillity that attends the fall of the leaf, and almost the very fragance of the mellow forest. In short, these landscapes, while graphic and true as transcripts of the most memorable phases and phenomena of nature, are full of that feeling, insight, and authenticity that make landscape art so highly precious and pleasing.

W. Hart.

Another familiar and cherished name among our landscape-painters is that of Hart; it is associated with many characteristic scenes delineated with the blended skill and sentiment which is the graceful distinction of the American school; and it is identified with two brothers of Scottish origin, and bred mechanics. William Hart is a native of Paisley—the birthplace of the artistic and poetic naturalist, Wilson, who was a pioneer in ornithological studies on this continent, and one of the earliest *littérateurs* among us—his life abounding in adventure and intellectual triumphs, softened by the moral sensibility and aspirations of true genius. In 1831, when William Hart was nine years of age, his parents emigrated to the United States. They settled in Albany, N. Y., and the future artist was placed in the establishment of two prominent coach-manufacturers: like Smybert, his first aptitude in handling the pencil was acquired by ornamenting panels; by a natural transition he began to sketch from nature, and soon developed a striking talent; for some time he was engaged in painting window-shades, and, having become dexterous in the use of colors, and quick in imitative ability, he gave up mechanical for artistic limning, and met with good success in portraiture.

Dunlap's History of the Arts of Design awakened his artistic aspirations; a severe illness at the age of seventeen obliged him to give up his trade; his first studio was a rude shed on a "side hill" near Troy. For three years he "boarded round," painting portraits in Michigan; attacked by fever and ague, he returned to Albany, where he concentrated his mind upon landscape art. The liberality of Dr. Ormsby of that city enabled him to visit his native country, whence he returned invigorated and enriched with sketches.

His pictures now gave evidence of mature sentiment; in color they were often masterly, and were the obvious result of faithful study, and a pure and true feeling for the beautiful. From the year 1848, the period of his return, he has been a frequent exhibitor at the National Academy, to which institution he was elected ten years after. His landscapes admirably discriminate the diversities and coincidences of natural phenomena in North Britain and North America; they display characteristic features, often rendered with consummate tact; and, in the more quiet attributes of scenery, few of our artists have produced more attractive illustrations. All who have seen will recall with pleasure his "Coming from the Mill," "Little Spring," "Gloamin," "Up among the Hills," and many radiant but softly-toned autumnal views of streams and woodlands, instinct with the dreamy and mellow atmosphere which distinguishes that season in America. One of his landscapes illustrates a descriptive poem by Bryant; and in the graphic touches and repose of his best works there is a spirit akin to this poet of nature. "Peace and Plenty" is one of William Hart's most effective landscapes. It represents a harvest-field, with a homeward-bound load of grain;—the village in the distance, the winding stream, the far-away mills, and in the foreground, an old soldier with children, all softened and warmed by a tone of sunny repose, combine to impart to eye and mind a complete, genial, and magnetic sense of the bounteousness and the peace of nature, for whose every aspect, latent beauty, and moral significance, as felt by human consciousness, it is evident that this artist is a genuine enthusiast;—his pencil is alike chaste and loving, true and tender, and many of his smaller landscapes are gems of quiet yet salient beauty.

Not always equally happy, however, are all the works of Hart; he has sometimes been accused, and with justice, of depending more upon "handling" than fidelity; scientific critics detect errors of fact, and poetical ones find a leaning to the conventional: but these, and such as these, in his as in other cases, are incidental rather than absolute defects—the fruit of a casual style, a temporary mania, or carelessness; we prefer to recognize and record the essential ability, the native resources of an artist, especially in landscape, which seems peculiarly liable to be perverted by experiments and fashion; and when true to himself, Hart reproduces the beautiful in nature with simplicity and effect. His "October's Golden Hours" is full of the glow and grace caught from the very heart of nature; "Children on Shore" and "Castle-rock at Ebb-tide" indicate cleverness and tact in another vein.

James M. Hart, his brother, was born in Kilmarnock, Scotland, in 1828; like William, he was in his first youth a coach-maker's apprentice, and was led by native taste and endowment to adopt the career of a landscape painter. In 1851 he went to Dusseldorf, and became a pupil of Schirmer; returned to Albany in 1852, and removed to New York four years subsequently; having since prosperously there followed his art, wherein he exhibits the same faithfulness

J. M. Hart.

and feeling, somewhat modified by diverse taste and discipline, which has endeared the best of his brother's landscapes. A little picture called "Sunday Afternoon in Berkshire County," though unelaborate in dimensions, has an exquisite truth and grace which is characteristic of his pencil. "Woods in Autumn"—a view of a placid lake in the Adirondacks, is a beautiful transcript of the season and the scene; and a somewhat elaborate criticism thereof, from an able pen, will perhaps best indicate this artist's peculiar merit:—

"Of this picture we are gratified to be able to write with feelings of unmingled pleasure—to hail it, not only as the best of the larger works which of late years have left the studio of this talented artist, but to characterize it as one of the finest contributions lately made to the list of American successes in this field of art.

"It is not now our intention to furnish the reader any detailed description of this very noble effort of Mr. Hart. We have, in the contemplation of his picture, derived no ordinary satisfaction. We have studied the work with care, to fully comprehend its motive. We have considered the ability with which the artist has carried out the intention, evident to us; and cheerfully do we record the opinion that, in 'Autumn in the Woods,' Mr. Hart has achieved one of those great successes only to be won when the cunning hand, the warm heart, and subtle brain all harmoniously work together to the encompassing one great and noble end. In this picture there is pleasing evidence of loving enthusiasm guiding the artist's hand through many months of patient toil—full evidence of deep thought and well-garnered knowledge; knowledge of law in art as nature; knowledge of little things as great—of light and of air, of sunshine and shadow, of mountain, of forest, of gleaming waterfall and placid lake, of every tree found within the leafy haunts of our great forests from the graceful birch to the sombre pine, that stately monarch of our Northern wilds. In this work the lover of truth (as evinced in cunning detail) will find little to cavil at. Weed, vine, rock, gnarled trunk o'ergrown with richest moss and the wondrous *débris* of the primeval forest, are all given with the marked faithfulness to form and color so characteristic of this artist: and yet with such mastery of handling that the minutest weed holds but its relative bearing to the great mass. The scene is one that will equally charm those who have as those who have not visited these beautiful solitudes. The subject we assume to be more an ideal creation of the painter than any particular view; but however that may be, the scene is certainly one that in all its features breathes the air of that enchanting region.

"The soft yet clear light of an October day rests lovingly on lake and mountain, just sufficient of its witching haze to soften without obscuring the beauty of line in this most graceful of compositions, at the same time mellowing into a saddened splendor the glory of its autumnal tints. Mark how faithfully the quiet lake reflects within its crystal depths the pictured forms on every side surrounding it, and how gloriously the mad waters, dashing through the rocky channel in the foreground, take their final leap

into the unseen depths beyond—passionate as love or hate, yet powerless all, to disturb that eternal quiet which now seems for evermore to reign within that lake's sweet depths.

"Of the technical merits of the work we can but speak from the knowledge gleaned of observation, yet from the knowledge so acquired, we venture to recognize in the 'Autumn in the Woods' a most decided triumph of that essentially professional prerogative. The manner in which all parts of this composition are brought into proper relation with the whole, the unity of tone so carefully preserved, and the masterly yet tender treatment of the detail, are beyond all praise; that conscious fidelity, which, while allowing no sacrifice of local truth, yet could, with exquisite skill, so harmonize the claims, as it were, of every object in the scene, that each, while glorying in its separate sovereignty, could yet, under the artist's broad and skilful handling, become so fused as to leave no jarring discord on all that broad canvas—are features of the picture that not alone rivet the attention and claim the admiration of the beholder, but entitle this last and finest production of Mr. Hart to rank among the best works of the American school."

Another characteristic work of James Hart's is "Moonrise in the Adirondacks;" the moon rises over a lonely lake; in the foreground is a clump of fallen trees, their withered arms entangled in rank grasses, waterweeds, and moss. "Peaceful Homes" represents a little country village or hamlet, nestled among trees by a riverside. The village, however, occupies but a small portion of the canvas. On the right hand we see a hay-field, enlivened with the usual incidents of haying-time. Down a somewhat stony road, one side the field, a boy is driving some rather frisky cows. The distance is a faithful transcript of quiet scenery, such as may be seen in the lake region of Middle and Western New York. Perhaps we cannot better realize the spirit and method, not only of these brother artists, but of the leading members of the American school, than by referring to a lecture delivered by William Hart, before the Brooklyn Academy of Design, of which he is President. It is a just exposition of some, at least, of the principles and sympathies which have given distinction to landscape art in our country: his subject was "The Field and the Easel." An appreciative audience was in attendance. It was impossible, said the lecturer, by way of introduction, to reveal the soul of art in language, and he could attempt little more than to indicate the principal rules by which the study of art was to be guided. It was quite popular among artists to affect ignorance of theories and rules of art, and it might sometimes happen that an original art-genius would attain to high excellence, in real ignorance of the theories and rules that governed his inspiration; but it was none the less true that art, like everything else, was founded on theory and governed by rule, and there were few artists who could afford to dispense with these rules, however ignorant they might profess to be of their existence. His remarks on the present occasion would be confined to landscape art exclusively. His object would be to take his hearers on a

tour through the fields, and thence back to the studio, laden with the spoils of the campaign. And first, the student was supposed to be able to sketch objects singly or in combination, and he desired to impress on all students the importance of a thorough study of single objects as indispensable at the outset of his career as an artist. Having gone forth into the broad sunshine and the fields, his first question would be what subject he should select for his pencil. And here he would caution the student against the selection of any particular scene merely because "it looked like a picture." If he did, the chances were it would be tame; and, however true he might be in the delineation of nature, he would incur the criticism of having imitated some ideal picture manufactured for the occasion. The more harmonious combination of the natural elements that go to make up a picture were not necessarily good. It were better to select a subject or scene as far removed from the conventional as possible. Try, if possible, to embody a sentiment or idea of your own, and one in unison with your own feelings. This sentiment might precede or succeed the subject. The artist might have a preconceived idea or sentiment which he wished to embody in a picture, or he might come upon a scene that suggested a sentiment. In the one case the sentiment preceded the subject; in the other the sentiment was the offspring, so to speak, of the scene. An artist might command success in either way; but there should always be an idea, either preceding or succeeding the subject, and that idea should be his own—an idea or sentiment in which he was interested, and which should be wrought out with his pencil in such manner as to interpret his own thought and soul, and not in imitation of another man's. Having found his subject, he is next to inquire how much of his picture or panorama, of which he is the centre, he can take in upon the canvas. With regard to this it was only necessary to say, as a rule, that he must give enough to represent all the combinations that go to make up the individuality of the scene. (The speaker here illustrated the subject by reference to one of the sketches, of which there were a dozen or more suspended in the rear of the desk.) The importance of studying the topography of a landscape, as distinct from color, was urged, and Turner was instanced as a master artist who made this a prominent feature of his method. The student was cautioned not to alter or modify the scene at the expense of nature and truth. The lecturer then spoke of the different methods of sketching—whether with lead pencil, black and white crayon, charcoal, pen and ink, water colors, etc., and pointed out the advantages and disadvantages of each, giving the preference on the whole to pen and ink.

Returning from the field to the studio, the student's purpose must now be earnest. He must now seek to contract, intensify, and subject the sentiment to the picture. Any subject could be rendered interesting if true to nature. As to "treatment," so called, it was the broadest and most vague word in the vocabulary of art. One thing, however, was now well established—that "sky treatment" was of the highest importance. Accessories should not be made to appear as the principal in the completed

work. Care should be taken not to follow too closely a favorite artist. It was well enough for the student to admire a good model—better than to essay independence before one had grown out of childhood—but admiration should not be allowed to end in mere imitation. St. Paul once sat at the feet of Gamaliel, as his master, but St. Paul did not feel bound to carry Gamaliel's carpet-bag for the rest of his life. If one imitates at all, by all means let him imitate the excellencies and not the defects of his master. It was not the wart on Cicero's nose that made him an orator. Above all, let your pictures tell something that you feel. If you feel nothing, keep silent until you do feel something, and do not attempt to tell what you think you ought to feel, or what you imagine somebody else feels.

Marine landscapes were painted thirty years ago by an Englishman in Philadelphia—Thomas Birch, who died there, where his works are best known, January 3, 1851. The freshness of his atmosphere and clearly-painted waves were marked features. His delineation of the engagement between the U. S. frigate Constitution and the British frigate Guerriere, and that between the "United States" and the "Macedonian"—each four by two feet six inches—are fine specimens of this artist, and of rare historical value; they are in the possession of Joseph Harrison, Esq., of Philadelphia. Birch.

This painter's name was once quite familiar to the Bostonians. He painted chiefly on panel, and his pictures have often suffered by cracking. He must have experimented in color, as not a few of his works have become yellow in spots. He was one of the earliest marine painters of reputation in Massachusetts. Salmon.

Salmon painted with great care, and his pictures are almost miniatures in their detail. He chiefly affected sea-views, and was especially happy in introducing figures therein. His greatest defect was in the treatment of the water, which he usually represented as a succession of short, choppy waves, an effect rarely seen on our coast, though not in itself untrue to nature. His colors are very harmoniously blended, and especially there is in many of them a pearly tone which has a charming effect.

Salmon was a very eccentric man, and lived for years in a little hut on one of the wharves in Boston, studying the subject he most loved. Very many of his views are of familiar localities near Boston, though there are also English scenes from his pencil.

R. Bonfield also ventured successfully in marine landscape, of which there is a good example in the "Coast Scene" in the gallery of Marshall O. Roberts, Esq., of New York: but until the advent of Bradford and Dix, this sphere was comparatively little cultivated by our native artists, though it is one singularly adapted to the taste of a commercial people. Van Beest, an excellent artist from Holland, won much reputation and some money as a marine landscape-painter, during a brief but improvident career; and of late, De Haas, a German painter, has been very popular and successful in his sea-coasts, naval fights, and shipwrecks. Dana, Staigg, Swain Gifford, R. Bonfield.

Curtis, and Salisbury Tuckerman of Boston, and others, have executed fine coast and craft-scenes.

Some of the most noteworthy marine pieces recently executed in New York are from the pencil of F. H. De Haas. A native of Rotterdam and a pupil of Louis Meyer, after some years of study at the Hague and of sketching in the island of Jersey, and along the French coast, De Haas came to this country and opened a studio in New York. His sea-storms are full of vigorous truth; his view of Farragut's naval fight, during the late war, which resulted in the capture of New Orleans, proved a highly popular work. De Haas painted, for this gallant officer, the first battle-scene in which he was engaged, when a midshipman on board the "Essex." The artist's studio contains numerous admirable marine studies, and his coast-scenes are very effective and beautiful.

De Haas.

Among the many students of art called from that peaceful pursuit to the field by the exigencies of the war for the Union, is one of rare promise and no inconsiderable performance in the sphere of marine landscape. Charles Temple Dix, a son of General John A. Dix, himself a discriminating patron of native art, executed several admirable coast and sea-pieces: of the various craft to be found on our seaboard, he had made a careful study; a voyage to Gibraltar gave birth to a fine delineation of that fortress and its adjacent waters; his talent for this comparatively neglected but highly popular branch of landscape art was too decidedly manifested and recognized to allow of any but a temporary cessation of his graceful and progressive labors.

Dix.

Since the close of the war for the Union, Major Dix has passed a winter at Rome and some months among the Channel Islands;—the fruit of his studies in the latter region being a fine landscape, which was exhibited in 1866-7, at the Royal Academy, London, much praised by the critics, and purchased by an amateur at the artist's own price.

A. W. Warren was born in Coventry, N. Y., and farmed with his father, a man of substance, largely interested in the cattle trade. Warren *fils* became a pupil of T. H. Matteson at Sherburne, N. Y. Taking a fancy to marine subjects, he shipped as cabin-boy on a vessel bound to South America, that he might see the sea in all its bearings. Since then he has lived at Mt. Desert, and built his own boat to facilitate his travel over the watery highway to make studies of interest on the islands adjacent to Schooner Head. He is now absent on a second visit to Central America (Nicaragua) in search of fresh material. A work of his, "Rocky Shore, Mt. Desert," is in the gallery of the Brooklyn Institute, and has much vigor of drawing and handling.

Warren.

Besides our earliest historical painter and a popular living artist in portraiture, we have another member of the Society of Friends devoted to landscape art. Obsolete now, indeed, would be the earnest discussion whereby the Quaker elders in the woods of Pennsylvania strove to reconcile the boy Benjamin West's

Bradford.

pursuit of art with the requirements of their religion; gradually but surely have taste, the love of beauty, and the æsthetics of civilization encroached upon the once uncompromising devotees of plainness of speech, costume, and life; and the muse of Whittier seems to have exorcised the spirit of bigotry and won a truce between truth and beauty as combined elements, instead of antagonistic forces in the moral economy of life. There is something naïvely refreshing in hearing *thee* and *thou* from artistic lips, and a Friend who is a painter by profession is a living symbol of the eclecticism of the age.

William Bradford, born and bred in the faith of the Quakers, has devoted himself more exclusively to coast-scenes than any of our artists; and to his pencil we are indebted for many of the most truthful representations of the most characteristic shores of New England, and the adjacent waters. He is a native of New Bedford, Massachusetts; and although manifesting a fondness for art from boyhood, he was educated for business. His mother was an exemplary member of the Society of Friends; and we are disposed to attribute one of his most effective traits as an artist, patience, to the self-control and calmness which seem to exhale from the atmosphere of the sect, and to harmonize their households and life-work.

Bradford married in Lynn, and his wife is of the old Quaker stock of New England. Thrift is not less the spirit of that denomination than piety; and it is not surprising that, despite his own ardent wishes, the future artist was forced by circumstances to sacrifice the eight years succeeding his marriage to trade. Had success crowned his exertions he might have been beguiled into making commerce his permanent occupation, or withdrawn therefrom to indulge his artistic taste as an independent amateur; but one of those financial crises so frequent in this country, involved the young merchant in bankruptcy; and this misfortune not only justified his decision to renounce thenceforth a pursuit for which he had not the least aptitude or liking, but made it incumbent upon him to seek in art not only the gratification of long-baffled aspirations, but the means of subsistence. He had never absolutely neglected the pencil; its exercise had amused his leisure; and while he now resumed it in earnest, he managed to render it profitable, at the same time that he carried on a course of study with a view to professional success. Living in a seaport town, and familiar with mariners and merchants, he found that making portraits of ships was a facile and a lucrative resource; and in this humble branch he was content to work until greater knowledge and skill should enable him to portray with effect the ocean and its coast. The constant drawing of vessels was an excellent discipline; he soon understood the various manœuvres and situations with reference to tide and wind that so greatly enhance the picturesque associations of every kind of craft, from the light yacht to the massive frigate; the build, rig, and complete natural language of a ship became familiar to him; and when to this knowledge, derived from long observation, he added a skilful hand and a true eye in the delineation

of rocks, beach, waves, and sky, Bradford was fairly equipped for the work of a marine painter, one of the most popular and least cultivated branches of native art.

Desirous of improvement in this sphere, he induced the best foreign marine painter in the country to join him at his home at Fairhaven, in order to avail himself of the instruction thus attainable. He found, however, that Van Beest, so favorably known amongst us through his spirited India-ink sketches of ships in a storm, aimed almost exclusively at general effect, wherein he had indeed attained a rare skill; and doubtless Bradford derived much advantage from studying the manner of this artist. But this method was uncongenial, the primary object of his pupil being to carry into the representation of coast scenery the same exquisite fidelity in detail which had won for our painters of forest and lake subjects such deserved renown. It was by dash rather than conscientiousness, by a happy knack more than by painstaking care, that Van Beest produced his animated and often most impressive pictures; whereas Bradford felt that his own success depended on minute accuracy and patient observation of local characteristics. Accordingly, after working together in the same studio for two years, they separated, and Bradford began a course of resolute and quiet study from nature, visiting the most picturesque regions along the coast of New England, Nova Scotia, and Labrador, and making minute portraits of the rocky marge, so that many of the most prominent geological diversities are identified at a glance in his almost photographic delineations, by one familiar therewith. Cohasset, Cape Ann, Nahant, the Bay of Fundy, and other sections of the eastern coast of the Atlantic were successively visited by this conscientious artist; he spent days in depicting in oil a single group of rocks; and some of these materials for the foreground of landscapes have been in great demand by those intimately acquainted with the localities, on account of their truthful suggestiveness; for so faithfully drawn and colored are they, that each stone seems a magic memorial, the sight of which brings vividly to mind the entire range of sea and shore, of which they form so insignificant a fragment. A series of these studies made from the coast of the Bay of Fundy, are remarkable illustrations of what fidelity to details can effect when a truly characteristic object is skilfully treated. Bradford is indefatigable in his search for subjects, and has explored many isolated and beautiful ranges of coast never before haunted by an artist.

From his several trips to Labrador he has brought many Esquimaux trophies, photographs of icebergs, and original studies. The following account of one of these summer excursions, which appeared soon after his return in a leading journal, will give an idea of the method and means whereby this enterprising artist obtains his materials and inspiration:—

"Mr. Bradford sailed in a vessel chartered for the purpose, for the northeastern coast, going as high as the fifty-sixth degree. The vessel encountered its first ice about the middle of the month, in the vicinity of Cape Clear, and from that period to the latter part of August, when it was headed

homeward, it was never out of sight of icebergs and icefloes. For two weeks at one time, the vessel was frozen in a field of ice five or six hundred miles in extent, and so surrounded by it that it rose like a wall several feet above the taffrail. It may be readily imagined that sketching out of doors in such a region, even in the middle of summer, with the thermometer in the neighborhood of thirty degrees Fahrenheit, was not a comfortable occupation, however exciting it might have been.

"Clad in the sealskin suits of the Esquimaux, Mr. Bradford managed to protect himself from the cold sufficiently to enable him to make many studies, some of them very remarkable in color, and all novel and interesting in subject. The larger part of his studies are of icebergs, various in their forms, some resembling grand old castles and ruins, and others of odd and fantastic shapes. When the sun falls full upon them their color is a pure dazzling white; but the portions which are in shade are blue, or green, or purple, fading into delicate tints of gray, and shot with rays of pink and saffron. Indeed, the brilliant colors of some of the icebergs were such as to defy the pencil of the artist to reproduce them on canvas. Besides studies of icebergs, Mr. Bradford sketched the floating fields of ice, the scenery of the coast, and the Esquimaux and their habitations.

"The better to enable him to perfect his pictures, especially as relates to form and size, Mr. Bradford, who was accompanied by an excellent photographer, obtained a large number of photographs of icebergs, alike fine specimens of the art and pleasing as pictures. He also took a number of photographs of the Moravian missionaries living in that region. His account of them and their labors is exceedingly interesting. There are four stations on the coast; and with the exception of the first or lower settlement, which is annually visited by fur-traders and fishermen, whose teachings and practices are far from being Christianlike, the missions are encouragingly successful. One of the missionaries had been there twenty-two years without going home, and another had been there over thirty years, visiting Germany once, however, in that period, to take to himself a wife. They and their wives are all Germans; and Mr. Bradford regards them as the most self-denying people he has ever met; and their Christian faith, as evinced in their self-abnegation in that inhospitable country, worthy of high praise. His description, too, of the Esquimaux, their customs and manners of living, is graphic and entertaining."

His pictures, associated as they are with the bleakly-beautiful regions of that "stern and rock-bound coast," whence the fisheries which originally so enriched New England took their rise, and whence so many of her eminent merchants emigrated to the cities, have a special charm for dwellers by the sea and the prosperous votaries of commerce, as well as for the lovers of nature and the summer *habitués* of the beaches and islands of the Eastern States. Whittier has paid an eloquent tribute to his artist-friend, in a poem suggested by one of his marine landscapes. It is a curious illustration of the modification which time and the spirit of the age have made in the relation of the Society of Friends to literature and

art, that a Quaker poet should thus address a Quaker painter in "war-time":—

To W. B.

And while, with hearts of thankfulness, we bear
Of the great common burden our full share,
Let none upbraid us that the waves entice
Thy sea-dipped pencil, or some quaint device,
Rhythmic and sweet, beguiles my pen away
From the sharp strifes and sorrows of to-day.
Thus, while the east wind keen from Labrador
Sings in the leafless elms, and from the shore
Of the great sea comes the monotonous roar
Of the long-breaking surf, and all the sky
Is gray with cloud, home-bound and dull, I try
To time a simple legend to the sounds
Of winds in the woods, and waves on pebbled bounds—
A song of breeze and billow, such as might
Be sung by tired sea-painters, who at night
Look from their hemlock camps, by quiet cove
Or beach, moon-lighted, on the waves they love.
(So hast thou looked, when level sunset lay
On the calm bosom of some eastern bay,
And all the spray-moist rocks and waves that rolled
Up the white sand-slopes flashed with ruddy gold.)
Something it has—a flavor of the sea,
And the sea's freedom—which reminds of thee.
Its faded picture, dimly smiling down
From the blurred fresco of the ancient town,
I have not touched with warmer tints in vain,
If, in this dark, sad year, it steals one thought from pain.

Many of Bradford's pictures have been photographed. A few of his subjects will indicate the scope and tendency of his pencil. "The Island of Great Manan;" "Fishing-Boats getting under Way;" "Fishing-Boats at Anchor—Hailing the Sloop in Martha's Vineyard;" "Shipwreck off Nantucket;" "Lighthouse in St. John's Harbor;" "Fishing-Boat in Bay of Fundy—Sudden Squall there;" "A Stiff Breeze in the Harbor of Eastport;" "Boarding the Sloop," etc.

One of the results of his recent northern trip is a picture of "The Coast of Labrador," with high, rocky shores. A dismantled hull lies beached upon the sands, and the effect of the sunlight flung upon the water is unusually brilliant.

William S. Haseltine gives ample evidence of his Düsseldorf studies, whereof the correct drawing and patient elaboration are more desirable than the color—although herein also he has often notably excelled. Few of our artists have been more conscientious in the delineation of rocks; their form, superficial traits, and precise tone are given with remarkable accuracy. His pencil identifies coast scenery with emphatic beauty; the shores of Naples and Ostia, and those of Narragansett Bay, are full of minute individuality, wherein one familiar with both, and a good observer, will find rare pleasure; it is the same with "Amalfi" and "Indian Rock"—Italy and America are,

Haseltine.

as it were, embodied in the authentic tints of these rock-portraits set in the deep blue crystalline of the sea. The waves that roll in upon his Rhode Island crags look like old and cheery friends to the fond haunters of those shores in summer. The very sky looks like the identical one beneath which we have watched and wandered; while there is a history to the imagination in every brown angle-projecting slab, worn, broken, ocean-mined and sun-painted ledge of the brown and picturesquely-heaped rocks, at whose feet the clear, green waters plash: they speak to the eye of science of a volcanic birth and the antiquity of man, and with their surroundings, distinctly and, as it were, personally, appeal to the lover of nature for recognition or reminiscence.

One of Haseltine's best pictures of the Eastern coast belongs to Dorman Eaton, Esq., of New York; another to C. E. Habicht, Esq. "Indian Rock," Narragansett, and "Castle Rock," Nahant, are in the collection of J. Taylor Johnston, Esq., of New York; and "Seconet Point" belongs to R. M. Olyphant, Esq. Haseltine's Capri subjects, and those painted in Normandy, are very true to local atmospheric and geological traits.

John Williamson was born in Tollcross, near Glasgow, Scotland, on the 10th of April, 1826, and emigrated to this country in 1831. His most notable pictures are "Autumn in the Adirondacks," owned by E. J. Lowber, Esq.; "Trout Fishing," in the possession of Isaac Van Anden, Esq.; "American Fruit," and "The Summit of Chocora by Twilight." This gentleman has been an efficient coadjutor of Gignoux and Hubbard in promoting the objects of the Brooklyn Art Association, of which he is the secretary. Williamson.

John Bunyan Bristol was born at Hillsdale, New York, March 14, 1824. The first part of his artist life was a struggle without aid, instruction, or sympathy. Three or four weeks were spent with Henry Ary, a portrait painter at Hudson, N. Y., which constituted the whole time given to instruction. Living in the country, nature was the school and the master. Bristol.

In 1859 he made a visit to Florida, where, about the St. John's and at St. Augustine, he gathered material for a number of semi-tropical pictures—among which was an "Afternoon on the St. John's," perhaps one of the most popular. In 1862 he married a daughter of Alanson Church, of Great Barrington, Mass., since which time his home has been in New York, spending his summers in New England and various parts of the Northern States. Scenes from the banks of the Green River, along the Housatonic Valley, and about the wild region of Bash-Bish, have occupied much of his time.

Occasionally, a trip to Lakes George and Champlain, and to the mountains in Vermont, have furnished him material for such pictures as "An Autumn Afternoon near Bolton, Lake George," "Mansfield Mountain at Sunrise," and the "Adirondacks from Lake Champlain." One of his more recent works is entitled, "An Afternoon in Haying-Time, Berkshire County, Mass."

A modest and assiduous artist, Bristol has somewhat of Kensett's repose in his best landscapes, some of which, besides accuracy in detail and true effect in generalization, exhibit a genuine sentiment which elevates their imitative truth.

John E. Tilton has gained quite a large number of admirers for a kind of landscape which has special attractions for the imaginative; it deals with the more evanescent and characteristic traits of local atmosphere: two subjects especially have been thus rendered by Tilton again and again, with a peculiar effectiveness all his own—Rome and Venice, over which venerable and memorable cities he flings the veil of mist and sunshine, that wreathes them with a kind of poetical and suggestive charm, vague indeed, but on that very account, pleasing in certain moods of mind, and true to a phase with which every one who has long sojourned in Italy is familiar. A very strong light is requisite to perceive the real merit of Tilton's landscapes; in some of them he has sacrificed distinctness too absolutely, while in others his success is remarkable.

Tilton.

Hence, while some critics compare him with Claude and Turner, others, like Jarves, unjustly declare him a "weak sentimentalist in color, having no solid foundation of knowledge or inventive force." The "Bays of Baiæ and Naples" is one of the artist's best pictures, and was greatly admired at Rome. The distant Vesuvius, with the coast of Sorrento and Capri, the blue waters of the bay, and the beauty of the sky, are most faithfully and artistically rendered. "The Bernese Alps," with the lake at their base, is full of a ghostly charm. "The Fishing-Boats of Venice," with their gayly colored sails, and the "Campagna Scene," with its ruined slave-tower and snow-tipped hills, are very attractive. Another of his favorite subjects is Pæstum—those beautiful ruins—among the finest existing architectural remains of Græco-Roman magnificence—occupying the site of the ancient city of Lucania, now an uninhabited plain near the shore of the Gulf of Salerno;—a charming picture, which fascinates the more it is looked at. How well the artist has caught that soft, sleepy, luminous haze so peculiar to the Italian climate!

"Lake Nemi," the "Grand Canal of Venice," "Rome seen over the Campagna, and including the Sabine Hills," and another "Campagna landscape with the bridge of Mammalus," are among the subjects which Tilton has treated with effect and interest; the latter work contrasts with Poussin's devoted to the same scene in the Doria palace; the American artist gives us the twilight hues, the subtle mists, the vague, sunny, tremulous atmosphere which bathes and suffuses the architecture, waters, and mountains of Southern Europe with so mystical a veil. In the instances where he has best succeeded, unless the picture is seen in a strong light, its details cannot be made out; the landscape which in a certain mood may take the eye and imagination in his studio at Rome, when hung in a dark parlor in America often becomes totally ineffective. Moreover, there is not always a just relation between the atmospheric effects and the substantial objects; so that rare

skill in the former may not alone render the work, as a whole, satisfactory. Tilton reminds us of those poets whose sentiment and imagination are active to a degree out of proportion to their reflective and logical powers. That he has a remarkable feeling for color, a rare ability to represent the effects of sunshine and vapor, is undeniable; and sometimes he succeeds in exhibiting this ability in combination with the other requisites for landscape art; but sometimes, again, this harmony and congruity has not been achieved, and, therefore, it is not surprising that critics disagree in regard to his merits. Yet we have seen a view of Rome, and one of Venice at sunset, by Tilton, the first impression whereof was vague and dim; but, in a strong light, and contemplatively regarded, they have proved the most striking, true, and illusive representations of those memorable cities, appealing to memory through the eye and imagination, and bringing home to the senses and the heart the solemn, golden light that broods over their distant aspect, with all the soft, luminous, and vague beauty of the real scene. Tilton's light-studies may be fairly included in the original triumphs of American landscape art.

An elaborate view of the Rock of Gibraltar, exhibited by Samuel Colman, suggested a broader scope of landscape talent than his many exquisite delineations of home scenery previously hinted. Within a few months a more familiar scene, from the same true and delicate pencil, confirmed the high promise of this picture. "Tow-Boats on the Hudson" is fine in color; the water is admirably represented; so are the mountains: whoever has watched the tow-boats from the shore at Newburgh on a summer morning, will recognize with delight the delicacy and truth of this work in local details and natural effects. Colman.

Colman's parents were both lovers of the beautiful; his father was long a bookseller and publisher, and brought out in attractive style some of the early productions of Longfellow and Willis; he was one of the first tasteful dealers in fine engravings in New York, and his store in Broadway was an unique depository of pictures, and a favorite resort of artists and *littérateurs;* associated with the Swedenborgians, a sect remarkable for æsthetic proclivities, and with artists and authors, the sphere of his son's early life was highly favorable to ideal development. The first illustrated volumes of American verse were published by Samuel Colman, and his son must have been familiar, in boyhood, with the most select specimens of foreign illustrated works; he inherited a refined organization, and a fine sense of the beautiful.

Another fine picture by this artist is an Autumn scene. The spectator looks eastward across a lovely foreground, in which the autumn-tinted trees are grouped, with genuine artistic feeling, into a sweetly-painted distance, where the eye catches the gleam of water, touched by the beams of the rising moon. Every portion of the picture is finished with the greatest care and attention; yet there is in it nothing hard. It is full of the melancholy but sweet poetry of autumn. The grouping of the trees on the right

hand is skilfully managed, and the coloring is throughout beautiful, delicate, and harmonious.

Many interesting scenes from along the Cornicé road, studied with much care, and several landscapes, representing the scenery and cities of Spain, are remarkable for accuracy in form and tint, and for refinement and truth of treatment. The delicacy of this artist contrasts strongly and perhaps unprosperously with the more material attractions of our popular landscape-painters; but to the eye of refined taste, to the quiet lover of nature, there is a peculiar charm in Colman's style which, sooner or later, will be widely appreciated.

His "Lake George" belongs to C. T. Howard; his "Street Scene in Seville" and "Conway Valley" to G. S. Stephenson; his "Harbor of Seville" and "Barges on the Hudson" to J. Taylor Johnston.

"A naked mountain rock, surrounded by water," says a critic, alluding to Colman's "Bay of Gibraltar," "is not a promising object for picturesque treatment. Turner, in his admirable picture, has made it almost a subordinate object, struggling for notice amidst a splendid array of sunlit clouds and sea. Achenbach, in a work of scarcely inferior merit, well known to the New York public, depicts the rock as a distant object, darkly glooming in a stormy sky. But Colman, not caring to follow either of these distinguished precedents, shows us the grand old historical monument as it appears on a tranquil summer's day, lifting its majestic summit from a calm, unruffled sea, into a serene and cloudless sky, and glowing in the golden rays of the noonday sun. We regard the picture as a splendid success. While it does not lack in the poetical treatment of its great competitors, it has also all the fidelity to the actual that we could desire. The town and craft at the base of the rock, the fortifications, the geological formation, the incidents of the busy neighboring shore, from which it is seen, all are carefully rendered."

This artist was one of the first of our landscape-painters to render foregrounds with care and fidelity. His first exhibited work gained him recognition. It was a study of wild flowers and grasses, elaborately true in details, and yet imbued with feeling. He is exact, graceful, and often effective; there is a true pastoral vein in him; his best cattle and water scenes, with meadow and trees, are eloquent of repose and of nature to a degree and in a manner that often places the spectator in relation with what he unconsciously adopts as a personal reminiscence of scenery; this is partly owing to Shattuck's subjects—often drawn from the familiar and endeared valley of the Housatonic. "Sunset on the Lake" is a very attractive example of this artist's manner; it appeals to a sentiment which all lovers of American scenery can appreciate; a peaceful glow, a splendid sunset, a calm expanse of water with little islands, the misty atmosphere of the distant shore, are all a genuine reflex of native local traits. He has also painted spirited sea-coast scenes, a fine "Glimpse of Lake Champlain," and a beautiful "Autumnal View of Androscoggin scenery, with the White Mountains in the distance."

Shattuck.

A. D. Shattuck is a brother-in-law of Samuel Colman. He was born in

Francestown, N. H., March 9, 1832. At the age of ten he removed with his parents to Lowell, Mass., and at nineteen began to paint portraits in Boston with Alexander Ransom; accompanied him to New York, studied at the Academy there, visited the White Mountains, and returned and opened a studio in New York. He first exhibited at the National Academy in 1856, was favorably noticed, and in 1861 was elected Academician.

A pleasing evidence of the genuine sentiment and authentic execution of our landscape painters was manifest in the simultaneous exhibition, preparatory to the sale of a selection from the pictures of Shattuck, McEntee and Colman, two or three years since. Representatives of the American school, genuine lovers of nature, and patient students of her charms, these young artists began their career about the same time; they have grown, as it were, side by side in public estimation, and gradually acquired a circle of mutual admirers; and yet, while equally remarkable for truth of delineation and purity of feeling, there is just enough individuality of taste and execution to give a relishing diversity to the works of those artists, without provoking the slightest invidious comparison. The same may be said of the subjects of their pictures. Thus, Shattuck excels in the local traits, McEntee in those of the seasons, and Colman in a peculiar sentiment which partakes of both. The latter's Spanish subjects contributed to the variety and interest of the exhibition: he gives us veritable bits of sunny and sombre Spain—her coast, suburban, and feudal architecture; while McEntee brings home, as if it were a particular and personal reminiscence, the feeling and fact of the several seasons, from the advent of the first blue-bird to the flight of the last swallow, and from the vague grandeur of a misty summer morning in the Adirondacks, to the cold, gray, glinting tints of a skating-scene on a wintry afternoon.

The veracity of Shattuck's rendering was equally striking, whether his pencil is at work on the Androscoggin, or near the Housatonic, among the White Mountains, or on the borders of Lake Champlain. The trees, skies, rocks, waters, and whole tone, in each instance, are singularly, naïvely true to the local tints and forms. If McEntee excels in the wild vigor or subtle grace of conception, whereby we obtain the sensation of the season and the scene with almost dramatic vividness, Shattuck imparts a rural feeling so genial and genuine that we seem transported to the very spot he represents; while Colman has a touch of sentiment, a mellow tact and beauty, which charm us with idyllic suggestions. In short, the combined inspiration of the three limners has nothing discordant, but a peculiar harmony, which proves that they have all looked on Nature with eyes of true love, and sought to reproduce her language with the simplicity and the faith of genuine votaries and true disciples.

C. C. Griswold was born in Delaware, Ohio, in the year 1834; he is a descendant of the family of Griswolds of Simsbury, Connecticut. His grandfather, Ezra Griswold, was a brother of Bishop Griswold, formerly Episcopal Bishop of the Eastern diocese, composed of the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Griswold.

Vermont, and New Hampshire. His grandfather removed to Ohio in the year 1803, with his family; his father, Ezra Griswold, Jr., being then a lad of eleven or twelve years of age. The latter was of a literary turn and was connected with several of the early newspapers of Ohio, and among others, assisted in editing and publishing the first newspaper ever printed in Columbus, the present capital, which, probably, was the first printed in the State.

The artist is the youngest of five brothers, all of whom showed in childhood nearly equal talent for drawing, though only one, besides himself, adopted painting as a vocation. His boyhood, in other respects, was not different from that of other village boys of that time, except, perhaps, that he was more fond of books and study, and entertained a greater hatred of schools and teachers than most of his companions. His earliest efforts were noticed and encouraged chiefly by the artist brother above referred to, to whom he was indebted for all he knew of art up to the time he left home, at about the age of seventeen, to learn wood-engraving in Cincinnati, Ohio. He came to New York with his employer in the autumn of 1850. After various vicissitudes and discouragements, he finally determined to become a painter, and made his first appearance as an exhibitor at the National Academy of Design in 1857. Since that time he has resided, most of the time, in New York, and has been represented in nearly every Exhibition of the Academy. He never had a teacher except the brother above alluded to, but slowly gathered what knowledge of art he possessed, in his own way, by observation and study of nature and of pictures. He was made a member of the Artists' Fund Society at its formation in 1859, and was elected Associate of the Academy in 1866, and Academician in May, 1867.

The pictures which are considered his best are, "December," exhibited in 1864; "A Winter Morning," in 1865; "The Last of the Ice," in 1866; and "An August Day, Newport."

Simple, truthful, and tender in feeling, the works of this artist have grown in public estimation and artistic promise. In his "Autumnal Scene," the foreground is a well-painted stubble-field, from which the grain has just been gathered. A fine group of elms stands in the centre, beyond whose branches we catch a glimpse of a church spire in the distance. A shower is just passing away, and the atmosphere is cool and clear. The effect is exceedingly well rendered; and in the beautiful picture called "The Last of the Ice," which was exhibited at the Academy recently, the effect of the mist hanging upon the highlands is most truthfully given.

Gay.

Winckworth Allan Gay is one of those landscape-painters to whom the pursuit is a delight, and being so, is not made subservient to any mercenary or sensational end, but followed with quiet and patient devotion, and in simplicity and truth. Accordingly, Gay has been contented to delineate nature in her most familiar aspect, feeling no necessity to go far in search of the picturesque, and contentedly transferring to canvas the scenes most near and dear to him.

He is a native of Hingham, Mass., born August 19, 1821. Love of drawing was an instinct of the family, a natural taste; but this very fact might have postponed or interfered with the adoption of the artistic career in his case, had not a lady well known in New England for her educational zeal and good sense, Miss Eliza Robbins, been so struck with the promise exhibited in the youth's drawings, that she urged his father to let him become a painter; and suggested that he should go to West Point and study with Professor Weir. She brought about a correspondence between the latter and Gay's father, the result of which was that Allan became a member of Weir's family, and there acquired the technical knowledge of his art. He then went abroad, became a disciple of the modern French school, and studied with Troyon, in Paris. The fruit of this teaching is apparent in Gay's pictures; it essentially formed his style. He passed some time abroad, chiefly in Paris and Italy; returned home, and opened a studio. Gay is a contemplative rather than an enterprising artist; he loves his art for its own sake, and follows it in a modest and loyal spirit. He ranks deservedly high both with artists and the public. His landscapes are remarkable for their simplicity and truth; many of them illustrate the scenes of his birth-place and home, and its vicinity. It may be only an apple-tree, a lane, a brook, studies along the Cohasset shore, a meadow, or roadside; but, whatever the subject, it is full of accurate details, with good breadth, and truthful in color and drawing. One of his pictures, "Mount Washington," and another called "Near Fontainebleau," well exemplify his style. Most of his landscapes are in Boston and the vicinity, where they, as well as the artist, are highly esteemed. "I do not know," says a critic, "an American painter whose work gives a stronger impression of individual study of landscape, than Gay. His pictures, if they could be collected, would give a kind of encyclopædic impression of a part of Massachusetts,—and by their truth, beauty, grandeur, and loveliness, would explain the strong feeling it awakened in the minds of Hawthorne, Thoreau, Emerson, and Dana."

Quite diverse from the exactitude and vivid forest tints of many of our Eastern painters, are the southern effects so remarkably rendered by Louis R. Mignot, whose nativity, temperament, and taste combine to make him the efficient delineator of tropical atmosphere and vegetation. At home and abroad his best landscapes have won admiration; in evidence whereof may be cited the ready and liberal prices given even for his studies and sketches at the sale which took place in New York before his departure for Europe, and the warm commendation of the foreign critics. He has a remarkable facility of catching the expression, often the vague, but, therefore, more interesting, expression of a scene; he seizes upon the latent as well as the prominent effects. He is a master of color, and some of his atmospheric experiments are wonderful. Compare one of his winter with one of his tropical scenes, and the absolute truth of his manner and method becomes impressive. Of a little picture of the former kind, which was

Mignot.

recently exhibited at the British Institution, a critic says in a London journal: "This is a gem; there is nothing to be said about it, but that it is the most complete little work in the room. We recognize at once its naturalness, not merely in passages, but in the harmonious treatment of the whole." This estimate applies to many of Mignot's landscapes. He is appreciated by many, however, rather for the brilliancy of his coloring, the mellow and glowing light of his tropical scenes, than on account of the harmony and truth of his more subdued pictures. That the two claims to praise and sympathy should be united in one artist, is no small tribute to his skill and insight. The "Lagoon of Guayaquil," and "Harvesting," "Twilight in the Tropics," and "Lamona," giving the brilliant sunset hues and the modified yet radiant light of those regions, and the vital tints of their vegetation are memorable exemplars of local color and tropical nature. The artist's affinity therewith will find new and original scope in India, whither it is said he purposes to go, in search of new and congenial subjects. His "Evening in the Tropics" represents a chapel on the border of a lake, and worshippers passing in to vespers. The evening star is shining, and is reflected in the form of a cross on the water. A cocoa-nut palm rises at the left of the picture, and a boat floats in the lake near by, suggesting "Ave Maria!"—

> "How gently sinks the evening sun,
> That speaks a day of duty done,
> And bids us rest from care:
> How sweet the parting hour of day,
> As twilight shrouds the glimmering ray,
> And tells the hour of prayer.
> Sacred the scene—the spot more dear:
> 'Tis holy ground—for God is here."

His "Southern Harvest," with its golden sheaves and red moon, is memorable; it is in the collection of R. L. Stuart, Esq., of New York. "The Rusa" and "Tropical Scenery" belong to M. O. Roberts, Esq., of New York; "Passaic Falls," to Rutherford Stuyvesant; "Holland Winter Scene," to F. E. Church. Of "The Source of the Susquehanna," sold with the Wright collection, it has been said: "A grand production. This is a powerful, deeply *American* landscape. Others may paint what may be termed cosmopolitan scenes, but here the artist has dipped his brush in the 'colors of America,' stern and rough-hewn as her face is, and hard as a sculpture in bronze, but none the less true to nature,—with its evergreens which are hardly ever quite green, its deep brown streams, and its skies blurred and blotted, as it were, with lumps of cloud edged with fire."

Mignot is Southern not only in color and subjects, but in sympathy. He is a native of South Carolina, and at the outbreak of the slaveholder's rebellion left New York, where he had been prosperously established, and crossed the Atlantic. He has resided for some years in London, and had a successful career; among his warmest patrons is a wealthy gentleman of taste, who is the present owner of Horace Walpole's famous domain—Strawberry Hill.

James Hamilton, well known as the spirited illustrator of Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition, came to the United States from Ireland in infancy. His first experiments were in water-colors: landscape, especially coast scenes in oil, soon engaged his pencil; being enthusiastic and assiduous, he gained rapidly in the estimation of critics and lovers of art in Philadelphia, where he was established as a marine painter: fond of contrast and effect, he excelled in sea-fights; his "Capture of the Serapis," and "Old Ironsides," gained no little commendation. The former picture has been vividly described by one of the artists' friends:— Hamilton.

"The capture of the Serapis is, of course, the brilliant historic achievements of John Paul Jones in the war of 1812. The picture represents a lovely, placid summer night; a full moon floats amid a mass of cumulous clouds; there is just a ripple on the sea in which the moonlight glints and sparkles; in the distance, groups of shipping and the outline of the English coast loom with a soft, shadowy vagueness; all the accessories are in profoundest repose. Into this solemn hush of night, this intense calm, he has flung the roar and crash and carnage of that terrible sea-tragedy. The two vessels are side by side in deadliest grapple. The flames from the burning *Bonne Homme Richard*, red and ghastly as if with the blood of the dead below, swirl and coil about the masts and rigging, and stream far up into the heavens, 'staining the white radiance' of the night. Wild figures rush across the decks, the flash of the guns gleams fierce and vindictive through the darker flame of the conflagration, and reflected in the water beneath, writhes a distorted repetition of the lurid scene. Nothing could be finer or more dramatic than the contrast of sentiment here. The deadly struggle of human passion below, imparts to the moonlight an added pitying tenderness, as it were, and the moonlight in turn enhances the awfulness of the tragedy. In this picture the human element is active, nature is passive. In the 'Old Ironsides' this arrangement is reversed. The subject is taken from the following lines in Dr. Holmes' poem of the same title:

"'O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,—
The lightning and the gale!'"

Among the other best-known pictures of Hamilton are "An Egyptian Sunset," "Wrecked Hopes," "A Moonlight Scene near Venice;" a number of subjects from the Arabian Nights, and a weird picture illustrative of Coleridge's Ancient Mariner. From the contrast of subjects it is evident that the scope of this artist ranges from the most serenely imaginative to the wildest natural scenes. His style is bold and free; he does not aim at high finish; he is the reverse of literal, and aims to give emphatically his own feeling and sense of a subject. He is best known for his illustra-

tions of Dr. Kane's book, of which Blackwood's Magazine says: "The engravings of Dr. Kane's book are eminently happy, the productions of a man who is a real poet in art, and invests the whole work with a halo of romance mysterious as the effects of light in those northern regions, and which could scarcely have been produced by the power of words."

Brevoort.

J. R. Brevoort's landscapes are broad and truthfully characteristic of American scenery, with pleasing atmospheric effects: his recognition of nature seems, as yet, in advance of his executive skill; but he has so much of true feeling and high intention that his progress is obvious. One of his designs to illustrate a poem, exhibits rare feeling; and his large "Harvest Scene with a Storm coming up," shows advancing power and a fine management of light.

Sontag.

W. L. Sontag came to New York from Cincinnati fifteen years ago; in Ohio, his native State, he has sketched and studied; but some of his best landscapes illustrate the picturesque scenery of Western Virginia; he has travelled in Europe, and painted some memorable Italian views—compositions embodying all the traits, classic, arborescent, and atmospheric, with much accuracy and emphasis. Differing from many of our landscape-artists, he has a marked individuality of effect and of color.

Bellows.

Bellows often puts forth graphic and pleasant woodland scenes; his "Bye-Path," formerly in the Wright collection, is a good specimen; and so is one of his late pictures, a "Day in the Woods with a roaming, youthful party," the green vistas, thickets in blossom, and forest light and shade.

Various.

J. F. Cole has been commended for true gradations in color. Gerry has won praise in a like respect. The lake scenes of Martin and the meadow and river views of Henry have decided and progressive merit and character. Sommers' picture, "Westward Ho! or, Crossing the Plains," is a truthful transcript of Western life. The figures are not so good as the landscape, but they are life-like. Moran and Lewis, of Philadelphia, have decided merit; so have Lawrie, of the same city, C. H. Moore, of Catskill, and Johnston, a pupil of Cropsey's. Thompson, of Baltimore, has executed some remarkably solid and picturesque landscapes, and Key, of the same city, has shown much talent in his picture of Fort Sumter, and Hill in his California landscapes. Wheelock's water-color studies of White Mountain scenery are skilful and true in atmosphere. Ellen Robins, an *élève* of the New England School of Design, has received orders from England for her exquisite water-colored autumn leaves and American wild flowers.

Space will not permit a just analysis of the numerous landscape-painters who, in addition to those we have attempted to describe and estimate, have and are still illustrating the art among us,—some of them promising beginners, and others well known for certain qualities or subjects. To say nothing of the accomplished foreign painters in this department, Hope's highly finished details of forest and vegetation, Wust's vigorous Norway

mountain scenery, Melby's delicate and true pencil, Volmering so strong in trees,—the fruit, flower, and scenic limners of some other lands,—we have the two Smilies, whose highly-finished landscapes are so creditable; R. Swain Gifford's effective coast scenes; Oddie, Mason, Pallison, Talbot, Lowrie, Waugh, Dolph, Jameson, Moore, Laurie, Moran, Ordway, Cannon, Champney, Williams, Jerome Thompson, Richardson, Bunt, E. W. Hall, Parkman, Wilkinson, Shaw, Robbins, Peckham, and others. A recent letter from Italy speaks of a fresh candidate for landscape fame:—

"Another American painter, settled at Rome, is Mr. Ropes, whose excessive modesty it must be that has prevented his abilities being more widely known at home. His specialty, also, is landscapes, in which he proves himself an exceedingly patient, painstaking, and truthful artist. His 'Rosenlani,' a picture about 48 by 36 inches, sent a veritable chill through our party, so vividly did it carry our thoughts to the mighty Swiss glacier at whose foot we shivered a few weeks before on a bright midsummer day, when the sun was loosening the avalanches and hurling them, amid their own thunders, from inaccessible heights. The artist's fidelity to nature in his depiction of the grand solitude, sublimity, and sterility of the scene, was very striking. In a smaller copy of 'Rosenlani,' the painter, by peremptory order of a purchaser, had introduced a rough log cabin, in Swiss style, upon the side of the steep, which, together with a few cattle, greatly humanized the scene, but at the same time so dwarfed and belittled it as to teach the beholder an impressive lesson of the folly of departing from rigid truth in painting a view which derives so much of its character and power from its savage solitude and grandeur. A very effective 'Lake Nemi,' by Mr. Ropes, was on the eve of departure for California, whither goes also another picture, now upon his easel, embracing a view of the upper end of Lake Geneva." Ropes.

G. Quincy Thorndike, a native of Boston and resident of Newport, R. I., has studied *genre* and landscape art in Paris, with much taste and sympathy. His views of the "Dumplings" and "Lily Pond," at Newport, are authentic and pleasing; his portraits of the "Swans in Central Park, New York," are finely drawn and colored; and his "Wayside Inn" is much admired; photographs from it were in great demand. Two other landscapes by this artist are also highly prized by the critics, for their strength, naturalness, and that peculiar color which makes the French school so popular. The subjects of both are familiar: a view at Newport, near the former site of Miss Harper's cottage, with trees and sheep in the foreground, and a beautiful sea-view in the distance; and a brook near Stockbridge, Mass., where teamsters water their horses, and lovers of the picturesque linger with delight. Thorndike.

As if to complete the contrast and suggestiveness of the American school of landscape art, there are several progressive water-color painters, a department which an English lady, Mrs. Murray, the wife of a British consul in

the United States, has memorably illustrated; while several societies of native artists are engaged in its study, practice, and exhibition; while a few also earnestly develop the minute and graphic practice of the Pre-Raphaelites, by the most patient and conscientious rendering of the details of nature; among them Henry Farrar, Henry Newman, Charles Moore, Miss McDonald, Miss Adams, and S. W. Hill, whose fruit-pieces, rocks, trees, grasses, and scenery offer instructive exemplars, not without their inspiring as well as controversial influence.

A comparatively humble, but influential and therefore noteworthy, series of small landscapes have been a salable commodity in the New York bookstores for several years; they consist of small studies of scenery, or miniature landscapes, from six to eight, and from four to six inches; and were called "The Ruggles Gems." An obituary notice of the artist, who died a few months since, informs us that—

Ruggles.

"Dr. Edward Ruggles was devoted to his art, and was rapidly winning his way into public favor, and securing the reward which his numerous paintings deserved. For a long time his 'gems,' in one of the Broadway windows, have elicited the admiration of the passer-by; while his works have been eagerly purchased in advance by private parties, and now adorn very many of the drawing-rooms of the city. The number of these works, including the miniature paintings, is almost marvellous. In July, 1865, Dr. Ruggles proceeded to the White Mountains, whose romantic and varied scenery completely captivated him. Having, therefore, returned to his studio, and imparted to canvas the results of his studies, he again hastened back to the mountains, upon the opening of the season last year, and spent the entire summer in the most diligent prosecution of his art labors. The results of these labors now remain to his friends, in the shape of some exquisite paintings. His unremitting toil and devotion, however, had undermined his constitution, and he was soon prostrated upon a bed of sickness, never to rise again.

"Unassuming, retiring, and almost diffident in his manner, Dr. Ruggles did not force his way into notice, but was content that his works should win for him the popularity and eminence which they were rapidly achieving. Owing to the possession of these same qualities, the number was not large who enjoyed an intimate acquaintance with him. Those, however, who were thus fortunate, placed an exalted estimate upon his qualities of heart as well as of mind, and now share in the affliction which has overtaken and borne down his wife."

This young artist when abroad paid particular attention to the pictures of Turner, and has since his return to this country been assiduous in his study of nature, in all her manifestations. The sketch for his last and best work, "The Children of the Mountain," was exhibited. The "children" are not of human birth; but the cataract, the storm-cloud, the rainbow, and the mist are effectively done. It is a peculiarity of the majority of Moran's paintings that they do

Moran.

not admit of the introduction of the human figure. Edward Moran, brother of Thomas, devoted himself principally to marine pieces, in which his success has been decided. Among them are "The Ship Samuel Fales entering Boston Harbor," view of the latter; "Swallow's Cave, Nahant, Mass.," "Pulpit Rock," "Smuggler's Cave," and "The Old Boat-House," in the collection of Samuel B. Fales, Esq., of Philadelphia; where also is "A View on the Neck," by Peter Moran; and several of Paul Weber's best landscapes, comprising scenes in the Tyrol, Switzerland, and Pennsylvania; and "Cuban Sunset," "View near Cienfuegos," and the "Valley of the Yumuri," by E. D. Lewis.

Two views of the ruined theatre of Taormina, in Sicily, painted by Mr. Hotchkiss, a native artist, now in Italy, have decided merit. The pictures are similar, without being identical. The one nearest completion leaves the arches of the ruin in shadow, while the land, the town, and the quiescent volcano, Ætna, seen through and beyond them, are bright with the afternoon sunlight. The other catches the morning light upon the arches, while heavier shadows fall over the landscape. Two views of Mount Ætna, by the same artist, deserve much praise. One of these especially gives wonderfully, for so small a canvas, the idea of distance. The eye is forbidden to rush over the whole at a glance, but compelled, as it were, to travel from point to point, detained by the delicate finish of every part. This completeness of finish and singularly just distribution of light are among the qualities which have made the works of this artist deservedly admired. There is in his studio also a small picture of the "Colosseum by Moonlight," which may be termed a good attempt to accomplish an impossibility; a fine view of Torre di Schiare, with the Sabine hills in the distance; and a larger work, as yet but begun, showing the Arch of Titus, with the Colosseum in the background.

Hotchkiss.

SCULPTORS.

Plastic Art.—Foreign Sculptors.—Rush.—Frazee.—Augur.—Hart.—Brown.—Story.—Ball.—Ward.—Ives.—Mills.—Dexter.—Volk.—Mozier.—Randolph Rogers.—Rhinehardt.—R. S. Greenough.—Jackson.—Rimmer.—Thompson.—John Rogers.—Meade.—Haseltine, and others.—Brackett.—Gould.—Millmore. Female Sculptors: Harriet Hosmer.—Emma Stebbins, and others.—Margaret Foley.—Edmonia Lewis.—Mrs. Freeman.—Anne Whitney, and others.—Clevenger.—Bartholomew.—Akers.

HAVING sketched the experience of our pioneer and deceased sculptors somewhat elaborately, it is interesting to note the rapid and auspicious development of this art among us, to recognize the facilities now afforded the student, and the success which crowns talent and industry. So far from being an exceptional, this once isolated pursuit now seems peculiarly congenial to American genius, remarkably adapted to the artistic needs of the country, and destined to achieve original triumphs abroad; where a single name so long identified our nationality with plastic art; in Florence and Rome, the Americans boast a fair proportion among the students of and adepts in statuary.

There has been much indiscriminate praise lavished upon American artists in this as in other spheres; and it must be confessed that in sculpture, as in painting, the frequent reproduction of hackneyed subjects, and mere imitative correctness in portraiture, do not afford any special grounds for national complacency, especially in the view of those familiar with works of the kind abroad. On the other hand, however, a marked originality, either in design or execution, and a growing tendency to strike out national or fresh themes in plastic art, are among the promising signs whereby we are led to look for new and high results. Add to this that our local histories abound in favorable subjects for the chisel; that hero-worship is a fervent instinct of the people, calling for statuesque memorials; and that our rural cemeteries, and city parks and squares, are not only adapted to sculpture decoration, but fitted to suggest and inspire such memorials and

trophies. Already effigies in marble or bronze have been executed or are in contemplation, whereby the scene of historical events and the persons of public benefactors will be illustrated to the eye and heart of the people, through the ministry of art.

The various statues of Washington; that of Jackson, in New Orleans; of Clay, in Kentucky; of Franklin and Webster, in Boston; of Calhoun, in Charleston, S. C.; of James Otis, John Adams, Governor Winthrop, and Bowditch, at Mount Auburn; of Perry, at Cleveland, Ohio; and many others, consecrate and identify the local genius of the past; and there is not a State or city in the land but may claim like trophies from the hand of native art. Many such are proposed; some in the process of execution. Crawford's monumental statuary at Richmond is a perpetual reproach to Virginia treason, and a constant protest of the illustrious men of the State against the profane and delirious attempt to sequestrate their national fame and love. The statues of Franklin and Jefferson, which Powers executed for the Capitol, are noble memorials of character and patriotism; and appropriate subjects have been designated for American artists, drawn from the annals of the past, many of which offer remarkable opportunities for artistic originality. Daniel Boone should be represented as the pioneer, and his noble image should adorn the State he first explored as a wilderness. Roger Williams is the type of Toleration, whose form and features, if any authentic semblance thereof can be discovered, should adorn the market-places of Providence, or the groves of Rhode Island. Ethan Allen has already been made the statuesque guardian of the capital of Vermont; and there are De Soto, Father Marquette, Putnam, Stark, Standish, Penn, Lord Baltimore, Hamilton, the statesmen who formed the Constitution, the military leaders of the Revolution, the naval heroes of the last war with England, the eminent legislators, jurists, historians, and poets of our own day, and the martyrs and patriots of the war for the Union, all offering fit and often most effective subjects. The Indian and the negro have already become significant emblems of American life in the products of art; and busts of prominent and private citizens multiply under the hands of native sculptors: continually there spring up in unexpected regions votaries of plastic art, modellers in clay, and carvers of stone, of original and instinctive aptitude.

John Dixey, born in Dublin, and educated in London, a student of the Royal Academy, visited Italy, and then came to this country in 1789. His "Hercules and Hydra," and "Ganymede," gained him reputation; the Cherub's head on the Hamilton monument, and the figures of Justice on the New York City Hall are by him. He married in America, and left two sons, who became artists. Guiseppe Ceracchi, who was an ardent republican, and perished by the guillotine for conspiring against Napoleon I., arrived in Philadelphia in 1791; he conceived the design of erecting a monument to Liberty, with statues of our Revolutionary statesmen and soldiers, but did not receive adequate encouragement; he, however, executed a noble bust of Washing-

Foreign Sculptors.

ton, now in the possession of Governeur Kemble, Esq., of Cold Spring, N. Y.; one of Alexander Hamilton, belonging to his son, James Hamilton, Esq., of Dobbs' Ferry, N. Y., and other eminent Americans. Houdon also visited this country in 1785 to model the head of Washington for the statue at Richmond, Va. But, with the exception of figure-heads for vessels in our seaports, we have scarcely any native illustrations of carving or modelling prior to the Revolution; if we except William Rush, an intelligent and agreeable man and clever artist, who commenced modelling in clay in 1789; all his works are in clay or wood. He made the crucifixes in St. Augustine and St. Mary's Cathedral churches, the Statue of Washington in the State House, and the "Water Nymph," at Fairmount, Philadelphia; and, in 1812, exhibited busts of Linnæus, William Bartram, and others, besides a few ideal figures.

Rush.

When John Frazee first saw a cast from the antique in the New York Academy, and applied to its president, Col. Trumbull, for assistance in the study of plastic art, that gentleman told him sculpture would not be wanted here for a century; a prediction singularly unwarranted by subsequent facts. John Frazee was born at Rahway, N. J., July 18, 1790; he was, in boyhood, a household drudge at Brookfield in the same State; bound apprentice to a demoralized master, his mother's instructions seem the only redeeming element of his early lot; even then he loved to cut figures out of shingles; alternately a bricklayer and a tavern-waiter, his first chisel-work was to cut an inscription on the stone-work of a new bridge, which was thought a remarkable achievement, and led to his being employed as a stone-cutter by Peter De Windt Smith, of Haverstraw, N. Y. Mr. Wilson, of Fairfield, Ct., assisted him with books and advice; in 1814, he commenced business as a stone-cutter with a fellow-apprentice, at Brunswick, N. J., and afterward removed to New York city, and opened a marble-yard in Broadway with his brother, and afterward with Launitz. His employment had more and more verged toward the ornamental; from 1819 to 1823 mantelpieces and gravestones occupied him; but the next year he executed what Dunlap declares the first marble portrait from a native hand—a bust of John Wells, Esq.; it was chiselled, after death, from profiles, and was placed in Grace Church. Frazee then made busts of Chief-Justice Marshall, Daniel Webster, Dr. Bowditch, Mr. Prince, General Jackson, and others; and in 1831 a bust of John Jay, for which Congress made an appropriation, and of Judges Story and Prescott. The family name of this artist was originally Fraser, changed by the grandfather to Frazee. The artistically-inclined stone-cutter had amused himself by plastic experiments in his family before adventuring in art, having copied a head of Franklin, modelled his children eating a pie, and consoled himself for the loss of one by his first ideal attempt—a figure of "Grief." His name and memory are pleasantly associated with the development of the art he loved; for it was in the marble-yard where he once worked, and with Launitz, his former partner,

Frazee.

that Crawford first practised in statuary; and his son, a pupil of Launt Thompson, has lately opened a studio, and executed some very promising works.

In 1791, the son of a carpenter, named Augur, in New Hampshire, was born, who from a shoemaker's apprentice became a prosperous tradesman in New Haven, Ct.; bankruptcy led him to indulge a taste for carving; and he in part paid his debts by making legs in mahogany for ornamental furniture, and inventing a machine for weaving worsted lace. From these homely labors Hezekiah Augur turned his attention ardently to artistic experiments, and copied a head of Apollo, which was the wonder and delight of his fellow-citizens; and his local fame was confirmed when he succeeded in chiselling a Washington and a Sappho in 1827. Augur's brief artistic career culminated in the group of "Jephthah and his Daughter," long considered a marvel of self-taught art, and still preserved as an interesting trophy in the Yale College gallery. A recent critic observes:— Augur.

"The group of statuary by Hezekiah Augur, representing Jephthah and his Daughter, placed in the recess over the south arch of the hall, shows to much better advantage than it did in the old gallery; and though the light may bring out more strongly the defects in the carving, it also develops the excellence of expression and attitude which give value to the statuary."

The artist complained that the work brought him many compliments, but little money; indirectly, however, it was auspicious, for he received several orders for monuments and busts. He died January 10, 1858.

About the same time John S. Coggdell, of Charleston, S. C., modelled a few busts of distinguished Americans.

Gradually statues and busts multiplied. The more familiar subjects of Ball Hughes, a Scotch sculptor long resident in Boston, and their graphic treatment, was a fresh inspiration to our native students in plastic art; and numerous casts from the antique, and a few works of the modern continental sculptors, became familiar and suggestive objects of interest in the Eastern cities.

In Clark county, Ky., in the year 1810, was born Joel T. Hart; he never was at school but three months in his life, and earned his subsistence while a boy by rough mason-work, especially chimney-building; what book-learning he acquired was caught from reading at night by the light of a wood fire. In 1830 he began to work in a stone-cutter's yard in Lexington; attempting to model in clay, he made a good likeness, first of one and then of another influential citizen, until his fame spread, and his services were in requisition through the West—his bust of General Jackson having obtained him popular appreciation. An association of ladies commissioned him to execute a statue of Henry Clay. In 1846 he commenced his studies therefor from life; it was the work of three years to complete the model; having sent it to Italy, he embarked, and reached Florence in the autumn of 1849. A year passed by, and he waited in vain for the model which he was to transfer to marble; Hart.

at the end of a year he learned that the ship, in which it was forwarded, had been lost in the Bay of Biscay. Our sculptors have been singularly unfortunate through shipwrecks. The vessels which bring home their works from Leghorn are usually freighted with marble, and in case of a storm, the weight of the cargo precipitates the fate of the craft, usually old and overloaded. The statue of Calhoun, by Powers, lay for weeks in the sand, fathoms deep, off the shores of Fire Island, where the ship foundered, in which the Countess d'Ossoli and her family perished; Rogers' statue of John Adams was lost in like manner; and Story's "Cleopatra" was nine months on its voyage. Hart sent to Kentucky for the duplicate of his work; at last the statue was sent home completed, and was inaugurated at Louisville, May 30, 1867. During the interval he executed many busts, and several ideal subjects; and the city of New Orleans ordered a copy of the Clay statue.

Hart's "Angelina" is beautiful. In his group called "Woman Triumphant" the design is unique and eminently graceful, whichever way it is turned. She holds the arrow high above the head of the importunate little divinity, who is reaching for it in vain. One of his poetic illustrations is the figure of a child examining a flower, while she holds, in her other hand, her apron full of them. Some of his portrait-busts are remarkable for a look of flesh. His Clay statue is highly characteristic and effective. He has invented a machine-marker, and sent home a duplicate model. Among Hart's busts are those of Governor Crittenden, General Taylor, Robert Wickliffe, and Colonel Gregory—all truthful; among his ideal works, "Il Penseroso;" and several of them are owned in England.

A younger Hart, Robert, is known by a fine bust of Theodore Parker. Its merits as a portrait-bust have never been appreciated, and the artist, whose sad death occurred two years ago, did not live to realize his hope of putting it into marble. The clay model still remains at Florence.

Joel T. Hart is a genuine specimen of a Western American—tall and vigorous in person; kindly and generous. He is fond of writing verses, and has a facility and a feeling therein both fanciful and patriotic. On a recent occasion, at a *fête* improvised at Florence (where the sculptor has lived and worked for several years), in honor of the poet Bryant, then on a visit there, by one of his hospitable countrymen, a poem by Hart was read, which thus concludes:—

Shall I be mute while here my country's pride,
Her youth, her beauty, and her manhood throng
This treasure-house, its portals opened wide,
Where I and some proud names have toiled so long,
And see to-day my country's Sire of Song—
Crowned with his snowy splendors—laurels won—
Moulding the nation's heart?

* * * * * * * *

Thrice welcome to these shores, great Bard, who sung
The song of "God's First Temples" with the fire

Of Freedom. Could her spirits list thy tongue,
Some rapt "Evangeline" would hush her choir,
And Alfieri throw around his lyre
The starry flag, prophetic of his own;
While, listening, Dante's spirit would aspire.

Henry Kirke Brown was born at Leyden, Massachusetts, in 1814: he tried his hand at portraiture when a mere boy; and, at eighteen, visited Boston, determined to make that branch of art his profession; but, while engaged in the study thereof, he modelled the head of a lady, and found the process so much more congenial, and the result so much more satisfactory than painting, that he gave up the latter pursuit, and adopted that of sculpture. To gain facility and knowledge he thought a sojourn in Italy indispensable; and to earn the means of going thither, he became a railroad engineer in Illinois; the result of this experiment was that he gained little money and lost much health. His friends came to the rescue, and he went abroad, passing several years in the study and practice of his art in Italy. On his return to the United States, he applied himself to casting in bronze with much success. Some of Brown's early works are crude, unsymmetrical, and indicative of want of practice, and too rapid advances from mere imitation to creative attempts; but with practice, he obtained mastery over the materials in which he worked, and has produced a variety of figures, groups, bas-reliefs, and busts, some of which are highly creditable to his skill. Among his best works are the "Indian and Panther," the subject being drawn from nature; and the statue of Washington in Union Square, New York. It represents Washington on horseback in the act of recalling his troops to repose; the figure is bare-headed, the hat resting on his bridle arm, the sword sheathed; the right hand extended, as if commanding quiet; the drapery is the simple Continental uniform; the face is slightly upturned; the pedestal is fourteen feet by sixteen, figure fourteen, and the extreme height twenty. The subscriptions for this work were chiefly derived from the merchants of New York, through the earnest efforts of Colonel Lee; they were paid in sums of four hundred dollars each. It was projected by Horatio Greenough, who was to have undertaken it with Brown, but finally abandoned the enterprise, after having efficiently promoted the subscription. The character of the work is heroic, and, while open to criticism, it has been declared, by high authority, to have the peculiar merit of being technically good and effective. This statue was commenced in February, 1853, and was finished and inaugurated on the eightieth anniversary of American Independence, July 4, 1856. It is the first bronze statue ever wholly executed in this country.

Brown.

Brown's first instruction in portraiture was received from Chester Harding, in Boston, where he remained three years; his first marble bust was executed at Cincinnati, whither he accompanied Dr. Willard Parker, his teacher in anatomy, in 1837, also sojourning for the same period in that city. At Troy and Albany, where he fixed his alternate residence in 1840, he exe-

cuted forty busts, in addition to the "Four Seasons," for Ezra Prentice, Esq., of Mount Hope. During his sojourn of four years in Italy, he executed his statues of "Adonis," "David"—the latter engraved by Bertini; one of "Ruth," for Mr. Ewing, M.P. from Glasgow; a "Rebecca," for Captain Spencer, of New York; a "Boy and Dog," for C. M. Leupp, Esq., of the same city, and several bas-reliefs; he has made two replicas of the "Ruth." In 1846, on his return to America, Brown resided and worked in New York and Brooklyn, and during the ensuing four years made numerous studies among the Indians; of his "Aboriginal Hunter," twenty copies were distributed by the Art-Union. Among his works at this period are a large bas-relief for the Church of the Annunciation, New York; and the colossal statue of Clinton, for Greenwood Cemetery, where also is his "Angel of the Resurrection," its replica being at Pittsburgh, Ohio. In 1858, Brown was commissioned by the State of South Carolina to execute a large group of thirteen figures for the new State House at Columbia; his design represented Hope bearing the olive branch, figures of Justice and Liberty, and laborers in the rice and cotton fields; when nearly completed this work was abandoned by the artist, in consequence of the outbreak of the Slaveholders' Rebellion, and was subsequently destroyed by the fire which consumed so large a portion of the city, and with it several studies and a collection of casts in his studio. Since then Brown has lived at his pleasant rural home at Newburgh, N. Y., and, besides the statue of Dr. Bethune, for the New York Historical Society, has modelled a colossal statue of President Lincoln, for the city of Brooklyn, L. I., and is now engaged on studies for an equestrian statue of General Scott, ordered by Congress, and one of General Greene, ordered by the State of Rhode Island, for the Capitol, at Washington.

There are many incidents connected with Brown's artist-life worth recording, but of which want of space prevents even the mention; those connected with his residence at Washington, D. C., and Columbia, S. C., just before the Civil War, possess an historical interest, and, in connection with his early struggles and studies abroad, would form a suggestive autobiographical sketch.

Story.

William Wetmore Story was born in Salem, Mass., Feb. 12, 1819. He is the son of the eminent Chief Justice Story, and after graduating at Harvard College, studied law, and in 1844, published a Treatise on The Law of Contracts, which was favorably regarded by the profession, and followed by another, on The Law of Sales of Personal Property, which passed to a third edition; to these creditable legal publications he added three volumes of Reports. While thus engaged, however, his time and sympathies were often devoted to literature and art, which had for him more permanent attractions than jurisprudence. He cultivated music and poetry. In 1847, a volume of Poems appeared from his pen; and in 1851, a Life of his father. After these experiments his versatile mind at last settled upon plastic art; he went to Rome, and executed a statue of his father in his judicial robes and holding

a book ; this statue is now in the Chapel at Mount Auburn : the likeness is manifestly true, and there is grace but little vigor in the work ; it, however, was justly regarded as a successful first attempt, and encouraged the artist to devote himself to sculpture ; subsequent portrait-busts and figures from his chisel have greater force and expression ; his statuette of Beethoven proved a favorite ; and for several years he has resided in Rome, devoted to his art, and occasionally exercising his pen. In 1856, he published a second volume of poems ; and, in 1863, an entertaining description of the local and popular customs, manners, games, economies, and aspects of "the City of the Soul," with whose features and phases fond observation had made him familiar. Story is best known as an artist by two works first exhibited at the World's Fair in London, of which one of the leading critical journals of that city thus speaks :—

"The 'Cleopatra and the Sibyl' are seated, partly draped, with the characteristic Egyptian gown, that gathers about the *torso* and falls freely around the limbs ; the first is covered to the bosom, the second bare to the hips. Queenly Cleopatra rests back against her chair in meditative ease, leaning her cheek against one hand, whose elbow the rail of the seat sustains ; the other is outstretched upon her knee, nipping its forefinger upon the thumb thoughtfully, as though some firm, wilful purpose filled her brain, as it seems to set those luxurious features to a smile as if the whole woman 'would.' Upon her head is the coif, bearing in front the mystic *urœus*, or twining basilisk of sovereignty, while from its sides depend the wide Egyptian lappels, or wings, that fall upon her shoulders. The *Sibylla Libyca* has crossed her knees—an action universally held among the ancients as indicative of reticence or secrecy, and of power to bind. A secret-keeping looking dame she is, in the full-bloom proportions of ripe womanhood, wherein choosing to place his figure the sculptor has deftly gone between the disputed point whether these women were blooming and wise in youth, or deeply furrowed with age and burdened with the knowledge of centuries, as Virgil, Livy, and Gellius say. Good artistic example might be quoted on both sides. Her forward elbow is propped upon one knee ; and to keep her secrets closer, for this Libyan woman is the closest of all the Sibyls, she rests her shut mouth upon one closed palm, as if holding the African mystery deep in the brooding brain that looks out through mournful, warning eyes, seen under the white shade of the strange horned (ammonite) crest, that bears the mystery of the Tetragrammaton upon its upturned front. Over her full bosom, mother of myriads as she was, hangs the same symbol. Her face has a Nubian cast, her hair wavy and plaited, as is meet." *

The litheness of the figure of Cleopatra, its Egyptian type of face and accessories, the voluptuous ease of the attitude, the expression, and execution, combine to give it a character of original power and of historical interest as well as artistic beauty. It is in the possession of Paran

* London Athenæum.

Stevens, Esq., of New York. Story's "Saul" and "Moses," with much of the traditional character of the subjects and decided merit of conception, are not so original; the former recalls Donaletto, and the latter Michael Angelo. Similar conventional imitation, with superior talent, are manifest in his "Judith," of which, and other of his works, a critic observes:—

"The moment is supposed to be just before she slays Holofernes; and the sculptor has dignified the act by his mode of representing it. Her left hand and her face are lifted towards heaven as in prayer; whilst in her right hand, from which the full, loose sleeve has fallen back, she holds a sword. The figure is draped in a long robe. This noble work is well adapted to, and would adorn, a public building. The same may be said of 'Saul,' who is imagined at the moment when the evil spirit comes upon him. It is a colossal figure, seated in an antique chair. The eyes are dilated with madness: the right hand grasps his beard. The royal Saul is draped in a regal robe, and, in spite of his mental alienation, is every inch a king. 'Sappho' is seated on the side of an antique chair, against which she leans; whilst her folded hands and her whole expression indicate the utmost despondency at having been abandoned. The left shoulder is nude, the drapery having fallen from it; by her side is a harp. 'Sappho' was a commission for Mr. Stirling Crawford. Besides these works there is in Mr. Story's studio an 'Infant Bacchus on a Panther.' With his left hand thrown back, he supports himself on his steed, whilst in his right he holds above his head, which is upraised, a bunch of grapes." "Sappho" belongs to Mr. C. J. Peterson, of Philadelphia, Pa.

He has also made a group—"Love Questioning the Sphinx," a rather abstract composition, which would perhaps be more intelligible in Boston than in New York. "The Sphinx is not the rather archaic Egyptian original with which we are familiar, but has a classical female head and bust, while yet preserving the deep mysterious expression which the Egyptian sculptors so well conveyed. Let her solve, if she can, the mystery of Love, who, as Cupid, proposes to her the enigma."

Another group represents "Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf." A statue of Josiah Quincy, one of Edward Everett, and another, equestrian, of Colonel Shaw, for the city of Boston; and "Delilah," are among Story's latest works. The commission for a statue of George Peabody, to be erected in London, has been given to this artist.

Thomas Ball was born at Charlestown, Mass., June 3, 1819. His first studies in art were devoted to portrait-painting, in which he acquired considerable proficiency. One of the best specimens is the portrait of Mrs. Geo. H. Barrett, the actress, now in the Boston Museum. Mr. Ball also painted several Scripture subjects, which were highly praised for fine coloring. Perhaps his most celebrated painting is a full-length portrait (cabinet size) of Daniel Webster.

Ball.

Among his first attempts at modelling may be mentioned a miniature bust of Jenny Lind. Soon after this, he produced a life-size bust of Daniel Webster, in marble. This is considered an excellent likeness of

the great statesman. A marble bust of Jonas Chickering was made by Mr. Ball soon after the death of the former. So successful was this, that a gold medal was conferred on the artist by the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Association, of which Mr. Chickering was president for many years. A life-size statue of Daniel Webster was made by Ball, which was kept in the Merchants' Exchange, during the sculptor's visit to Europe. He passed two or three years there, engaged in his profession and studying the old masters. During this time he produced several ideal works, among which were statues of "Pandora" and the "Shipwrecked Sailor-Boy," a statuette of Washington Allston, and an ideal bust of "Truth."

Soon after his return to America, a committee was appointed who invited Mr. Ball to model an equestrian statue of Washington. This work, the labor of years, was executed to the entire satisfaction of the committee and the public. It is now about being cast in bronze, and it will probably be placed in the Public Garden of Boston. While modelling the "Washington," Ball also modelled and put in marble many portrait-busts, among them those of Rufus Choate, and President Lord, of Dartmouth College. In acknowledgment of his success with the latter, the degree of Master of Arts was conferred on him by the College. Among Ball's works are statuettes of Webster and Clay, well known to the public from copies in bronze and in Parian. In 1865 he again visited Europe, residing in Florence and Rome. During this time he has executed many commissions. The number of these works sent home by him, give ample proof of his industry. Many of them are portrait busts of private citizens. That of Hon. Edward Everett, executed for the Everett Statue Committee, and by them presented to the Boston Public Library, is a remarkable specimen of this branch of art.

A miniature model for a Lincoln statue was made by Mr. Ball soon after the President's death. Quite recently he has finished a life-size marble statue of Edwin Forrest, in the character of Coriolanus. Ball is now modelling, at his studio in Florence, a statue of Eve, to be executed in marble, for a gentleman of New York.

In character, Mr. Ball is modest and generous almost to a fault. Like all true artists, he is wholly absorbed in his work. With more business tact, his fame would have been more extensive than it now is. Still, while he is silent about himself, his works are speaking for him, and we doubt not he will enjoy the reputation of one of America's eminent sculptors. That he has genius, all who know him or have seen his works will acknowledge. This is not alone shown in his productions with brush and chisel. As a musician, he ranked high. Possessed of a fine bass voice, under excellent cultivation, in former years he frequently performed the solo parts in oratorios for the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston. Of his statuette of Lincoln, one of his admirers says: "This statuette in metal far better conveys the artist's thought and conception, and, in its sharper outline, its distinctness of detail and the lustrous quality of its effects, gives instantaneous communication of the sculptor's creative

fidelity, and of his poetic power in dealing with a homely subject, and at the same time with a sublime fact in human history. The great conditions incident to a monumental work of this kind—accuracy in likeness, significance in attitude, and fortunate disposition of figures, seizure and expression of salient and characteristic traits, observation of local proprieties, simplicity, and truthfulness, and yet perfect nobility in treatment, and above all deep and universal suggestion—these are admirably fulfilled in Mr. Ball's creation."

In the statue of Coriolanus, his object is to give the spectator the like impression of the actor which he derives from seeing him on the stage.

Mr. Ball's equestrian statue of Washington has been sent to the foundry of the Ames Manufacturing Company, who have made a contract for casting it. This company cast the bronze statue of Franklin, now in Boston. Mr. Ball completed the model of his Washington some years since, but the Ames Company was too full of government orders to do the casting. The statue is to be completed and placed in the Boston Public Garden on the Fourth of July, 1868. Five thousand dollars have been voted by the City Council to provide a base for the statue, the cost of which is fifteen thousand dollars.

Ward.

Although J. Q. A. Ward gave very early indications of a talent for art, he was not able to realize the possibility of becoming an artist until, while visiting a sister in Brooklyn, L. I., he was introduced to H. K. Brown. It was his first glimpse of a sculptor's studio, his first sight of a statue. He was then eighteen years old. Born in Urbana, Champaign county, Ohio, his early life was passed on a farm ; he was not, however, a hard-working farmer when there was any riding, shooting, or other sport to be had. He became apparently a sculptor because he could not help it, never having undertaken any other profession, trade, or business, except farming. Ward commenced as a pupil with Mr. Brown in 1850, and remained with him about six years. He had excellent opportunities while in this artist's studio for practical studies in all the mechanical departments of sculpture—drawing, modelling in clay, wax, and plaster—working in marble and bronze, setting up large works ; and as Mr. Brown allowed him to work with him and on his models a great portion of the time, there was abundant opportunity for the master to impress the pupil with some of those essential principles of art so necessary to the right direction of a young mind.

Ward spent two winters in Washington city modelling busts ; he visited Georgia at the invitation of A. H. Stephens, to complete his bust commenced in Washington ; and having passed one year in Ohio, in 1861 he took a studio in New York, and has since resided there. In 1862 he was elected Associate of the National Academy of Design, next year was made an Academician, and has served two years on the council.

Ward has modelled twenty-five portrait-busts, some of them public characters, such as Joshua R. Giddings, A. H. Stephens, John P. Hale, Hannibal Hamlin, Governor Dennison, of Ohio, Rev. Orville Dewey, D.D., and

Valentine Mott, M.D. He has also executed many medallions, sketches, and studies for bas-reliefs, statues, and groups. He was engaged by the Ames Company for a year and more, in modelling and designing presentation swords, and other fine works in gold and silver, and afterwards designed several rich and elegant swords ; one for a Western general, at a cost of thirty-five hundred dollars, the hilt and scabbard cast in gold, and covered with figures in bas-relief ; two swords for the King of Siam, and a pair of pistols for a Turkish governor, presented by the President of the United States ; the pistol handles were cast in silver, covered with figures, and the barrels inlaid with gold.

The same year, Ward modelled his statuette of the "Freedman," and made six copies in bronze. His first study of the "Indian Hunter" was made in 1857 ; he executed six copies in bronze the size of the first sketch ; he commenced a large group in 1864, of heroic size, and visited the Indian country in the West and Northwest to make sketches in pencil and wax, and, returning, finished his group, and exhibited it in a plaster model ; he has since executed it in bronze ; it was sent to the Paris Exposition, and will be placed in the Central Park. In 1866 he designed and executed statuary for the monument to commemorate the discovery of sulphuric ether as an anæsthetic, to be placed on Boston Common, presented by Thomas Lee, Esq., of that city ; it consists of a colossal group of the Good Samaritan, and four relievos illustrative of the idea. He was the same year commissioned by A. Belmont, Esq., to make a bronze statue of Commodore M. C. Perry, U.S.N., eight feet high. This statue is now nearly completed in clay. In 1867 he offered in competition a design for a statue of Shakespeare, to be placed in the Central Park, and was awarded the commission ; the large statue will soon be commenced. He has not yet visited Europe, but is anxious to do so. Of Ward's "Freedman," an intelligent writer remarks :—

"Here is the simple figure of a semi-nude negro, sitting, it may be on the steps of the Capitol, a fugitive, resting his arms upon his knees, his head turned eagerly piercing into the distance for his ever-vigilant enemy, his hand grasping his broken manacles with an energy that bodes no good to his pursuers. A simple story, simple and most plainly told. There is no departure from the negro type. It shows the black man as he runs to-day. It is no abstraction, or bit of metaphysics that needs to be labelled or explained. It is a fact, and not a fancy. He is all African. With a true and honest instinct, Mr. Ward has gone among the race, and from the best specimens, with wonderful patience and perseverance, has selected and combined, and from this race alone erected a noble figure—a form that might challenge the admiration of an ancient Greek. It is a mighty expression of stalwart manhood, which now, thanks to the courage and genius of the artist, stands forth for the first time to assert in the face of the world's prejudices, that, with the best of them, he has at least an equal physical conformation." And the author of the "Art Idea" says of this work :—"It is completely original in itself—a genuine inspiration of Ameri-

can history, noble in thought and lofty in sentiment. It symbolizes the African race in America, the birthday of a new people in the ranks of civilization; we have seen nothing in sculpture more soul-lifting or more comprehensively eloquent. It tells the whole sad tale of slavery and the bright story of emancipation. The negro is true to his type—of naturalistic fidelity of limbs; in form and strength suggesting the colossal, and yet of an ideal beauty, made divine by the divinity of art. It is to be regretted that the cost of this work in bronze must necessarily limit the number of copies, as it should be seen and possessed by the great mass of the people. Why cannot we have copies in clay-colored material? It would fill a great want in our available sculpture—something to educate the people, to point out the legitimate province of that dignified art, of which Mr. Ward is one of the most illustrious and honored disciples."

Although Ward has never practised modelling in an academy or foreign and famed studio, he has labored, with rare assiduity, to master the principles of his art; he understands proportion and anatomical conditions. His little models of Indian heads in red wax, taken from life, in Dacotah Territory, are amongst the most authentic aboriginal physiognomical types extant in plastic art, so carefully in detail are they executed. His figure of Shakespeare stands firmly and naturally on its feet, and is harmoniously true to the conditions and relations of the human form. But the "Indian Hunter," belonging to J. C. McGuire, of Washington, D. C., best indicates Ward's mastery of the essentials of his profession. It is an aboriginal figure in every respect. Eagerly bent forward, with weapon ready and muscles strained for a spring, the savage intently eyes the game and holds back his dog; every nerve is concentrated, every sense quickened for the attack; and minute examination will only reveal new truth of execution, and artistic power and fidelity. It is the Indian in his characteristic and palmy days; while Crawford's statue embodies him in his decadence and despair; the two represent the salient points of aboriginal destiny on this continent, and, together, appropriately placed, they would serve as admirable specimens of national art.

Ives.

C. B. Ives, an American sculptor, long resident at Rome, returned and opened a very attractive studio for several months in New York, just before the war for the Union. Mr. Ives is well known in New York, through several fine works of classic statuary which adorn some of her elegant private mansions. His busts of Professor Silliman and General Scott are among the most popular specimens of the art in this country. He brought home eight new statues, which were very effectively arranged in his studio. Among them a life-sized "Pandora," executed for Mr. Griswold; a "Cupid with his Net," a "Shepherd Boy and Little Piper," a "Rebecca," a "Bacchante," and quite an original figure—"Sans Souci;" it represents a little girl with open book clasped listlessly in one hand, while the other is thrown over her curly head, and she casts back her lithe frame in the very attitude of childish *abandon*, the smile and posture alike expressive of innocence and

naïve enjoyment. This and several of the other statues are remarkably adapted to ornament a drawing-room; and were soon sold. In addition to these, Mr. Ives had a portfolio of photograph copies of his principal works. One of his recent groups embodies the expression of a well-known incident in the pioneer history of his native State of Connecticut. The Indians, attacking a white settlement, carried off as prisoners several children, who were adopted into their tribe. Twenty years later, in a treaty concluded with the whites, the Indians stipulated to return the stolen children. The romantic remainder of the story is well told in the marble, warmed and toned beneath the hands of an artist. A fine specimen of the Aborigines supports a young girl, dressed in Indian garb, but having strongly-marked European features. The mother, reversing the order of nature, kneels to her child with an agonized expression of entreaty; but the daughter's love for her Indian husband is a stronger motive than the long-forgotten affection of her mother, and she clings to the savage with a rudely simple tenderness that is very effective. This work is called the "White Captives." "A Shepherd with a Kid" is a pleasing subject tenderly treated; "At the Well" is a graceful maiden picturesquely standing with her pitcher beside a well. Ives has modelled a fine copy of Houdon's head of Washington, and an excellent bust of William H. Seward. He is a native of Connecticut, and has made his home in Rome for many years. He has recently finished the model of a colossal statue of Bishop Brownell, which is to be erected at Hartford, Connecticut.

A New York journal* gives the following authentic sketch of the career of Clark Mills:—

"As Mr. Mills is the artist from whom the Government has ordered the only two equestrian statues in its possession, and as the work of casting in bronze the colossal statue of Freedom, recently placed on the dome of the national Capitol, was assigned to his hands, the subjoined sketch of his life will doubtless be read with interest: Mills.

"Clark Mills was born in the State of New York, December 1, 1815. In consequence of the death of his father, he was put, at the early age of five years, with an uncle by marriage, whom he left between the ages of twelve and thirteen for imagined ill-treatment. The following spring he worked on a farm and drove a wagon. He went to school that winter, working night and morning, before school hours, for his board. The next spring he went to Syracuse, N. Y., in search of work, and found employment at five dollars a month with board; he worked nine months, and received only five dollars; his employer failed in the fall, and he lost all that was due him. He worked during the winter at a different employment, and in the spring drove a wagon hauling lumber at Syracuse, where he remained one year at eight dollars a month and board. The horses were finally sold, and oxen substituted. Finding an ox-team too slow for his 'go-ahead'

* Round Table.

disposition, he left his employer and worked on the canal till the fall, and went to school that winter. In the spring he attended canal locks. The following winter he worked in a swamp cutting cedar-posts, and got his feet so badly frozen that he was unable to wear shoes for several months, which suffering determined him never to work again as a common laborer. He then procured a situation with a cabinet-maker, working first for instruction, and then for board. He next learned the millwright's trade and worked at that about two years, and left the employment to take charge of a plaster and cement mill.

"His next move was for New Orleans, La., where he stayed about one year, and then went to Charleston, S. C., and learned the stucco trade, which business he followed until 1835, when he commenced modelling busts in clay. He soon discovered a new method for taking a cast over the living face, which enabled him to take busts so cheaply that he soon had as much work as he could do. He then resolved to try cutting in marble, and after procuring a block of native Carolina stone he commenced the bust of John C. Calhoun. At that time he was not familiar with the the rules for cutting a bust, and was compelled to adopt a rule of his own, which was a very tedious process, requiring extraordinary care. He soon, however, succeeded in producing what was then considered the best likeness ever taken of Mr. Calhoun. The bust was purchased by the city council of Charleston, and he was also awarded a gold medal, on one side of which was inscribed the following:

Aedes Mores Juraque Curat. (Artesque Fovit)
Ingenii premium virtuti calcar.
Id. Apr. MDCCCXLVI.

On the other side:

To Clark Mills as a mark of respect for his genius for sculpture exhibited in his bust of the favorite son of Carolina, John C. Calhoun, and as an incentive to further exertions, this medal is presented by the City Council of Charleston.

"Soon after this, means were offered him by the wealthy gentlemen of Charleston to study in Europe. This circumstance found its way into the newspapers, and in a few days he received a letter from the Hon. John Preston (a gentleman who had befriended Powers), which stated that he had seen the notices about his visit to Italy, and that he wished him to come to Columbia, S. C., and take the busts of himself and wife; also, that Colonel Wade Hampton desired the busts of himself and daughters, and that he might cut them in marble when he had farther advanced in the art. He took the advice of friends, and went to Columbia. After taking ten busts he returned to Charleston. A little incident occurred at this time which seemed to change his whole course. When he called to take leave of Wm. C. Preston, whose acquaintance he had formed, he remarked to the artist that he should see the statuary at Washington before visiting Europe. He replied that 'if he should spend his means in travelling about, he would not be able to accomplish his main

object.' 'As for the expense,' said Mr. P., 'if you will go to Washington. and take the busts of my friends Webster and Crittenden, I will pay your expenses there and back, and pay you for the busts also.' He readily accepted the offer, started for Washington, stopping in Richmond, Va., to see the statue by Huodon, which was the first statue he had ever seen. The first thing he did after his arrival in Washington was to visit the Capitol, that he might feast his eager eyes on the statuary there. He saw much to admire, and much which, even to his unpractised eye, appeared imperfect. The drapery on the 'Statue of Peace' seemed to surpass human skill, and the 'Muse of History,' recording the events of time, he thought was the grandest and most sublime idea ever conceived. Of the statue of Washington, by Greenough, he thought the anatomy perfect, though he could not associate Washington with the statue. The crowd of visitors, so far as he could learn, invariably condemned it for want of historical truth. He came to the conclusion while standing there that, should he ever have an order for a statue, the world should find fault for his giving too much truth, and not for the want of it.

"An accidental circumstance here gave rise to the order for the Jackson statue. He was introduced to the Hon. Cave Johnson, then Postmaster-General, and President of the Jackson Monument Committee, who, on learning his intention to visit Europe, proposed that he should give a design for a bronze equestrian statute of General Jackson. Never having seen General Jackson or an equestrian statue, he felt himself incompetent to execute a work of such magnitude, and positively refused. The incident, however, made an impression upon his mind, and he reflected sufficiently to produce a design which was the very one subsequently executed, and now adorns the public square in front of the White House. He concluded to accept Mr. Johnson's offer, and after nine months of patient labor he succeeded in bringing out a miniature model on a new principle, which was to bring the hind legs of the horse exactly under the center of his body, which of course produced a perfect balance, thereby giving the horse more the appearance of life ; the model was adopted by the committee. A contract was made for the sum of twelve thousand dollars, the bronze to be furnished by the committee. After two years' labor and hard study, he finished the plaster model. After waiting nearly nine months, Congress appropriated the old cannon captured by General Andrew Jackson, and, under various disheartening circumstances, the breaking of cranes, the bursting of furnaces, after six failures in the body of the horse, he finally triumphed. On the 8th of January, 1853, the statute was dedicated. Soon after, Congress voted him twenty thousand dollars to remunerate him for his services. The sum of fifty thousand dollars was afterward voted for an equestrian statue of General George Washington, and that also occupies a central position in the metropolis. In the following spring, the city of New Orleans voted thirty-five thousand dollars for a duplicate of the Jackson statue. A farm was purchased on the Baltimore and Washington turnpike, about three miles from Washington, for the purpose of erecting the necessary buildings, studio, and foundry.

"Having completed the buildings, he was about to commence work, when a gale destroyed the studio. Before it was rebuilt, the foundry was destroyed by fire, but it was rebuilt as soon as possible. After finishing the statue for New Orleans, he commenced the statue of Washington, which was completed and dedicated on the 22d of February, 1860. The living horse after which this statue was modelled was captured on a prairie near Fort Leavenworth, and was considered a remarkably fine animal. He was subsequently purchased of the artist by his friend James H. Hammond, of South Carolina, as an acquisition to his extensive stud. In June, 1860, Mr. Mills commenced the work of casting the statue of Freedom, after Crawford's design, which was completed in 1863, and now stands above the dome of the Capitol.

"Such in brief is the story of another self-made man, one of the most fortunate of American artists. That he possesses genius cannot be doubted; and if his works do not possess all the conventional graces of European art, he has certainly produced two statues which are original and in perfect keeping with the manly vigor of the great Republic. At the present time Mr. Mills is engaged in taking busts in a manner peculiarly his own; and while he is assisted by one son, who inherits his father's genius, he has recently received the gratifying news from Munich that another son, who has been studying there the art of the sculptor, has been honored with the first prize of the Academy, and is the first American who has ever received a prize at that institution."

Numerous portrait-busts have been executed by Henry Dexter, who has long had a studio in the vicinity of Boston; many of these works are excellent likenesses, and often executed with skill and taste.

Dexter.

A friend of the artist thus sketches the circumstances of his early life:—

"He was born in the State of New York, and, after the death of his father, being at the age of twelve, he removed with his mother and sisters to Connecticut. He soon went to live in the family of a farmer, where he worked on the farm in summer, and went to school in the winter. His mother had an earnest wish that he should become a minister; but her friends all advised he should learn a trade, regardless of the boy's adaptation to any particular pursuit. Accordingly, he was indentured to a blacksmith. For the next five years he labored assiduously at the forge. But Nature had other things in view. She had not dedicated him to Vulcan, but to Apollo, and she was not to be baffled in her designs.

"While a boy at home, he had expressed the juice of berries, and, paper being unattainable, he had painted his childish fancies on pieces of cloth. He had never seen a painting; but the longing of his heart was to be an artist. Blindly groping in the dark, the fibres of his inner nature crept and strove toward the faint light they found. At the house of his master, the blacksmith, he saw a fine portrait by Alexander, which led his thoughts still more toward painting. In his own words: 'I longed to be an artist. I learned, at a certain period, that Mr. Alexander intended to come to the

town and stay a few weeks in the summer, and proposed to paint some portraits. How, I hardly know, but I procured him six sitters, and added myself to the list. All this time I never breathed to any one my aspirations. I was very reserved as well as quite young, being about eighteen. Mr. Alexander came, and I had my first sitting. When he had done I expected to see the first stage of the process. But no; he turned the canvas to the wall and I saw nothing. I did not see my portrait in any of its stages. Not till it was finished did I behold it. Neither was I more successful with those of the other sitters. This was a great disappointment to me. I had hoped to learn so much, and had learned nothing. I brooded over my hopes in secret. The forge resumed its blast; the anvil rang again to the reluctant blows of the hammer. Yet still I felt that I was born to be an artist.'

"The young aspirant married, in a few years, a niece of Mr. Alexander. The next summer he went privately to Hartford and bought materials for painting in oils, secretly trembling lest his design should be suspected. It is curious to reflect that, not far from the same time, Mr. Alvan Clark, the astronomer, at a somewhat earlier age, made also his journey to Hartford, with the eager design to become an engraver. With the materials thus purchased, Mr. Dexter made a portrait of his mother, which he retains in his possession, and afterward several other pictures.

"Mr. Alexander came to see him. He commended his efforts, and said they were well done. 'I asked him,' said Mr. Dexter, 'about certain effects which I did not understand how to produce. He said to me: "Are you determined to become an artist?" I trembled, was confused, and knew not what to say. "Because," said he, "if you are, what are you going to do with your family?" He chilled all my hopes, checked all my aspirations. He threw the coldest water on my glowing desires. I turned abruptly, and said, "No; I will give it all up."'

"For seven long years the artist touched neither paint nor canvas. Then he felt that he had won the right to claim his Rachel, his beloved. He closed up his place of business, locked the door, and turned away a free man. Coming to Boston, and evincing his determination, Mr. Alexander encouraged him and rendered him valuable assistance. He took a room in Bromfield street, and painted many pictures. His expenses, however, exceeded his income. Walking one day with Alexander, the latter pointed out a gentleman passing, saying: 'That is Greenough, the sculptor. By the way, he is going to Italy, and you had better get his clay; it may be useful to you some time. I'll speak to him about it.'

"'He did speak to him,' said Dexter, 'and I got the clay. It lay in my room a long time. I used to look at it occasionally. I thought I could hammer out a statue in iron on the anvil, but I did not understand the clay. One day, having a leisure hour, I prepared some of the clay, as I supposed it should be prepared. I called to a young man who had a room near me, "Here, White, step in here." He came, and with my fingers I modelled his face in the clay. My friend Alexander noticed the effort with commen-

dation, and advised me to model. By and by I had an order for a cast of a bust. I continued to paint till, after a time, orders for modelling came faster than orders for painting. After a few months I made a bust of Hon. Samuel A. Eliot, then Mayor of Boston. When it was finished, he said to me: "Mr. Dexter, I should like to have you put that bust in marble."

"'I had never handled a block of marble, or made the least attempt to do so. But I procured the marble, and made the bust. He asked me what he should give me for it. I told him I did not know, he might give me what he thought best. I really could not tell what it was worth, never having known the price of a marble bust. He gave me two hundred dollars. Shortly afterward I met him. He said to me: "Mr. Dexter, I think I did not give you enough for that bust; I should like to give you fifty dollars more." I was amazed at his generosity. This was the way in which I became a sculptor.'

"Mr. Dexter's busts soon commanded five hundred dollars. He is justified in grateful acknowledgment of the liberality of the distinguished gentlemen of Boston who have put his talent in requisition. Other States and cities besides his own have amply shown their appreciation of his genius. A long array of noble names might be pointed to with pride, but our artist is as modest as he is gifted. Among his early and popular statues are the 'Binney Child,' at Mount Auburn; the 'Backwoodsman,' in the Boston Athenæum; and the beautiful figures of the children of Mr. J. P. Cushing, of Watertown, exhibited as the 'Young Naturalist' and the 'First Lesson.' These last are exquisitely graceful and truthful.

"At the close of the year 1859, Mr. Dexter undertook a novel and surprising work. He proposed collecting into one historical group the busts of the head of the nation and its separate State Governors who were in office the first day of January, 1860. To accomplish this marvellous work, he travelled over all our States, except California and Oregon, receiving everywhere honor and hospitality from North and South, East and West. His undertaking was eminently successful. On his return home, the collection was exhibited in the Rotunda of the State House, in Boston, and was visited by upwards of thirty thousand people. This embodiment of the spirit of our Government in that eventful year—the last of the Union on the old basis—is a work of profound national interest, which will deepen with advancing years. Thought, action, wisdom, power, and subtle intellect are variously written on those heads, eloquent in their silence. Owing to the culmination of these elements in our political atmosphere whose ominous gathering caused the sculptor to undertake this work, only one third of these heads have yet been made in the marble. The rest are to follow. One of the noblest of these busts is that of Governor, now Secretary Chase: one of the most classically beautiful, that of Governor Ellis. But it is impossible to particularize where all are so faithful and spirited. Among the Governors the names of Hicks and Morgan, of Morrill, and Banks, and Chase, are particularly conspicuous at present in the public gaze.

"One of the finest busts our artist has ever made is that of Professor Felton, late President of Harvard College, which is now in the library of that institution. It is perfect in form and finish, in strength and delicacy. Among the marble busts in his studio at the present time, none holds a nobler place, or is of greater artistic merit, than the bust of the late Governor Wisner of Michigan.

"Dexter has resided in Cambridge for many years; his residence and studio are on Broadway. In his studio was made the noble statue of Warren, now on Bunker Hill, and numerous other works. It is pleasant to the few who are permitted to interrupt his labor, to converse with him on art; and as they look at some beautiful statue or bust growing under his hand, they feel the truth of his words: 'It is my work, and my whole soul is in it.'

"Dexter has made many statues, and about three hundred busts, all of acknowledged merit, and many of surpassing excellence. He has never seen a sculptor strike a blow on a piece of marble, and all his works have been made with his own hands—a most astonishing record of industry and application. He is supereminently an American artist, yet in no narrow sense—in one that takes nothing from his wider claim. He is strictly a statuary, confining himself to the figure, the highest walk of art. Left to his untrammelled way, his conception and execution are alike worthy in power and beauty. His life has been given with enthusiasm to art. He has spared nothing of toil or devotion to it, nothing of negation of most that would win or draw him from it."

Chiefly known by his portrait-busts, this artist is engaged on an elaborate work of which the following account is given in a letter dated Chicago, May, 1864:—

Volk.

"Mr. Leo W. Volk, sculptor, has just wrought into plaster a very beautiful and expressive model for a monument to Senator Douglas. There is a spot in the southern portion of this city which has for a long time now been the resort of pilgrims who cherish the memory of the departed statesman. There, on the banks of Lake Michigan, so near that a pebble can be tossed into the restless blue waters, the remains of Mr. Douglas repose in an humble grave in a glade of the greenwood. Every one who is familiar with Chicago resorts knows well the name of 'Cottage Grove.' A line of horse-cars terminates there, and, on Sundays especially, the throng that seeks the shade of that suburban paradise is large and eager. There are various attractions there: Camp Douglas, with its soldiery, and, from time to time, its rebel rabble of prisoners, abode close in the dust-cloud, and the roads are lined with German gardens, where music, dancing, and revelry profane the Sabbath. Near this scene Douglas sleeps—scarce a rifle-shot away—but with the deadening screen of a thousand trees and a million rustling leaves between, so that the spot is really 'solitary and sad' enough. Turning aside, the visitor walks down a grassy road to a stile, by which he enters the inclosure sacred to the departed statesman, and finds nothing better to mark the grave than an iron railing,

within which loving hands keep the flowers bright. Mr. Volk's design is to meet the public call for a monument at this place.

"All who appreciate the just in monumental art will perceive at once the truth and purity of the artist's design. The country all about us is level prairie; hence the monument is a tall and graceful shaft, with bases having bas-reliefs and statues, and including a mausoleum. The total height will be one hundred feet, and the visitor to our city from whatever direction, or by land or by water, will behold the column piercing the blue of the sky. The statues which ornament four corners of the base are of Jackson, Clay, Webster, and Cass, who were contemporaries of Douglas, and who, besides, represent the different sections of our country. It is, of course, premature to speak now of these statues as works of art, for in this plaster model they are so small that their heads are no larger than peas; but it must be admitted they are curiously expressive of the characteristics of the men in attitude and 'out-look.' Mr. Healy, to whom all these statesmen sat in life for their portraits, pronounces these miniature statues wondrous likenesses—and who so good a judge? Yet I am assured that Mr. Volk wrought them solely from recollection, referring to no portraits to guide him, but bearing in mind, as he worked, the character of the men.

"The base of the pedestal which supports the column exhibits on its four sides a series of historical *basso-relievo* pictures, representing the progress of that civilization in the West with which Mr. Douglas was so closely identified. And the column is crowned with a colossal statue in bronze of the departed 'Little Giant.' The mausoleum is twenty feet square, and through a grated bronze door the spectator will be able to behold the sarcophagus containing the remains of Mr. Douglas, reposing there in a dim, religious light. An eagle with drooped wings sits over the door of the mausoleum—an eloquent emblem of mourning for a great man.

"Mr. Volk will win fresh renown to his already enviable name as a sculptor by this work. As a thoroughly Western work, wrought by an artist whose soul is deeply imbued with the grand principle of making mighty the genius of American art, untrammelled with the fossil-haunted ideas of an Old World—as such a work by such a man, this monument will stand as firm in the love of us of the West as does the memory of the statesman its severe beauty will honor. More than any of his previous works, this design gives voice to those peculiarities of Volk's genius of which I have long seen glimpses in the man—his exceeding refinement, his love for the human in the world, and his power of idealizing and elevating with poetry the every-day scenes of the life that exists close around him. And beyond these, it wakens a new strain in him which has almost taken his admirers by surprise, and gives us a glimpse of his fellowship with the grand and sublime. Emphatically Western as is this work in all its details, it might stand as a type of our whole nationality."

Joseph Mozier is another instance of a business man abandoning trade at a mature age for art. He was born at Burlington, Vt., August 22d, 1812;

and after years of activity as a Broad-street merchant, in New York, he went to Italy, and established himself at Rome in 1845. Since then he has been employed upon various works of plastic art, many of which he has profitably disposed of. His "Esther," Mozier. which was in the Exhibition, was sold to an American, and he has executed another for a countryman. "The Wept of Wish-ton-Wish" he has repeated several times; also the "Tacite" and "Truth," companions, the originals of which were executed for the Astor Library. "The White Lady of Avenel" is a new design. "The Peri," who has at last gained an entrance into Paradise, was executed for a lady in Washington. Her left hand, which hangs down, has three tears upon it; whilst in her right hand she holds one of the "thousand goblets."

"Jephthah's Daughter," which was exhibited in London last year, and bought by Mr. Tite, has been repeated at Chicago. "Pocahontas" and "Rebecca at the Well" were early works; one of his latest is "Rizpah." She is represented as a seated figure, with her right arm raised over her head, and grasping in her hand a torch, thrown forward as if to illuminate the gloom into which she peers, well embodying the incident recounted in the strong and simple language of the Bible.

Rogers, a native of Virginia, abandoned mercantile pursuits in early manhood, for sculpture. After a few years of study and practice at Rome, he returned home and exhibited several pleasing and expressive statues in New York, which made him known Randolph Rogers. in art, won many friends, and induced several good commissions. Among these were "Nydia," the blind girl of Pompeii, made so familiar by Bulwer Lytton's popular novel; in a listening, fugitive posture, she seems to hear the rushing of the lava about to overwhelm the city; it is an effective work, though the main idea is not new; "A Boy and Dog," and other unpretending subjects were skilfully treated. On returning to Rome after his marriage, Rogers executed a statue of John Adams; he has made several good busts and attractive ideal figures; but of late years, his name is identified with elaborate monumental works. His bas-reliefs for the doors of the new Capitol extension at Washington, D. C., represent the principal events in the life of Columbus, with much skill and effect; these doors were cast in bronze at Munich. His "Angel of the Resurrection," for Colonel Colt's monument at Hartford, Ct., is impressive. The left hand extending downward indicates an attitude of attention for the signal to blow the trumpet, which is in the right hand, reposing on the bosom. The face, looking upward, is full of life. It is a figure which presents a union of loveliness and majesty.

For some years Rogers has been faithfully occupied in finishing the designs for the Washington Monument, at Richmond, Va., commenced by the lamented Crawford. According to the original draft, the monument was to have been composed only of the equestrian statue of Washington and two other statues of Patrick Henry and Jefferson. Subsequently the artist was commissioned to add the figures of Mason and Marshall; and

yet later, two other figures of Generals Nelson and Marshall were ordered; but of the last four Crawford made no sketches. At this point Mr. Rogers took up the monument, and sent his designs of the four figures just mentioned, which were accepted. Crawford's intention was to have placed six eagles on the outer pedestals; but after his death, six allegorical figures were substituted, seated, with military trophies, representing Independence, Justice, Revolution, the Bill of Rights, Finance, and Colonial Juries. Of his smaller works, "Ruth" gleaning the scattered ears, timid but trustful in expression, and "Isaac" looking up with joy from his sacrificial pyre, at the words of the Angel—are favorites. A recent letter from Rome thus describes the monuments upon which this assiduous and skilful artist is now engaged: "They will be the memorial monuments to the illustrious dead who have fallen to complete the work of Washington. Of these, that for the State of Rhode Island, to be set up in the city of Providence, will be fifty feet high. The crowning statue, ten feet high, is of America, leaning on the sword now gladly sheathed, and holding forth garlands of laurels and immortelles. The angles of the pedestal will support four statues, each seven feet in height, representing the four branches of the service. Still below will appear appropriate bas-reliefs. The effect of the completed monument, as given in photographs kindly shown me by the artist, is very pleasing and satisfying.

A similar monument, still larger and more elaborate, for the State of Michigan, is now in rapid progress, though the design is not yet fully developed. On the summit appears a statue representing Michigan, of the same size as the America just referred to. It is a warlike figure, moving forward with shield aloft, and sword drawn back for the thrust. In the girdle which binds the coat of mail appears the Indian tomahawk, and in the hair the Indian ornaments of shells and feathers, indicating the youth of the State, whose lands within the memory of living men were the home of the savage. There is nothing else savage, however, in the representation, which is full of grace and life.

It is pleasing to know that for these works the artist's remuneration will be somewhat adequate to their cost and merit. For the former he is to be paid $50,000, and for the latter $75,000, money which may be put by the States which pay it to the account of public education."

A "Nymph," a fine undraped female figure, by William H. Rhinehardt, of Baltimore, Md., was regarded at Rome, where he has had a studio for several years, as a work of real merit and much promise.

Rhinehardt.

His "Woman of Samaria" is also admired for the pure and deep thoughtfulness of her expression, as if the words of Christ had sunk into her soul. He has charmingly illustrated maternal affection in his "Latona and her Infant;" while two sleeping babes, on one pillow, are full of nature and beauty. In the intervals of ideal work, Rhinehardt has been occupied with portrait-busts; there is a good specimen in the collection of J. C. McGuire, of Washington, D. C. But this artist's works are best known and prized in Baltimore, the home of his

youth. One of his earliest efforts, "The Woodman," is in possession of Mrs. Wyman, of that city; Mrs. Henry owns his statuette of "Leander" and his "Indian Maiden;" his fine bas-reliefs of "Night" and "Morning" belong to Augustus C. Albert, Esq., and his life-size statue of "Rebecca" to A. T. Walters, Esq.

Richard S. Greenough, a younger brother of Horatio, first won favorable notice as a sculptor by his spirited composition of the "Boy and Eagle;" and is well known by his statue of Franklin, executed for the city of Boston, and of Governor Winthrop, at Mount Auburn. He has been established for several years in Paris; and is quite successful in portrait-busts, for which many of his countrymen have sat. His "Boy and Eagle" belongs to the Boston Athenæum. R. S. Greenough.

His bust of Shakespeare is excellent. He has selected the Chandos picture and other authentic portraits, taking scrupulously the features in which they all agree, and has composed an ideal head of intense beauty and truth. England possesses no head of Shakespeare which can be compared to this. The English Committee of the Shakespeare banquet "which was to have been" held at the Grand Hotel, were delighted to obtain from Mr. Greenough a promise of the loan of this bust to be placed on a pedestal behind the chairman.

Several years ago, John Jackson, a native of Maine, left his studio in New York and went to Italy, commissioned to execute a statue of Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer. Circumstances subsequently occurred which caused the failure of the enterprise; and the artist found himself in a foreign land with inadequate resources. Previous to his departure, however, he had acquired, in Boston and elsewhere, an excellent reputation for his busts; and he soon found employment in Florence, where he has since resided. His busts of Rev. Dr. Beecher and Rev. Dr. Bethune are much esteemed. His first ideal work has elicited much praise: the subject is "Eve and Abel." "The First Victim" is represented as a lad clothed only in a rough skin, the folds of which help the composition very much. He rests upon his mother's knee, and she sustains him with her hands, looking the while piteously into his face. The heaviness of death is well indicated by the drooping head and the lifelessness of the hands. Eve is the beautiful mother of man, on whose face the consequences of the first sin are just beginning to leave their lines of care. She rests upon one knee, and her glorious figure is in marked contrast to that of the dead boy. The mother is bending over her son with an expression of love and pity, mingled with wonder at the strange phenomenon of death. Jackson.

A few years since a head of St. Stephen, upturned in agony but grand in self-reliance and faith, carved from a block of granite, attracted the notice of thousands in Boston; and, upon inquiry, proved to be the impromptu work of Dr. Rimmer, who then dwelt near the Quincy quarries, whence he shaped this Rimmer.

impressive head. It is now in Florence, Italy. Since then the artist has wrought a figure of the most rare anatomical power and truth; and a group which was mistaken for Bunyan's Great Heart and Giant Grim in mortal struggle, but which was intended to represent "Union and Secession."

"The power of the figure in its complete but not utmost action, combined with its utter freedom from passion (for his prevailing force seemed to make no motion within), and the manifest benevolence of the countenance, expressed the adequate champion, putting out of the way the malignant violence that would impede the onward course of the pilgrims whom he was conducting to a successful goal"

His latest effort in sculpture is a statue of Alexander Hamilton, which Thomas Lee, Esq., of Boston, presented to that city, where it now ornaments the park of Commonwealth Avenue; it has been much admired for authenticity and effectiveness. Since the completion of this work, Dr. Rimmer has devoted his remarkable artistic and anatomical knowledge to educational purposes; his lectures to the artists, and his admirable system of art-instruction at the Female Art-School of the Cooper Institute, New York, indicate a great practical advance in the means and methods of study, and have already produced most desirable results.

Thompson.

Launt Thompson is a native of Queen's County, Ireland, born in 1833; his widowed mother brought him to America when he was fourteen years old, and took up her residence in Albany, N. Y., where dwelt some of her kindred. While in the office of Dr. Armsby, Professor of Anatomy in that city, the youth occupied his leisure in drawing. Fortunately the Doctor was a lover of art, and encouraged his *protegé's* studies; he made him acquainted with William Hart, the landscape-painter, who in turn introduced him to Palmer, the sculptor; meantime Thompson had entered the medical college; but he found time to attend a drawing school and to copy subjects loaned him by Hart. The Doctor was not slow in discovering that his pupil was a "natural artist;" and when cameo-cutting had so injured Palmer's eyes that he substituted modelling and chiseling in marble therefor, he opened a studio in Albany, and offered to receive Thompson as a pupil. It may be imagined with what alacrity the young man availed himself of this opportunity, and abandoned the study of medicine for that of plastic art. For nine years he lived with Palmer, and worked in his studio. His progress was rapid: his first little bust he exchanged with Church, fresh from his South American studies, for a picture by that artist; a marble portrait of the son of Robert J. Dillon, the Corporation Attorney, taken after death, proved highly successful; an ideal head—"Little Nell"—he twice copied, for Thomas Olcott and Thomas H. DeWitt; and a remarkable talent for medallion portraits developed itself—so that upon his taking up his residence in New York, in November, 1858, he found ample employment. A specimen of his skill in the last-named sphere of plastic art, exhibited at the National Academy, induced his immediate election as an Associate; the next year his bust called the "Trapper," for which the

famous hunter known as "Grizzly Adams" sat, secured his election as an Academician; he soon became a member of the Council, and has served on the important committees, especially on that of the Fellowship Fund for the erection of the new building. Among the best works of Launt Thompson are a bust of Edwin Booth in the character of Hamlet; a bas-relief of "Elaine," from Tennyson's Idyls of the King; a colossal bust of Bryant ordered by C. H. Luddington, and to be cast in bronze and erected in the Central Park; a medallion likeness of General Dix, which the artist contributed to the Metropolitan Sanitary Fair; a bas-relief called "Morning Glory" for James M. Hart; marble life-sized busts of Samuel Hallett and his wife, of the late Thomas Tileston, Captain Charles Marshall, and Robert B. Minturn, of New York, in the possession of their respective families; one of James Gordon Bennett; a design for a statue of Major General Sedgwick, subscribed for by the Sixth Army Corps, and to be erected at West Point; and a colossal statue of Napoleon in bronze, executed for Mr. Pinchot, of Milford, Pa., a gentleman who served in the French armies under the Empire, and has resided in this country for a half century.

Soon after the outbreak of the late civil war, a fresh and favorite kind of plastic art began to gain popular favor and critical approval. It consisted of very expressive and admirably modelled small groups illustrating familiar subjects of daily life and salient episodes of the camp and the battle-field. The following themes were thus cleverly illustrated: "Taking the Oath," "One More Shot," "Wounded Scout," "Union Refugees," "Country Post Office," "Home Guard," "Bush-whacker," "Charity Patient," "Uncle Ned's School," "Returned Volunteer," "Mail Day," "Town Pump," "Camp Fire," "Picket Guard," "Village Schoolmaster," "Checker Players."

Rogers.

John Rogers was born in Salem, Mass., and employed in a store in Boston for some time after leaving school. Then he commenced civil engineering; but, having strained his eyes, went into a machine shop at Manchester, N. H., as an apprentice. He worked up through all the branches, including the draughting-room and office, and finally had charge of a railroad repair-shop in the West.

During the eight years he was in the machinery business, he used to amuse himself, when he had any spare time, by making sketches in clay. He longed to pursue modelling exclusively; and, finally, toward the close of 1858, he made a trip to Europe to see and learn something of art—but not perceiving how he could turn his style of designs to account, and having no great sympathy for the classic style, he returned, after a few months' absence, intending to follow modelling as an amusement only, and engaged as draughtsman in a surveyor's office in Chicago. But learning, while there, of a peculiar mode for casting intricate figures, the old desire came back, and he modelled the group of the "Slave Auction," and came with it to New York in December, 1859. He learned casting from an Italian, and kept at work until he had thoroughly mastered it; then the War for

the Union broke out, and the "Picket Guard" and other war subjects brought his works into notice. It was some years before he could pay expenses, but for the last three years he has no reason to complain, many hundred groups having been sold.

A New York journal thus describes the reception and character of these statuettes:—

"All day, and every day, week in and week out, there is an ever changing crowd of men, women, and children, standing stationary amid the ever-surging tides of Broadway, before the windows of Williams & Stevens, gazing with eager interest upon the statuettes and groups of the sculptor, John Rogers. These works appeal to a deep popular sentiment. They are not pretentious displays of gods, goddesses, ideal characters, or stupendous, world-compelling heroes. They are illustrations of American domestic, and especially of American military life—not of our great generals or our bold admirals, or the men whose praises fill all the newspapers; but of the common soldier of the Union—not of the common soldier either, in what might be called his high heroic moods and moments, when, with waving sword and flaming eye, he dashes upon the enemy's works; but of the soldier in the ordinary moments and usual occupations of every-day camp-life. For the last year or more, Mr. Rogers has been at work mainly on groups of this latter class and character. Thus he has given us 'The Returned Volunteer, or How the Fort was Taken,' being a group of three gathered in a blacksmith's shop, the characters consisting of the blacksmith himself, standing with his right foot on the anvil-block and his big hammer in his hand, listening eagerly, with his little girl, to a soldier who sits close by on his haunches, narrating 'how the fort was taken.' We have also another group of three, 'The Picket Guard,' spiritedly sketched, as in eager, close, and nervous search for the enemy;—the 'Sharp-shooters,' another group of three, or rather of two men and a scarecrow, illustrating a curious practice in our army of deceiving the enemy;—the 'Town Pump' a scene in which a soldier, uniformed and accoutred, is slaking his thirst and holding blessed converse beside the pump with a pretty girl who has come for a pail of water;—the 'Union Refugees,' a pathetic and noble group, consisting of a stalwart and sad-faced East Tennesseean or Virginian, who, accompanied by his wife, who leans her head upon his bosom, and by his little boy, who looks up eagerly into his face, has started off from home with only his gun upon his shoulder and his powder-horn by his side, to escape the tyranny of the rebels;—the 'Camp Fire, or Making Friends with the Cook,' in which a hungry soldier, seated upon an inverted basket, is reading a newspaper to an 'intelligent contraband' who is stirring the tempting contents of a huge and ebullient pot hung over the fire;—'Wounded, to the Rear, or One More Shot,' in which a soldier is represented as dressing his wounded leg, while his companion, with his left arm in a sling, is trying to load his gun to take another shot at the enemy, toward whom he looks defiantly;—'Mail Day,' which tells its own story of a speculative soldier, seated on a stone and

racking his poor brains to find some ideas to transcribe upon the paper which he holds upon his knee, to be sent, perchance, to her he loves ;—'The Country Postmaster, or News from the Army,' which, though a scene from civil life, tells of the anxiety of the soldier's wife or sweetheart to get tidings from the brave volunteer who is perilling his life on the battle-field ; —'The Wounded Scout, or a Friend in the Swamp,' representing a soldier, torn, and bleeding, and far gone, rescued and raised up by a faithful and kind-souled negro—which, we think, is one of the best, if not the very best of Mr. Rogers' works ; and lastly a group called 'The Home Guard, or Midnight on the Border,' in which a heroic woman, accompanied by a little girl, is represented as stepping out, pistol in hand, to confront the assailants of her humble home."

A few years ago the good people of Brattleboro, Vt., were startled and delighted, one winter morning, by the sight of a colossal snow image at the angle of two of the large avenues of the town. It wore the form of a majestic angel, crude in outline, but effective and graceful. It was the wonder of the village until it melted away. Meanwhile the fact soon transpired that this marvellous creation was the work of a youth, the son of a prominent lawyer of Brattleboro. The story got into the papers, and met the eye of good old Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati—a man who had a passion to cherish native art, especially sculpture. He wrote to the postmaster of Brattleboro, and inquired about the young impromptu artist, and hearing satisfactory accounts, held out to him substantial encouragement to commence the study of plastic art. The first fruit of his new career was a statue of Ethan Allen, made from Rutland marble, and now standing in the portico of the State House at Montpelier. The civil war broke out, and young Meade hastened to the Army of the Potomac, whence he sent numerous spirited and graphic illustrations of camp-life and battle-scenes to a New York illustrated paper. At length he was enabled to fulfil his long-cherished purpose, and visit Italy. Hiram Powers, a Vermonter himself, and a true patriot, welcomed the youth to Florence, and cheered him on. In a few months he executed a pleasing work, "Echo," which speedily found a purchaser among his errant countryman, and continued for three years to prosecute his art with zeal and intelligence ; finding time, notwithstanding, during a sojourn in Venice, to win and wed a fair daughter of that venerable, picturesque, and unfortunate city. And then Larkin G. Meade came home, bringing the fruits of his exile, which he exhibited in the large gallery in the Studio building in Tenth street. These specimens of sculpture indicate both variety and scope, grasp and ideality. They consisted of four pieces : First, "The Returned Soldier, or the Battle Story," representing (life-size) a Union soldier with a little girl between his knees and leaning on his stalwart form in a childlike *abandon*, while he earnestly relates the story of the war. The attitude of both figures, as well as the expression of each, are full of life, interest, and significance ; they, indeed, tell the story to the eye. The subject and execution of this group insure

Meade.

its popularity. The other pieces were "La Contadinella," "The Thought of Freedom," and "Echo"—all attractive and effective. A cordial and appreciative reception awaited the young artist, who also brought with him an elaborate design, in plaster, of a monument to President Lincoln, the most seasonable one he could possibly exhibit, and for which he soon received a commission; and he has returned to his studio at Florence to execute it and several other works.

Haseltine.

Henry J. Haseltine, of Philadelphia, has executed several allegorical groups which indicate much inventive expression and poetical significance: among them are "Superstition" and "Religion," represented by a heathen and a Christian mother, the one offering her child a sacrifice to Moloch, and the other presenting hers for holy baptism; they belong to J. Newton Sears, of New York. Haseltine's "Excelsior" gives effectively the ascending movement of the aspiring youth—while Love, Wisdom, Experience, and Death are represented in appropriate figures in the bas-reliefs of the pedestal: this work is in the collection of Le Grand Lockwood. "Captivity" and "Liberty" belong to Mrs. C. M. Gibson, of Philadelphia; "Spring Flowers" and "Autumn Leaves" are sweetly illustrated by expressive figures and wreaths—hilarious and pensive—eloquent of the two seasons; "New Wine," "America Victorious," and "Grateful and Ungrateful Love," tell quite diverse stories in an ingenious and ideal way, through graceful forms of plastic art conceived with vividness and executed with skill.

A letter from Rome thus alludes to this artist: "Returning to his studies after an honorable soldierly career in the Union army, he is now finishing a memorial monument for the Union League of Philadelphia. Upon a pedestal ornamented with bas-reliefs is placed a statue six feet in height, of America honoring her fallen brave. It is a figure, gracefully draped, advancing with firm but pensive step; while the head, slightly inclined, the calm, subdued sadness of the thoughtful face, well express the artist's fine ideal of a 'proud sorrow.' Here also are the garlands of laurels and immortelles, but with a new disposition—clasped upon the breast, with the left hand falling at the side, in the right, as if to be solemnly and reverently bestowed. With such an air a mother might come, after years had passed, to the grave of her brave dead. From this figure several fine busts have been already modelled, as well as a complete copy reduced to three-quarter size. On the hem of the mantle is a dolphin to indicate the navy, crossed cannons for the army, and an eagle as a symbol of the Union, while on the pedestal are all the emblems of the United States.

"I noticed here also a bronze 'Excelsior,' with the action and the look which the poem suggests, and bringing out its substantial thought—the career of irrational, insatiable, but inflexible ambition, admired, mourned, and condemned by turns. This figure is a copy of one in marble now in New York. Two contrasted groups of the Christian and the heathen mother—the one trustfully presenting her babe for baptism; the other, with

a sharp struggle between superstition and natural affection, preparing to surrender hers for idolatrous sacrifice—well repay examination.

"There is a fine little bronze, to be executed hereafter on a larger scale, of 'America Triumphant,' a figure full of calm dignity and confidence, sheathing the sword with hearty good will, fresh as at the opening rather than the close of battle, the face perhaps a trifle *too* triumphant to suit any but Americans in the hour of victory; but one statue cannot express all emotions. I must pass by other finished figures, merely noticing recent models for two promising groups of 'Grateful and Ungrateful Love.'"

Other Sculptors.

Mr. Connolly, a young American sculptor at Florence, has gained rapidly in public estimation by his well-executed portrait-busts, and a few ideal works exhibiting both force and feeling.

Montague Handley, of New York, son of the late Captain Handley, of the British Army, has executed a fine bust of "Diana," purchased by Mrs. Albert, of Baltimore, while in Rome; his "Bacchus" and "Flora" are much liked by the artists, and he is regarded as a promising young sculptor.

Franklin Simmons, of Providence, R. I., executed a bust of President Lincoln, which has been put in bronze by William Miller, of the same city, who has also made a series of large medallions of distinguished native citizens, civil and military.

Barbee, of Louisiana, is known by his eccentric statue of the "Coquette," and several busts; John A. King, a Scotch sculptor, long resident in Massachusetts, has modelled many fine heads; and Kuntze, a German artist in New York, is the author of statuettes, portraits, a Puck in bronze, etc.; in the Antiquarian Hall, at Worcester, Mass., is a bust of Isaiah Thomas, by B. H. Kinney; Kneeland's "Trotting Horse," a spirited bas-relief, is in the possession of J. C. McGuire, Esq., of Washington, D. C.

McDonald, who is so favorably known by his portrait-busts of John Van Buren and Charles O'Conor, is modelling a life-sized female figure, which he calls "Somnambula." The sleep-walker, who is a fully-developed woman, is represented as having risen in the night and gone forth into the garden. In her right hand (which is held over her head) she bears a lamp. The night wind has carried the thin drapery, which she wears, behind her, revealing a form and face of fine prorortions.

Colonel Henry, of Kentucky, has modelled a most creditable bust of Lincoln, now in the U. S. Court Room of Louisville.

Brackett.

Edwin E. Brackett was born in Vassalboro', Me., October 1, 1819. He began his career as an artist in 1838; and has confined himself for the most part to portrait-busts; among which are those of President Harrison, Richard H. Dana senior, Washington Allston, W. C. Bryant, H. W. Longfellow, Rufus Choate, Charles Sumner, John Brown, Wendell Phillips, W. Lloyd Garrison, and General Butler. His group of the "Shipwrecked Mother," is at Mount Auburn; one of his most elaborate works, was purchased by subscription for the Boston Athenæum.

Three remarkable ideal busts have been lately executed by Thomas Gould, of Boston. One is a striking and original rendering of "Mephistopheles," another a very graceful embodiment of Shakespeare's "Imogen," and the third represents "Childhood." The absolute individuality and subtle expressiveness, as well as the careful finish of these heads, which are executed in marble, are the more noteworthy, inasmuch as they are the work of a new American candidate for a sculptor's fame, whose portrait-bust of Emerson is considered by his friends as the best likeness of him, and is a favorite ornament of the library of Harvard University.

Gould.

Martin Millmore, a Boston boy, was born in 1845, and graduated at the Brimmer School; after some time passed at the Latin school, he entered the studio of Mr. Ball in July, 1860. His first effort was a bust of himself, modelled by the aid of a looking-glass. The success of this decided his course. A short time afterward he modelled an alto-relief of "Prosphor," an ideal subject, which was placed on exhibition and purchased by a gentleman of Boston. He afterward made two copies of the same subject, one for Mr. Turner Sargent, and one for a gentleman in Berlin, Prussia. In 1863 he modelled his statuette of "Devotion," as a contribution to the Sanitary Fair, which attracted some attention. The same year, he executed in marble a portrait of a beautiful child. He soon afterward took a studio for himself, where his first productions were cabinet busts of Longfellow and Sumner, modelled from life. In September of 1864, he, then in his nineteenth year, received, through Turner Sargent, Esq., a gentleman of judgment and artistic taste, the commission to execute in granite, statues of Ceres, Flora, and Pomona, for the Horticultural Hall, in Boston. The smaller figures are eight feet in height. The Ceres—a figure of twelve feet and six inches in height—he modelled in plaster. He selected the granite from a quarry that was just opened at Fitzwilliam, N. H. He was assisted in the cutting of the figures in granite by his two brothers. The largest block weighed about thirty-five tons, each of the smaller, fifteen. He was two years engaged on this work. In the fall of 1865 he made his life-sized bust of Senator Sumner. In March of '67, he submitted a design for a monument to be erected at Forest Hills, by the city of Roxbury, in memory of her sons who fell in the Great Rebellion, which was accepted by that city. It represents the American volunteer—the private soldier equipped in his overcoat, resting on his gun, and contemplating the graves of his comrades. It is seven feet in height, and was cast in bronze at the foundery at Chicopee. Millmore also executed a bust of Hon. George Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, for the Public Library of Boston. He has also made marble portraits of C. O. Whitmore, Esq., of Boston, and of General Thayer, late of West Point; and an ideal bust of "Miranda."

Millmore.

A new feature has been presented to American visitors at Roman studios within a few years, by the number of their countrywomen devoted to plastic art. Doubtless an amiable exaggeration has marked the public

commendation of their efforts, partly arising from the national deference to and sympathy with the sex; and partly from the ignorance prevalent among the untravelled in our country as to the processes and precedents of the art. Those who are aware from personal observation of the amount and kind of mechanical labor bestowed upon statuary by Italian marble-workers and assistants in studios, and familiar with the vast number of subjects which have been treated so often by the ancient and modern sculptors, will not readily accord originality or even dexterity in the details of such works; knowing how much is done by skilful employees, and how readily imitative enterprise can avail itself in Rome of the innumerable exemplars there exposed to view. On the other hand, the moral energy and self-denying devotion with which some of these fair votaries of art pursue their chosen vocation; the independence and character involved therein; and the enthusiasm and perseverance exhibited, cannot fail to initiate a new and auspicious phase of woman's activity and scope, freedom and faith.

Female Sculptors.

The daughter of the late Dr. Hosmer, of Watertown, Mass., is perhaps the most widely known among the American female sculptors at Rome. She was born in the pleasant rural town where her father long practised, October 3, 1831. Her most obvious characteristic from childhood was strength of purpose. The death of her mother by a gradual decline, impressed upon her father the necessity of good physical training, then and now so much neglected among girls. He encouraged her in athletic exercises; and she became expert in rowing, riding, and skating. A comparatively lonely life in her widowed father's house gave her much freedom; she delighted in her horse and dog, and was not easily amenable to discipline when placed under instructors. Vigorous in body and bright in mind, she was untamed and wilful; and many anecdotes are related of her practical jokes and boyish freaks. Placed under the judicious educational care of Mrs. Sedgwick, of Lenox, Mass., in the healthful mountain air and intellectual social influences of that delightful village, she gained knowledge, self-control, and development; while her active habits of body continued. She had modelled a little for amusement, and on leaving school she took lessons therein of Mr. Stephenson, of Boston; and soon finished the bust of a child. Visiting a school friend at St. Louis, Mo., she attended anatomical lectures there. She travelled in the West unattended, visited the Dacotah Indians and the Falls of St. Anthony, climbed to the summit of what was deemed an inaccessible bluff, and finally returned to her New England home to occupy a studio her father had prepared for her in the garden. She executed a reduced copy of a bust of Napoleon, and an ideal head called "Hesper." The muscular adaptation and strength attained by exercises unusual with her sex, contributed greatly to her success in the manipulation of the clay. Her next task was to cut in marble a copy of a friend's likeness by Clevenger. An acquaintance formed at this time with Charlotte Cushman, the generous and intelligent actress, led to a

Harriet Hosmer.

visit abroad with her father and new friend in the autumn of 1852. On reaching Rome, Dr. Hosmer took daguerrotypes of "Hesper" to Gibson, the English sculptor, and asked him to allow his daughter to become that artist's pupil. He hesitated at the proposal, but upon examining the evidence of the young lady's proficiency, accepted it. She was soon at work amid the marble wonders of Gibson's studio in the Via Fontanella. Her perseverance and industry were remarkable. She copied the head of the "Venus de Milo," the "Cupid" of Praxiteles, and the "Tasso" of the British Museum, alternating her art-studies with gallops across the Campagna, unattended, to the astonishment of both natives and foreigners. Her first original attempt was a head of "Daphne," then one of "Medusa," which her master praised. They were sent to Samuel Appleton, Esq., of Boston; and two replicas of the "Daphne" were subsequently ordered. Gibson recognized both patience and progress in her studies. She next designed the shepherd-wife whom Paris deserted for Helen. It belongs to Mr. Crow, of St. Louis. In 1856 she sent a little statue of "Puck" to Hon. Samuel Hooper, of Boston, three copies of which are in noble collections in England; it is one of the most pleasing and characteristic works of the artist. In 1857 she designed a monument, erected in one of the churches, for a beautiful daughter of Madame Falconet, an English Catholic lady resident in Rome, and the same year she made a statue of "Beatrice Cenci Asleep in her Cell," which was pronounced her best work, though compared, as regards the attitude, with a figure well known in Rome. Returning home, she appeared among her old friends self-possessed, confident, and vivacious, in a costume and with hair so arranged as to give her the appearance of a boy rather than a young woman, and boasted that she had not worn a bonnet for five years. Piquant, if not prepossessing, was the advent of so self-reliant, independent, and lively a female sculptor. On her return to Rome she modelled a "Will-o'-the-Wisp," which belonged to the late Mrs. George Lee, of Boston; and then devoted herself to the statue of "Zenobia," a colossal work—architectural in style, with highly finished drapery,—massive and dignified. It was exhibited in the United States. The Legislature of Missouri has given Miss Hosmer a commission to execute a statue of Thomas H. Benton; and in the Paris Exposition of 1867, her "Sleeping Faun" found many admirers.

Emma Stebbins.

If years of study warrant the artist career, Miss. Emma Stebbins, of New York, is fully justified in adopting it. She long worked with crayon and palette as an amateur,—making likenesses of her friends, copying fine pictures in oil, improving every opportunity to cultivate her taste, and discipline her ability. Like Miss Hosmer, she went to Rome and, as in her case, found a congenial spirit and devoted friend in Charlotte Cushman. She is assiduous and absorbed in the study and exercise of plastic art; and has sent home some pleasing specimens of her skill and taste in expressive statuettes; a beautiful figure of Joseph—represented in boyhood—rather an original idea, is one of her favorite conceptions. She is now at work on a statue

of Horace Mann; her Columbus has won praise; and, judging by some excellent photographs of her models, she must have worked with remarkable industry, and under the most improving influences during the few years she has lived at Rome.

A compliment, deserved from the earnest self-devotion with which she has applied herself to plastic art, has recently been paid to Emma Stebbins by the Commissioners of the New York Central Park—she having been commissioned to execute a statuesque adornment for a fountain; her design is full of promise: she has adopted for her subject the appropriate and beautiful idea of the Angel of the Waters, hallowed to the Christian's imagination by the miracle beside the pool of Bethesda.

Miss Landor, of Salem, Mass., has modelled several busts, at Rome and elsewhere; Mrs. Ames, wife of the portrait-painter, has executed a bust of Lincoln, from memory, which many familiar with his expression regard as a most successful portrait.

Miss Foley, of whom the Green Mountain State may justly be proud, achieves new and constant success in her *relievos*. A critical estimate of this lady declares that her head of the somewhat impracticable but always earnest Senator from Massachusetts is unsurpassable, and beyond praise. It is simple, absolute truth embodied in marble. Not truth in outline and feature alone, but in expression and sentiment. The same may be said of her bass-relief of Longfellow, and of the grand head of Bryant, Rev. C. T. Brooks, and of several ideal heads. This lady, too, is busy with a work of more pretension than any she has yet undertaken, and which, if successful, will place her in a firm position in the higher ranks of the art to which she is devoted. Margaret Foley.

A young woman, of mixed negro and Indian blood, excited much interest during the Union war, by exhibiting, at the Soldiers' Relief Fair in Boston, a bust of Colonel Shaw—the "fair-haired hero," and martyr to the cause of her race; it seemed like an inspiration of grateful homage, that so authentic a likeness and pleasing a work should have emanated from the unpractised hands of a dusky maiden. Since then she has modelled "The Freedwoman, on First Hearing of her Liberty"—of which it has been said that "it tells with much eloquence a painful story." Of the curious and speculative interest excited by this novice in sculpture, among the Roman studios, we may judge by the following description contained in a recent letter from that city:— Edmonia Lewis.

"Edmonia Lewis is a little American girl, scarcely twenty-two years of age, born in Greenbush, opposite Albany, on the Hudson, of Indian and negro parentage, and bearing in her face the characteristic types of her origin. In her coarse but appropriate attire, with her black hair loose, and grasping in her tiny hand the chisel with which she does not disdain—perhaps with which she is obliged—to work, and with her large, black, sympathetic eyes brimful of simple, unaffected enthusiasm, Miss Lewis is unquestionably the most interesting representative of our country in Eu-

rope. Interesting not alone because she belongs to a contemned and hitherto oppressed race, which labors under the imputation of artistic incapacity, but because she has already distinguished herself in sculpture—not perhaps in its highest grade, according to the accepted canons of the art, but in its naturalistic, not to say the most pleasing form. The undoubted criticism to be made on most American sculptors in Europe is that they gravitate too much toward what is called the "classical" in style, with a constantly increasing tendency. It may be reserved for the youthful Indian girl in the Via della Frezza, which, as I have intimated, is quite an aside and by no means aristocratic street in Rome, through a success that may be well founded, and which certainly will be well earned, to indicate to her countrymen, working in the same field, a distinctive, if not entirely original style in sculpture, which may ultimately take high rank as the 'American School.' Has sculpture no new domains to occupy, no new worlds to conquer? Have Greece and Rome exhausted every combination of form and lineament, so that nineteenth century life, and its loftier achievements and grander aspirations, can find no expression?

"Miss Lewis is by no means a prodigy; she has great natural genius, originality, earnestness, and a simple, genuine taste. Her works are as yet those of a girl. She has read Evangeline, and some others of Longfellow's poems, and has caught from them a girlish sentimentality, but has rather improved upon her author's conceptions in the process of giving them shape and reality. By and by, when her horizon of knowledge becomes more expanded, and her grasp on it firmer, she will leave the *prettinesses* of poems, and give us Pocahontas, Logan, Pontiac, Tecumseh, Red Jacket, and, it may be, Black Hawk and Osceola. Or if these may seem too near and real, and admitting less of effective accessories, there lie behind them all the great dramatic characters, Montezuma, Guatimozin, Huascar, and Atahualpa, to say nothing of the Malinche, that lost her country that she might save her love."

Besides Miss Hosmer and Miss Stebbins there is now in Italy another female sculptor whose early achievements are full of promise. We allude to Mrs. Freeman, the wife of the well-known American painter, J. E. Freeman, who has resided for many years at Rome. Mr. Rothermel, the Philadelphia painter, speaking of a recent specimen of Mrs. Freeman's plastic talent, says: "I called, expecting to see a bust of measured truth, but I was truly surprised at seeing such delicacy and finished modelling, true to very beautiful nature."

Mrs. Freeman.

This refers to a marble portrait of a fair New Yorker. But an elaborately-sculptured vase from the same hand has attracted very favorable notice from amateurs abroad; it is carved in *alto-relievo* representing groups of children in every possible stage of inebriation. One little fellow with his foot poised in the air seems about to topple over altogether, but for the kindly encircling arm that supports him, whilst in his hand he clutches the well-drained cup; at his feet one catches a glimpse of a pros-

trate companion with his baby face buried in his arms enjoying the most perfect repose. One is playing the violin with great vigor to some rollicking dancers, one of whom, presenting to us his dimpled back, is a mischievous urchin that forms a striking contrast to a dolorous one who seems full of baby woe, and is evidently being urged by his companion "to make an effort." There is a struggling group, in which a friend more kind than *steady*, is aiding his fallen companion to rise. One little figure seems of a more speculative turn of mind, quite indifferent to all around him; a sleeping innocent utterly unconscious that there is a peeping head over his shoulder, bent on mischief; the seated group, one of whom is draining his cup to the dregs, whilst his *vis-a-vis* would seem to have already done so, judging from his rueful attitude. The three recumbent figures at the base *decidedly* "under the table," are in the soundest of slumber.

She has also modelled with *naïve* skill, the "Culprit Fay" of Drake's fanciful poem.

A statue of "Godiva," with many womanly traits, and a more vigorous conception entitled "Africa," have lately brought another female sculptor—Miss Anne Whitney—into favorable notice in Boston; and there are several other names that might be added to this brief catalogue of our fair workers in plastic art, but some of them are amateurs, and do not expect to become professional artists, while others are as yet only students thereof. A female novice in the art, Miss Vinnie Ream, has recently embarked for Italy, after modelling a statue of Lincoln, at the Capitol, ordered by a vote of Congress. Anne Whitney.

Another young sculptor, from Ohio, soon followed Powers to Italy. Shobal Vail Clevenger was born at Middletown, in that State, in 1812, and died at sea, September 28, 1843. When quite a youth he followed the vocation of a stone-cutter, in Cincinnati; and his artistic capacity was first indicated by the figure of an angel, which he carved upon a tombstone. Encouraged by the commendation freely bestowed upon this work, he attempted a bust from life, and was remarkably successful; his marble portraits were accurately modelled, and some of them the best likenesses extant of eminent originals. He soon left the West, and found ample employment in Boston and New York; his busts of Webster, Clay, Everett, Allston, Van Buren, Chief-Justice Shaw, and other leading citizens, are well known; and some of them have been more widely circulated and popularly esteemed in the form of plaster casts, than any other works of the kind executed among us. Perhaps Clevenger is best known by his bust of Webster; it is the most literal representation of that remarkable head, in the prime of his active life and civic reputation—not the most intellectual, but the most familiar aspect of the man—mathematically correct in dimensions and feature, wholly unidealized, and therefore universally recognized and prized by personal acquaintances of the statesman; in the hotels he frequented, in the homes of his friends, and in public halls, this bust is constantly seen. The one by Powers has a higher and more characteristic mental significance—a cer- Clevenger.

tain refinement born of the best mood of mind and feeling; it is the orator, the judicial, intellectual, patriotic, American civic genius; a bust of which Thorwaldsen declared that no similar work excelled it, either of ancient or modern times. Clevenger's bust represents the man as he appeared in every-day life, and to the eye of the multitude; the vast forehead, projecting brows, deeply-sunk eyes, the strong lines around the mouth—each lineament reproduced with anthenticity—form a head alike unique and memorable. It slowly emerged from the plastic hand of the artist, who conscientiously followed nature in his work; and when finished, suggested this unexaggerated verbal description:—

There is a Roman grandeur in that brow,
And lofty thoughts within it seem enshrined,
As calmly it expands before me now,
Nature's assurance of a noble mind;
A stern serenity broods o'er the face,
Most eloquent of a determined soul,
Will softened by the lines of mental grace,
Yet firm of purpose, strong in self-control:
How glorious the art that can subdue
The senseless marble to such forms of truth,
And mould the semblance of Earth's chosen few
To an enduring shape and second youth;
Bequeath his features, whose emphatic page
Will nerve the spirits of a future age!

Lovers of art, in our northern cities, must have still fresh in their memories the person of the young western sculptor, Clevenger. His career is one of those episodes in the thrifty and monotonous tenor of American life, which need only the enchantment of distance to make them romantic. The cheek of an imaginative European kindles at the idea of a nativity beside the Ohio, as quickly as ours at the thought of first breathing the air beneath Athenian skies, or amid the hills of Rome. Novelty is an element of the sublime, and the absolute freshness of a scene captivates the fancy as certainly as the most memorable associations. There can be no more striking contrast than that between the primitive beauty of our new States and the olden, classic glories of Italy. Nor may we readily find in the records of adventure a change of life more truly dramatic than that which transforms a humble stone-cutter of Cincinnati to the accomplished sculptor of Florence. Human existence abounds in the poetic, notwithstanding all the cant about the utilitarian spirit of the age. The world will never be quite prosaic until love, genius, and death have abandoned it for ever. While these mystic agencies mingle in its strife, the heart can never entirely wither, or the fancy sleep. Voices of sweet pathos and godlike earnestness will, ever and anon, rise above the dull clamor of toil; and events, too solemn or beautiful for careless recognition, will stir the listless tide of routine. I was led into this strain of musing by the announcement in the papers, of the death of Clevenger. It seemed but yesterday that I bade him adieu at the pier, and watched the lessening sail that wafted him to Italy. He embarked full of the highest and the purest hopes; and as I

retraced my steps through the noisy mart, where nothing is heard but trade's unceasing din, a feeling of elation arose in my mind at the thought of him I had thus sped on his way. He was one of the few who, regardless of temporary and selfish ends, yield boldly to the destiny for which they were created. To develop the instinctive powers of his character seemed to him the true end of life. He desired nothing more fondly than to give shape to his peculiar endowment This was the art of statuary. It was obviously his vocation. A physiognomist would have detected at a glance no little aptitude to deal with form in the marked size of that organ. An uncommon space between the eyes indicated that in this sphere his faculty specially lay. A compact and manly figure, with a certain vigor of outline, promised more continuity of action than is often realized by artists. He was no idle enthusiast in sculpture, but an industrious and patient devotee. He did not work spasmodically. There was method in his pursuit. Day by day, with quiet attention, he plied the instruments of his art, and found an enjoyment the voluptuary might envy as the model gradually assumed the traits of nature. There was an exactitude in his busts that gave assurance of skill founded upon solid principles. The majority of our young artists essay the ideal before they have any just appreciation of reality ; and with the presumption, not of genius but of audacity, illustrate imaginary beings while incompetent to exhibit faithfully the tree that overshades their window, or the friend who praises their talent. Clevenger began in art where all noble characters begin in action —at truth. He carefully studied the minute peculiarities of the living subject, and transferred them with admirable precision to clay and marble. He did not commit the Yankee absurdity of working against time. The gradual and exact process was more native to him than the rapid and hazardous. There was a rectitude in his habits of labor. They did justice to the subject and the occasion. He felt that the time would arrive when his confident touch and correct eye would fit him to grapple successfully with ideal conceptions ; but in his early efforts, good-sense and modesty taught him contentedly to portray the actual, and to feel that therein was no common scope given to the man who could adequately see and feel the infinite resources of nature. The consequence of these judicious views was that Clevenger made continual progress in his art. The eight busts in marble which he sent home, evince extraordinary improvement ; and the very last work of his chisel excited more admiration than any previous effort.

The want of general education was in a measure supplied to Clevenger by the refined associations induced by his profession. Some of the most gifted men and women of the country were the subjects of his art. It is worthy of notice, as illustrating the attractiveness of simple excellence of character, that in nearly every case his sitters became warm personal friends, and manifested a deep interest in his welfare and success. There is a charm in truth that wins more permanently than brilliancy or tact. This genuine son of the West possessed a sincere directness and unaffected tone of mind that widely endeared him. Edward Everett took evident

pleasure in unfolding his mental treasury of taste and wisdom to the young sculptor, and was one of his most steady and efficient friends. Allston yielded to his eloquent impulses, while the hand of his new brother in the holy fellowship of art moulded those benign and memorable features. It was interesting to watch the seeds of this high intercourse germinate in the virgin soil of an unsophisticated mind. Clevenger, with the instinct of honest admiration, rejoiced in the new world of thought and humanity to which his talents had introduced him. It was his privilege, day by day for three years, to commune freely in his studio with men of varied culture and experience. The effect was visible in the high standard which at last became the goal of his desires. The free, social habits of his native region prevented any blind reverence or timid reserve from nipping these advantages in the bud. He frankly exposed his need of information, and, in the spirit of genuine improvement, gratefully availed himself of the conversation and suggestions of those he respected. This unpretending and assiduous bearing made him emphatically a favorite. He indulged no weak repining at the small encouragement which pursuits like his usually received. He felt that only by self-denial and perseverance could the garland of fame be won. He loved his art for its own sake, and looked on all its votaries with cordial appreciation. Those who knew him best will remember with what delicacy and consideration he spoke of all engaged in similar objects. Not with envy did he regard the triumph of others, but rather with the partial judgment of a kindred taste. There was none of the sickly egotism and absurd jealousy about him which are apt to mar the nobleness of ordinary ambition. Clevenger was generous in the best sense of the term. He would not listen to a word that disparaged merit. He cherished true sympathy with all who professed to love what was so intrinsically dear to himself; and conscious of many deficiencies, kept always in view the slow gradations by which lasting excellence is achieved. Ardent hopes and the kindest remembrance followed him to Italy. All who had visited that 'pleasant country's earth,' augured well of one whose fine gifts and principles were quickened by youthful enthusiasm. The American virtue of sustained and earnest activity was his. Early habits of toil gave promise of vigorous manhood. The presence of a young and affectionate family was a pledge and a motive for industry; and the aspirations of an honest soul seemed prophetic of fidelity amid the novel seductions of a warmer clime. Florence was chosen by Clevenger as a residence for its comparative cheapness of living, the facilities it afforded in the prosecution of his art, and the attraction of his countrymen's society, several of whom are established there as sculptors and painters.

When disease unnerved the arm of the sculptor, and his eye grew dim at the sad prospect around him, it was over the beloved shores of his distant country that his dreams of hope hovered. Gratefully came back, upon the aching heart of the exile, the thought of that encouragement which sent him an ardent pilgrim to the banks of the Arno; and we cannot wonder that at length he resolved, with the delusive expectancy pecu-

liar to the disease that was consuming him, to revisit the land of his birth. Let us draw a veil over that dreary night at sea—the moaning of the billows—the narrow and stifled cabin—the patient sufferer whose dying head was yet pillowed on the bosom of affection! Brief as was the life of Clevenger, it was for the most part happy, and altogether honorable. He has left to his brother artists an important example, and no common legacy of affection; and to his country another name sacred to the cause of elevated and progressive taste.*

There died at Naples, but a few years since, another promising and patient votary of this noble art, who had adopted it as a pursuit under great discouragements, struggled manfully with obstacles, and after achieving an auspicious rank and giving the highest promise, fell a victim to insidious disease, leaving an endeared and honored name among his brother artists in Rome and his countrymen in the United States. Bartholomew.

Edward Sheffield Bartholomew was a native of Colchester, Connecticut, where he was born in 1822. Apprenticed, while yet a lad, to a bookbinder in Hartford, he afterward practised dentistry four years in that city, abandoning his business in disgust. While at school he had found amusement in drawing with chalk, and in later years indulged a propensity to "look at pictures" whenever and wherever he could find them. In the practical community where he lived his neglect of a lucrative though distasteful occupation was not approved, and his desultory and apparently wayward habits were not adapted to win him confidence among a proverbially thrifty and methodical people.

About this period the Life of Benvenuto Cellini fell into Bartholomew's hands. To most of us this egotistical but most interesting autobiography is memorable as a vivid picture of the life of the Middle Ages; but to the young Connecticut enthusiast, baffled, aspiring, discouraged, and isolated, it was an inspiration—proving what courage and self-reliance can accomplish, and that too in the identical career most attractive to Bartholomew. To use his own expression, Cellini's life "put the devil into him." He gave up regular employment, went about "looking at pictures," and indulged in a melancholy humor, so that his friends grew cold, regarding him as a perverse visionary. A clever crayon sketch which he made, and a year of patient study at the Life School of the Academy in New York, gave the "judicious few" a better insight into his aims and abilities. At this period Bartholomew's chief solace was the companionship of Church. They discussed art with enthusiasm, read, studied, and dreamed of its divine possibilities, and mutually encouraged each other in self-dedication to its pursuit. On many a summer evening in Hartford these two might be seen sitting on the steps of a public edifice in the lonely twilight, discussing their favorite subject: handsome, intelligent, intrepid, and genial, Bartholomew—unsustained and isolated as he then was, in regard to art—

* From the Author's Italian Sketch-Book.

with so much to learn and so little to confirm his purpose—was yet inspired by the self-reliance and determination characteristic of his country, and natural to his youth. He received the appointment of Curator of the Wadsworth Gallery at Hartford—as congenial a position for an art-student as can be imagined. Then and there Bartholomew eagerly improved the leisure and facilities thus afforded him. He made careful copies of the figures on Etruscan vases, and of the engravings from Raphael's Cartoons, originally presented by the first Napoleon to the New York Academy of Fine Arts, but then deposited in the Wadsworth collection. This practice was of great service in disciplining the eye and hand of the draughtsman, but when he attempted to work in oil he made the painful discovery that he was color-blind, a circumstance to which Paul Akers thus alludes long after: "The late sculptor Bartholomew declared himself unable to decide which of two pieces of drapery, the one crimson and the other green, was the crimson. Nor was this the result of inexperience. He had been for years familiar not only with Nature's coloring, but with the works of the best schools of art, and had been in continual contact with the first living artists."

He now determined to try his skill in plastic, as he was inadequate to pictorial art. He made a medallion head of a lady, and going to a marble-yard, asked the proprietor for a small block. Upon examining his work, the latter counselled him to repeat his experiment with finer tools and superior material. Patiently and earnestly he went to work, and the result was his bust of "Flora," from the execution of which fairly dates his artistic career.

Ere long, through his own industry and the aid of friends, Bartholomew was enabled to visit Italy; but his ordeal was not yet over. Just as all looked propitious, and for the first time he saw his way clear to the realization of his life-dream, he was attacked by that terrible disease, the small-pox, caught from the clothes brought to his room in the New York University by his laundress, whose daughter had fallen a victim thereto; he only recovered to find himself lame for life, and with an originally vigorous constitution essentially impaired. Many precious months were devoted to experiments and treatment for his recovery, and pecuniary embarrassments were added to his troubles. Unfortunately, too, the vessel in which he embarked, when convalescent, was an Italian craft, ill-provided with the food and conveniences desirable for an invalid. The voyage was prolonged and tempestuous; exposure and privation aggravated the worst symptoms of the artist. At his own request he was landed on the coast of France, at Hyannis, and made his way thence to Marseilles and Rome. It is related as indicative of his remarkable energy, that within three days after his arrival at the latter city he was absorbed in modelling the "Blind Homer led by his Daughter."

Despite occasional attacks of illness, the artist-life of Bartholomew was thenceforth genial and productive. He returned to the United States to superintend the erection of a monument to Charles Carroll; returned to Italy and resumed his labors with unabated zeal. What he accomplished

may be partly realized by the mention of his principal works, many of which are familiar to American visitors at Rome and those who have seen the collection at Hartford: "Calypso;" "Sappho;" "Eve;" "Campagna Shepherd Boy;" "Infant Pan and Wizards;" "Genius of Painting;" "Genius of Music;" "Belisarius at the Porta Pincio;" "Hagar and Ishmael;" "Ruth," "Naomi," and "Or;" "Youth and Old Age;" "Ganymede and the Infant Jupiter," engraved from the London Art Journal; bust of "Genevieve;" "The Evening Star;" "Homer." Some of these are figures, some busts, and others bass-reliefs, and to the list may be added several monumental works, including that for Charles Carroll. Bartholomew's full-length statue of Washington belongs to Noah Walker, Esq.; and his "Eve Repentant," his great work, to Joseph Harrison, Esq., of Philadelphia, Pa.; his "Shepherd Boy," to E. Pratt, Esq., of Philadelphia; and a copy to Gov. Aiken, of South Carolina.

During his residence at Rome Bartholomew remembered affectionately his friends at home; to Church he frequently wrote. "I am now entirely occupied," he remarks in a letter of March, 1855, "with my statue, but I do not accomplish much, as my studio is almost constantly crowded with visitors; everywhere I go I hear of the 'Eve;' it impresses every one with its originality, and so far has been well received by all the foreign artists." He notes his progress, work, and plans, and in the summer goes into the mountains. In another letter he observes: "There is so much traffic here in art that unless an artist is on his guard and not easily influenced by things around him, he will cease to strive after excellence, and only see the immediate advantages derived from producing works which will gratify the prevailing taste, and thereby lose sight of what would secure him a brilliant future. Under date of 108 Via Margalla, Rome, March 11, 1856, he says: "I am full of orders and work of all kinds, and am making any number of portrait-busts. I go to Venice in July."

On a second visit home, after having thus achieved a name and fame in art, and given promise of still greater triumphs, Bartholomew received, in connection with his old friend, the eminent American landscape artist, Church, a native of Hartford, and the companion of his youthful aspirations, the compliment of a public dinner from the citizens of that place, at which a most genial feeling prevailed, and several admirable speeches on the prospects and claims of native art were delivered by gentlemen of the highest culture. The occasion was rare and memorable, and left the most delightful associations in the heart of Bartholomew, who, thus recognized and cheered in the very scene of his early discomfiture, returned once more to Italy, prepared to engage with fresh zeal and higher aspirations in the artist-labors he so loved. But he returned only to die. Ere many months fatal symptoms, the result of previous illness and subsequent trials, began to appear. Visiting one spring day the beautiful English cemetery at Rome, he said to his companion: "One of these grassy mounds will soon be raised over me." He was induced to try change of air, and went to Naples, where he died on the 2d of May, 1858.

Bartholomew was a manly enthusiast. His early life was a struggle with narrow means and uncongenial associations; when he found his vocation, all the earnestness of his nature concentrated thereon. With patient self-devotion, a generous interest in and appreciation of others, and a versatile and constantly enlarging scope and impulse, he possessed all the elements of success and enjoyment as an artist. Though most of his subjects were classical, many Scriptural illustrations occupied his mind, and his inventive were fast developing with his executive faculties. Personally beloved and professionally gaining reputation and work, the early death of Bartholomew was deeply mourned at Rome and in Hartford, where warm friends cherished a fond and proud interest in his welfare and his fame. Of the peculiar claims of his genius, perhaps the most individual merit has been justly indicated by the remark of one who knew him well, and recognized in his works and prevalent talent, "an intuitive perception of the strongest and most statuesque aspect of a theme."

The prophetic requiem which Mozart composed for his own funeral finds analogies in the universal life of genius. In the subject or the sentiment of every characteristic work of poet and artist, we discern self-portraiture, either as regards character or destiny—sometimes of both. Unconsciously the mood infects the picture, the tone of mind the written composition; and therein, when sympathy gives the key, we find an individuality, a coincidence, which seems to foreshadow the experience, embody the lot, or hint the epitaph. Accidentally encountering the best statue of Akers, its memory became in our thought associated with the artist's early death in the midst of his success. Had he expressly sought a conception thus to perpetuate in marble the aspiration, the struggle, and the end of his artist-life, we can scarcely imagine one better fitted to illustrate them. A youthful nude figure, with a net suspended around its loins, in which a few shells indicate the vocation, the muscles unstrung from exhaustion, seated on a sandy knoll, the arms thrown over the head, the posture natural and graceful in its unconscious abandonment—instantly suggests to the mind a pearl-diver who, having bravely plunged beneath the waves and seized the treasures of the deep, has emerged only to die. Thus the young sculptor, in the freshness and fervor of his days, with heroic self-reliance, cast himself into the embrace of art, wrought long and patiently, won the pearl of beauty, and then fell back and "by the wayside perished;" but with tranquil grace and baffled but unsubdued soul. Both the physical traits and the subtle meaning of this experience grow upon the heart of the spectator as he gazes; and thenceforth there is present to his imagination an eloquent and authentic symbol of all the artist achieved, endured, and was. There is a pine-tree on the banks of the Saco which he loved in his youth, and beneath which he is buried; another little mound marks the grave of his child. Benjamin Akers was born at Saccarappa, in the State of Maine, on the 10th of July, 1825. His early environment offers a strange contrast to his career and his fame. Before we note the labors of the studio

Akers.

and point out the trophies of his art, let us realize the associations of his birthplace—the scenes and influences, so remote from all artistic agencies, wherein he was reared. His father owned and worked a saw-mill in a village on the banks of his native river; and there he, too, mused and toiled, aspired, loved, and lived, until art claimed her votary.

In some of its aspects and many of its results, no economical pursuit on the eastern coast of the Atlantic has been more picturesque and prosperous than the lumber business. The hardy sons of Maine, whether cutting down the forest trees, floating them down the Kennebec and Saco rivers in the form of immense rafts, their toil brightened during the long winter nights and amid the bleak spring freshets by huge blazing fires of pine; or shaping the logs into staunch ribs or long slabs for ship-building, at the isolated saw-mills, and then loading therewith the coasting-vessels whereby the material so essential to artisan and architect is distributed to populous marts—have realized, like the whale and cod fishermen, not a little of the permanent and progressive prosperity which, through such stern pioneer enterprises, has built up the wealth and expanded the civilization of a region where the severity of a northern climate and the sterility of a northern soil originally held out so few attractions to adventurous industry. In the retrospect of such a remote and thrifty experience we find the sources of many of those republican virtues through which the latent forces of character are nurtured, and physical strength and beauty, as well as mental aptitude and vigor, richly developed; and trace thereto the elemental discipline and self-reliance which have nerved and purified into more intellectual fruit the lives and endowments of a patriotic and persevering race.

Although we can discover no incentive to artistic taste or activity in the early associations of Akers, the free and familiar contact with nature, the wholesome discipline of honest and humble toil and strong domestic affections, in his, as in so many other instances, combined genially to conserve his best instincts and foster his native candor and generous sympathies. Two opposite tendencies are frequently exhibited in the childhood of artists and poets—the love of adventure, and intense local and personal attachments—the first indications of brave aspiration on the one hand, and tender loyalty on the other; and both essential qualities in those destined by nature to create the beautiful, and illustrate the true in life and art.

Among the few anecdotes remembered of Akers as a boy, one relates to his incurable nostalgia when sent to a kinsman in Connecticut, in order to attend a school superior to any afforded by his native district; and another records a bold juvenile escapade, the object of which was to "see the world." His delight in new scenes was exuberant, and his love of home controlling. His father recalled, for years, the zest with which the ardent boy followed him through the streets of Boston, during a storm, gazing, unconscious of or indifferent to the driving rain, upon the novel buildings, objects in the shop-windows, and signs of the tradesmen. The sight of Chantrey's statue of Washington, in the State House, first suggested to him the idea of his art. Of delicate organization, he was, from

his earliest years, a hardy pedestrian and a fond observer of nature. His brief school education was followed by several years of contented home-life and regular employment in his father's saw-mill. Mechanical skill and taste were early developed; he found congenial occupation over a turning-lathe, executing beautiful toys, original designs, and the more fine and inventive branches of wood-work. Many choice specimens of his handiwork are still affectionately preserved in the dwellings of rustic neighbors, as trophies of the boyhood of the future artist. He invented at this period a shingle-machine, quite novel, and still in use.

While thus improving in mechanical aptitude, and the object of warm affection, surrounded by Nature, who never vainly appealed to his innate love of beauty, isolated from the great world, unfamiliar with the triumphs of art, and occupied with humble labors, the need of higher and more graceful expression became vivid and conscious within him. Had his birthplace been an Italian village, Art would naturally have been espoused from the suggestion there afforded by mediæval church architecture, the picture of a local saint, or the statue of some ancient ruler; but in New England, away from her cities, at that period the youthful mind overflowed in the direction of literature, because the free-school, the popular lecture, the weekly sermon, and the familiar journal or review afforded exclusive mental stimuli and scope. Accordingly, Akers, like Franklin, sought to bring his mechanical skill into action, with a view to enlarge his intellectual opportunities, and went to Portland, to become a printer; but again drawn homeward by the invincible strength of his domestic affinities, he returned and gave vent to his teeming fancies by writing. A manuscript volume, here and there filled with descriptive sketches, essays, and verses, attests the vivacious fecundity of his mind. Long after, when he had achieved fame as an artist, his tendency to literary work was again indulged; and the fruits of his pen, especially as an art-critic, indicate mature reflection and expressive beauty of diction. His early attempts, however, fell too far short of his ideal to justify the experiment of making literature a pursuit; although they were remarkable, considered as the spontaneous work of a country school-boy. He had for some time been interested in drawing; and, after trying mechanical invention, fancy wood-work, printing, and pen-craft, he thought he must be a painter. Diverse as these initiatory experiments may appear, they were inspired by an identical sentiment—a love of beauty and a passion to embody and express it—first in forms of mechanical grace and ingenuity, and then in language. A single specimen of his ability as a painter, executed at this time, is pronounced by one who examined it with affectionate interest, as effective, though crude, and exhibiting much feeling. But herein also Akers felt that he had missed his true vocation; and to the subsequent sight of a plaster-cast he was accustomed to refer its authentic revelation to his consciousness.

Not without hints thereof, however, did his boyhood pass. An incident recalled by his sister now has a prophetic significance. The winter of

1835 is memorable as "the winter of the red night," a phenomenon that little Paul, with the other children, was roused from sleep to witness. The spectacle awed him to silence. A vast quantity of snow fell, from which he excavated a spacious chamber, made niches in the walls, and placed the children erect therein, charging them to keep motionless, in order to represent statues, although he had never seen one, except in picture-books.

The manner and method whereby genius assimilates to itself whatever nourishment of knowledge is attainable, is one of its marvellous characteristics. This boy, born and reared in an isolated scene of primitive toil, had access to newspapers, magazines, and a few books; and therefrom imbibed a love of natural history, under the inspiration of which he became a collector of stones and an observer of thunder-storms; he sought the aged for instruction; he watched the clouds and the trees; he learned to revere truth; he found solace and support in filial and fraternal love; and he worked assiduously with the implements and materials accessible to him. Herein to a discerning eye may be recognized all that is essential to the training of mind, heart, and hand, until they have reached the adequate scope and aptitude to grapple wisely and honestly with specific objects and a deliberately-chosen career, sanctioned by endowment and intelligent choice.

Such were the apparently meagre but really salubrious influences which, if they did not rapidly elicit, benignly kept the soulful force and faculty of Paul Akers through childhood. Not only in his artistic but in his æsthetic character, in the freshness and tenderness of his nature, in the truth and earnestness of his life, we can trace the auspicious influence of lowly toil and distance from the conventional, of familiarity with privation, of nature and of home.

In 1849 Akers went to Boston, and obtained the requisite instruction from Joseph Carew in plaster-casting. He then returned home and tried his skill therein by producing a medallion head—his first work of the kind, and as such cherished by his family. A head of Christ modelled in clay was his next attempt, followed by a portrait-bust which was declared to be "as ugly as Fra Angelica's devil, and a remarkably faithful likeness." During the ensuing summer he opened a studio in Portland with Tilton, the painter, and was encouraged in his art by those of his fellow-citizens who recognized his modest worth and native talent. Among the most ardent of his friends was John Neal, who soon made his claims known through the press. For two years he assiduously devoted himself to plastic art, with constantly greater success; and among the busts which established his reputation were those of Longfellow, Samuel Appleton of Boston, Professor Cleveland, Rev. Dr. Nichols of Portland, Tilton, subsequently well known as a landscape-painter, and several others of less note. In 1852 he embarked for Europe, and passed nearly a year in study at Florence, where he modelled a few busts and bass-reliefs. During this visit he declared himself "too much bewildered by the sight

of the treasures of art to accomplish anything." On his return home, he executed his first statue—"Benjamin in Egypt," which was unfortunately destroyed by the fire which consumed the Portland Exchange. He passed the next winter in Washington, and was busily occupied in moulding the features of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Hon. Linn Boyd, Judge McLean of the Supreme Court, Hon. Gerrit Smith, Hon. Edward Everett, and others. Several medallions executed at this period attest his growing skill and unflinching industry. Of these, that of the Texan Senator, Sam Houston, especially attracted praise. He also modelled an ideal head of "Peace," and visited Providence, R. I., to fulfil commissions for portraits. In 1854 he returned to Italy, and fixed his residence at Rome, where the heads modelled in America were finished in marble After a brief sojourn in Naples, he went to Rome, and there wrought assiduously upon several ideal heads and groups, only a portion of which were reproduced in stone. Meantime he made fine copies of famous works in the Vatican, chiefly commissions from New York and Boston. The most esteemed of his original creations at Rome are "Una and the Lion," "Isaiah," "Schiller's Diver," "Diana and Endymion," "Girl pressing Grapes," and the "Reindeer." After this term of prosperous activity, Akers sojourned in Switzerland and Venice, and passed a summer in Great Britain; lingering in Paris, where he worked upon several conceptions; returning to Rome, and there executing the "St. Elizabeth of Hungary," the "Lost Pearl-Diver," and a colossal head of Milton, which last and the "St. Elizabeth" were frequently repeated. Copies of them in private hands are now in Boston, Philadelphia, and New York. His health, always delicate, now began to fail, and he embarked for his native country in the hope of there renewing his strength. But he could no longer work in safety, except at long intervals, in the wet clay; yet kept up his practice in modelling, and gratified his need of artistic labor by executing numerous studies, and a few busts and medallions. Believing his disease was partially conquered, he again embarked for Italy. His journey was interrupted by a serious attack of illness at Lyons, from which he recovered as it were by a miracle, and succeeded in renewing his career in Italy, though still feeble. The last work he accomplished in Rome was a medallion likeness of his wife, whose gifts of mind and graces of character admirably fitted her to minister to his declining health, and sympathize with his pure and noble aspirations. In the summer of 1860, he once again sought the country of his birth, trusting to the ameliorating influence of its familiar air and endeared associations to recuperate his enfeebled frame. By medical advice he passed the ensuing winter in Philadelphia, and devoted all his remaining days of partial health to the practice of the art he loved—the unfinished head of a cherub remaining impressed with his touch when the hand which moulded it was cold in death. Akers passed calmly away from earth on the 21st of May, 1861, leaving an infant girl and an affectionate widow, whose tender care smoothed and cheered his pathway to the grave. He died with a smile

of tranquillity, grasping the hand of a devoted brother, when life to him was enriched by love, bright with promise, and endeared by artistic triumphs.

And yet it was by the innate force of his birthright, and not through direct outward encouragement, that the sculptor emerged from the mechanic and the rustic; for kindliness, born of natural affection, did not recognize or cherish the peculiar tendencies and traits of the born artist. His peculiarities were not favored, scarcely perceived, until a thoughtful retrospect, prompted by subsequent achievement, made that holy promise apparent to memory which was veiled to familiar observation. There is, in our view, a tender mystery in the obscure and isolated unfolding of the gifted soul; and from all we can gather of the boyhood and youth of Akers, confirmed by his mature traits, seldom in American artist-life have the indications of the organization and spirit thereof been more clearly manifest. The outlines of his career suggests most inadequately the individuality and sweetness of his character. Reverence was in him a prevailing sentiment—exhibited instinctively toward age, nature, and all the sanctities of life. His material comrades long amused themselves with a soliloquy one of them overheard and reported, uttered by Paul as he leaned musing at eventide over the parapet of the village bridge. A man, notorious for his vulgar irascibility and low ignorance, passed by. "If I thought," said the boy, "I should never be anything more than that man, I would throw myself into the river now." His very name is a tribute to his religious sensibilities; it was bestowed on him in sport, because of his grave rebuke of the profanity of his young companions, and his serious views of life. Christened Benjamin, he was nicknamed St. Paul, and by the latter name he became endeared to his friends and known to fame. He had that keen enjoyment of life which seems to be the natural compensation for unusual sensitiveness; he delighted with all an artist's quick perceptions in the minor and casual blessings of existence; to him always and everywhere "a thing of beauty was a joy;" his love for and interest in children was a perpetual gratification; scores of child-loves cheered and charmed his life; anecdotes of infancy, peculiarities of childhood, and gracefulness and spontaneity appealed to his artistic perceptions and his humane sympathies; animal life and character won his eye and heart; clouds, leaves, the human face divine, the pebbles and blossoms of the wayside, had for him an inexpressible and suggestive attraction. "It makes no difference what happens to me," he would say to those near and dear to him, "so long as I can hear sparrows sing and see children roll on the grass." Even in the waning hours of life he requested to have his bed moved near the window, that he might watch the crimson tip of a maple bough. This cheerfulness never flagged. He listened to the last with deep interest for "news from the South;" for his death was coincident with the outbreak of the base rebellion which has since devastated the land. He was singularly disinterested in the exercise of his art, and worked long and frequently to gratify friends. Many of his studies have never met the public eye; and his recorded

thoughts, though desultory, betray the habit of deep reflection and ardent contemplation of the beautiful and the true. But few of these have found their way into print. Among the exceptions are an admirable paper on Art-expression; a critical estimate of Page, the American portrait-painter; and a pensive autobiographical effusion called "The Artist Prisoner," written when disease had stayed his hand, but not chilled or checked his soul. The former of these writings appeared in The Crayon; the two latter in the Atlantic Monthly.

From one of these we perceive how thoughtful and elevated was his ideal of art:—

"It is in the presence of nature itself," he writes, "that a power is demanded with which mechanical superiority and physical qualifications have little to do. Here the man stands alone—the only medium between the ideal and the outward world, wherefrom he must choose the signs which alone are permitted to become the language of his expression. None can help him, as before he was helped by the man whose success was the parent of his own. Here is no longer copying."

Of the true significance of portraiture he observes:

"Than a really great portrait, no work of art can be more truly historical. We feel the subjectiveness of compositions intended to transmit facts to posterity; and unless we know the artist, we are at a loss as to the degree of trust which we may place in his impressions. A true portrait is objective. The individuality of the one whom it represents was the ruling force in the hour of its production; and to the spirit of a household, a community, a kingdom, or an age, that individuality is the key. There is, too, in a genuine portrait an internal evidence of its authenticity. No artist ever was great enough to invent the combination of lines, curves, and planes, which composes the face of a man. There is the accumulated significance of a lifetime—subtile traces of failures or of victories wrought years ago. How these will manifest themselves, no experience can point out, no intuition can foresee or imagine. The modifications are infinite, and each is completely removed from the region of the accidental."

Paul Akers was small in stature; delicately organized, but, before his invalid days, athletic, agile, and lithe; his head was Shakespearian in type, the brow being high and broad, and the crown bald; his gray eyes were grave, tender, and magnetic, and his hair silky and sunny, and he wore his beard intact. Candid and winsome in manner, he had an almost morbid shrinking from giving pain to others, and delighted to minister to their pleasure.

How naturally and sweetly the memory of such a man associates itself with the most delicate and beautiful objects of nature, is tenderly manifest in an ode called Violet-Planting, written by his gifted widow, the spring after his death, from which an extract will appropriately close this sketch of Paul Akers:—

No more, alas! alas!
O fairest blossoms which the wild bee sips!

Along your pleasant places shall he pass,
Ere from your freshened leaves the night-dew drips,
Culling your blooms in handfuls from the grass,
Pressing your tender faces to his lips—
Ah! never any more!
Yet I recall, a little while before
He passed behind this mystery of death,
How, bringing home great handfuls, won away
From the dark wood-haunts where he loved to stray
Until his dewy garments were replete
With wafts of odorous breath,
With sods all mossy sweet
And all awake and purple with new bloom,
He filled and crowded every window-seat,
Until each pleasant room
Was fragrant with your mystical perfume:
Now vainly do I watch beside the door—
Ah! never any more!

The earliest breath of June
Blows the white tassels from the cherry-boughs,
And in the deepest shadow of the noon
The mild-eyed oxen browse.
How tranquilly he sleeps—
He, whom so bitterly we mourn as dead!
Although the new month sweeps
The over-blossomed spring-flower from his bed,
Giving fresh buds therefor—
Although beside him still Love waits and weeps,
And yonder goes the war.

Wake, violets, wake!
Open your blue eyes wide!
Watch faithfully his lonely pillow here;
Let no rude foot-fall break
Your slender stems, nor crush your leaves aside;
See that no harm comes near
The dust to me so dear:
O violets! hear!
The clouds hang low and heavy with warm rain;
And when I come again,
Lo! with your blossoms his loved grave shall be
Blue as the marvellous sea
Laving the borders of his Italy!

APPENDIX.

LIST OF AMERICAN PICTURES

IN

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE COLLECTIONS.

NEW YORK CITY.

N. Y. HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Ames.—Portraits of Clarkson Crolius, Gouverneur Morris, George Clinton.

Cole.—Course of Empire—five paintings; Italian Scenery; Temple of Segestæ; Moonlight; Summer Sunset; Catskill Creek; Conway Peak, White Mountains.

Cummings.—Portrait of Macready, as Tell.

Durand.—Portraits of John Quincy Adams, John Adams, James Monroe, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, Washington, Mrs. Washington, Luman Reed; Peddler and his Wares; Wrath of Peter Stuyvesant. Landscape, The Old Oak.

Edmonds.—The Image Peddler.

Elliott.—Portraits of Dr. J. W. Francis, Dan. Stanton, P. M. Wetmore, R. W. Griswold.

Flagg.—The Chess Players; Falstaff; Little Savoyard; Rebecca; Woodchopper's Boy; Match Girl; Lady and Parrot; The Nun; Mother and Child; Murder of Princes; Lady Jane Grey.

Gignoux.—The Mammoth Cave.

Gray.—Portrait of Bryant.

Hicks.—Portraits of Luther Bradish, Dr. Kane, Dr. Abbott.

Huntington.—Portraits of Sir Charles Eastlake and the Earl of Carlisle.

Ingham.—The Sibyl; The Black Plume.

Jarvis.—Portraits of E. Benson, De Witt Clinton, John Randolph, Robert Morris, Charles Coles, John Stanford, D.D., C. D. Colden, D. D. Tompkins.

Marchant.—Portrait of J. Quincy Adams.

Nehlig.—Cavalry Charge of Lt. Hidden.

Osgood, S. S.—Portraits of Thomas Campbell, Lord Lyndhurst, F. S. Osgood, Alice Cary, Captain John A. Sutter, Edgar A. Poe, Mrs. Hewitt.

Peale, C. W.—Portraits of Alex. Hamilton, Family Group, George Washington, J. B. Bordley, Van Berckel, G. C. Stuart.

Peale, Rembrandt.—Portraits of Rammohun Roy, Joseph Dennie, Jefferson, Dr. Priestley, Mrs. Madison, Decatur, Commodore Jones, Commodore Bainbridge, Commodore Perry, Mr. Tilghman.

Page.—Ruth and Naomi.

Pratt.—Portrait of C. D. Colden.

Stuart.—Portraits of Washington, John Adams.

Taggart.—Portrait of Fitz-Greene Halleck.

Thompson, C. G.—Portrait of C. F. Hoffman.

Trumbull.—Portraits of John Pintard, Dr. Smalley, Alexander Hamilton.
Vanderlyn.—Portrait of Aaron Burr.
Ver Bryck.—The Dutch Bible.
West, Benj.—Hector parting with his Wife; Chyseis returned to her Father.
White, E.—Murillo and the Beggar Boy.
Wright, Jos.—Portrait of John Jay.

SCULPTURE.

Brackett.—Bust of Allston.
Brown, H. K.—Ruth; Boys and Dog; Bust of Bryant.
Clevenger.—Busts of James Kent, Oliver Wolcott, W. H. Harrison, Henry Clay, Edward Everett, Philip Hone.
Dixey.—Bust of Alexander Hamilton.
Frazee.—Bust of John Jay.
Greenough.—Bust of John Quincy Adams.
Ives.—Bust of Benjamin Silliman.
Jarvis.—Bust of Thomas Paine.
Jones, T. D.—Bust of Abraham Lincoln.
Launitz.—Bust of P. A. Jay.
Mills (Clark).—Bust of D. J. Macgowan.
Palmer.—Bust of W. Irving.

CITY HALL, NEW YORK.

Catlin.—Portrait of Governor Clinton.
Eliott.—Portraits of Governors Bouck, Hunt, Seymour; Mayors Kingsland and Wood.
Gray.—Portrait of Governor Young.
Hicks.—Portraits of Governors Fish and King; Mayor Tiemann.
Huntington.—Portraits of Governor Morgan; Mayor Harper, part.
Inman.—Portraits of Governors Van Buren and Seward; Mayors Lawrence, Clark, Varian, Harper (finnished by Huntington).
Jarvis, C. W.—Portraits of Mayor Woodhull, President Jefferson, Henry Clay, General Bolmar, General Paez, General Jacob Morton.
Jarvis.—Governor Fillmore, General Brown, Commodore Swift, Commodore Bainbridge, Commodore Perry, Commodore Hull, Commodore McDonough.
Kellogg.—Portrait of General Scott.
Mooney.—Portrait of Mayor Bowen Westervelt.
Morse.—Portraits of Mayor Paulding, Lafayette, General Monckton.
Powell.—Major Robert Anderson.
Page.—Portrait of Governor Marcy.
Shegogue.—Portrait of Jacob Hays.
Sully.—Portraits of General Williams, Commodore Decatur.
Spencer.—Portrait of Mayor Morris.
Trumbull.—Portraits of Governor Lewis, Washington, Governor Clinton.
Vanderlyn.—Portraits of Governor Yates; Mayor Holden, Mayor Hone; Presidents Jackson, Monroe, and Taylor.
Waldo.—Portraits of Mayors Willett, Radcliffe, and Allen; General Macomb.
Weir.—Portraits of Governor Throop and Mayor Lee.
Whitethorne.—Portrait of Governor Wright.
Wenzler.—Portrait of Mayor Brady.
Weimar.—Portraits of John Jay, Alexander Hamilton.

CENTRAL PARK MUSEUM, N. Y.

Crawford.—Marble statue of Flora, presented by R. K. Haight.
87 casts in Plaster, from Crawford's works, presented by Mrs. Crawford.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW YORK.

Leslie.—Portrait of Allston, presented by Morse.
Suydam.—A collection of his paintings presented to the Academy.
Also, Portraits of all the Academicians.
Pictures presented by each of the Academicians.

*PRIVATE COLLECTIONS.**

COLLECTION OF W. T. BLODGETT, Esq., N. Y.

Boughton.—Passing into the Shade.
Church.—Original Study for Cotopaxi; Aurora; Ecuador; Heart of the Andes.
Cropsey.—Olden Time.
Darley.—Foraging Scene in Virginia; Charge at Fredericksburg.
Hall.—Grapes, White and Purple.
Haseltine.—Narragansett Coast.
Hicks.—Booth as Iago.
Johnson (*Eastman*). — Family Group; Corn Sheller.
Kensett.—Autumn.
Leutzé.—Rummaging.
Rowse.—Four Crayon Heads.

COLLECTION OF CYRUS BUTLER, Esq., N. Y.

Bristol.—On the Housatonic.
Brown, J. G.—Waking up the Wrong Passenger.
Durand.—Lake George.
Hall, George.—Red, White, and Blue.
McEntee.—Virginia (sent to the Paris Exposition, 1867); November.
Mignot.—On the Passaic.
Suydam.—The Salt Marshes, L. I.
Weir, J. F.—An Artist's Studio.

COLLECTION OF A. M. COZZENS, Esq., N. Y.

Baker.—Portrait of a Girl.
Boughton.—The Match Boy.
Brown. — The Smoker; "Allegro and Penseroso."
Church.—Andes of the Ecuador.
Cole.—Campagna di Roma; A Mountain Pass; Catskill Creek.
Cropsey.—The Falls of Tivoli; Bay of New York.
Doughty. — View near Paris; Trout Brook.
Durand.—The Beeches.
Edmonds.—Reading the Bible.
Gray. — The Greek Lovers; Landscape.
Hays.—A Basket of Strawberries.
Hicks.—Booth as Iago; Street in Amalfi; Italian Woman.
Homer (*Winslow*). — Harrowing, a Landscape.
Huntington.—Christian in the Valley; The Sacred Lesson; Italian Woman at a Shrine; Shepherd Boy; Mercy's Dream (original sketch).
Inman.—Portrait of Bishop Moore; Hackett as Rip Van Winkle.
Kensett.—White Mountains; Niagara; Lake George; Newport; Newport, Second Beach; Mountain Torrent; Newport Bay; Beverley Shore, Mass., and three other Landscapes.
Lang.—The Convalescent; Cenci in Prison; The Young Reaper.
Leslie.—Expectation.
Leutzé.—Interior by Moonlight; Hester Prynne and Little Pearl; The Captive Prince; Nurse and Child; Columbus before Ferdinand and Isabella; Puritan and his Daughter; Boy and Dog.
Mount.—Boys Gambling in Barn.
Rossiter.—The Confidante.
Stuart (*Gilbert*). — Portrait of Dr. Houghton.
Sully.—Childhood.
Tait.—Young Quail.
Weir, R. W.—The Microscope.

COLLECTION OF ROBT. HOE, Esq., N. Y.

LANDSCAPES.

Brevoort.—Sunshine.
Casilear.—Spring in the Woods.
Church.—Our Flag.
Durand.—Sunlight.
Gifford.—Sunrise on the Sea-shore.
Gignoux.—First Snow; Spring.
Hart, J. M.—On the Farmington River, Summer; October; Winter Scene; Marsh and Water Fowl; A Summer Sketch.

* Lists of Collections of W. H. Aspinwall, August Belmont, and some others, have not been furnished.

Hubbard.—A Study.
Kensett.—Reminiscence of Italy; A Wet Day in Summer; Sunset on the Coast.
McEntee, J.—Assokan Woods.
Whittredge.—In Westphalia.

FIGURE PICTURES.

Baker.—Italian Girl.
Beard.—Reflection.
Boughton.—Bit of Advice.
De Haas.—Hastings, on the Sea.
Gray.—Vision of Oberon; Toilet; Artist in Chrysalis.
Guy.—Happy Childhood.
Huntington.—Rosalind (As You Like It).
Johnson, E.—Sunday Morning; Morning; Himself.
Van Beest.—Marine, Coast of France.

COLLECTION OF JOHN TAYLOR JOHNSTON, Esq., N. Y.

Allston (*Washington*).—Spalatro's Vision of the Bloody Hand.
Beard, W. H.—Santa Claus; Grimalkin's Dream.
Bellows, A. F.—A Nook.
Boughton, G. H.—Moonlight Skating.
Brown, J. G.—"Thus perish the memory of our loves;" Thoughts by the Wayside.
Church, F. E.—Niagara; Twilight in the Wilderness; Sunset in Vermont.
Cole (*Thomas*).—Voyage of Life—Childhood, Youth, Manhood, Old Age; The Mountain Ford; Kenilworth Castle.
Colman, S.—Harbor of Seville; The Robins' Bath.
De Haas, M. F. H.—Marine View, Scarboro'.
Doughty, Thos.—Hudson River.
Durand, A. B.—View near Meyringen, Switzerland.
Edmonds, F. W.—Gil Blas and Archbishop.
Elliott.—Portrait of A. B. Durand.
Gifford, S. R.—The Coming Storm.
Gignoux, R.—Saguenay River.
Gray, H. P.—Hagar.
Hart, J. M., and A. F. Tait.—Misty Morning, with Ducks.
Hart, Wm.—Morning after a Fog.
Haseltine, W. S.—Indian Rock, Narragansett; Castle Rock, Nahant.
Hays, W. J.—Skye Terrier; Trout; Ossosway, Dr. Hayes' Esquimaux Dog.
Hennessy, W. J.—Comparison.
Homer (*Winslow*).—Prisoners from the Front.
Huntington, D.—The Cromwellian; Study in the Woods.
Johnson (*Eastman*).—The Chimney Corner; New England Boy at Breakfast.
Lambdin, G. C.—The Reverie; Sunday Morning in Spring.
Leutzé, E.—Absorbed; The Puritan's Daughter; Henry VIII. and Holbein.
McEntee, J.—November Days.
Richards, W. T.—The Spring.
Shattuck, A. D.—Stockbridge Scenery.
Staigg, R. M.—Crossing Sweepers; The Little Gate-keepers.
Stuart, Gilbert.—Consul Barry, Baltimore.
Weir, R. W.—Pæstum by Moonlight.
Woodville.—A Fancy Head, painted from a Waterloo drummer, supposed to be intended for a Visconte.

COLLECTION OF JAMES LENOX, Esq., N. Y.

Bierstadt—Valley of the Yo-Semite.
Chapman.—I Pifferari and First Italian Milestone.
Church.—Cotopaxi.
Cole.—Expulsion from Paradise.
Copley.—Portrait of a Lady.
Durand.—Ruloff Jansen's Kill.
Hays.—Prairie Dogs; Rocky Mountain Hares.
Huntington.—Portraits of General Hamilton, Columbus; Melancholy.
Inman, Henry.—Portrait of Dr. Chalmers; Dismissal, Country School; Group of Heads after Reynolds; View of Dundrennan Abbey.
Jarvis.—Portrait of a Gentleman.
Kensett.—Coast Scenery.
Leslie.—Portrait of Irving; Our Saviour

Teaching His Disciples; Christ, Mary, and Martha; Pharisee and Publican; Mother's Return; Mother and Child, after Raphael.
Mount.—The Turn of the Leaf.
Newton (*Stuart*).—The Dull Lecture; The Greek Girl.
Peale (*Jas.*).—Portrait of Washington.
Peale (*Rembrandt*).—Portrait of Washington.
Powers.—Il Penseroso.
Stuart.—Portrait of Washington; Portrait of a Gentleman.
Trumbull.—Portrait of a Lady.
Vanderlyn.—From the Transfiguration, the Mother of the Demoniac Boy.

COLLECTION OF R. M. OLYPHANT, Esq., N. Y.

Baker, G. A.—Two Portraits.
Beard, W. H.—False Pretences.
Benson, E.—Reverie; Over the Meadows.
Boughton, G. H.—Repose; Bashful, yet Fond; Sealed Letter.
Bristol.—St. Augustine, Florida.
Brown, J. G.—Trudging in the Snow.
Cafferty.—Fruit Piece.
Casilear, J. W.—Swiss Lake; Swiss Scenery; Four Landscapes, The Seasons.
Church, F. E.—New England Scenery.
Cole, T.—Tornado in American Forest.
Coleman, S.—Genesee Lake; Spanish Scene; Landscape, Evening.
Cranch, C. P.—Venice.
Cropsey, J. F.—Mount Jefferson; Four Landscapes — Morning, Noon, Twilight, Moonlight; English Cottage; Study.
Durand.—"As some tall Cliff;" North River; Study of Trees; Two Landscapes; Lake Scene.
Ehninger.—The Sword.
Gifford, S. R.—Camp of the Seventh Regiment; Twilight in the Wilderness; Sunset.
Gignoux, R.—St. Ann's Fall; Sunset in Dismal Swamp.
Gray, H. P.—Judgment of Paris; Hagar and Ishmael; Two Portraits.
Greatorex, Mrs. E.—Landscape.
Green.—Sweet Sixteen.
Guy.—School Troubles.
Haseltine, W. S.—Seconnet Point.
Hays, W. J.—Dog's Head.
Hennessy, W. J.—Morning Devotions; Gardener's Daughter.
Hicks, T.—Unexpected Results.
Hotchkiss.—Harvesting (two pictures).
Hubbard, R. W.—Three Landscapes; Study.
Huntington, D.—The Counterfeit Note.
Johnson, E.—Getting Warm; The Little Housekeeper; Young Letter-writer.
Kensett, J. F.—October—Lake George; Genesee Valley (two); Niagara Falls and Rapids; Trenton; Newport and Harbor; Three Studies; Two Landscapes; North River; Housatonic Valley; White Mountains; Sea-shore; American Falls, Niagara.
Lambdin.—The Initials; The Mother of a Large Family.
Lang, Louis.—The Cousins; Chinese Nurse and Child; Three Sisters; Music Lesson; Lily Gatherers.
Loop.—Pensioners.
Leutzé, E.—Interior.
McEntee, J.—Autumn.
Mignot, L. R.—Winter Landscape.
Rossiter, T. P.—Evening.
Shattuck, A. D.—Marine View; Mount Chicorona.
Staigg, R. M.—Cat's Cradle; The Novel Reader.
Stone, W. O.—Portrait.
Suydam, J. A.—Moonlight, New London.
Tait, A. F.—Quail and Young.
Vedder, E.—Landscape, Pro Patria.
White, E.—The Sacred Lesson; The Pifferari; Morning with Luther; Prayer of Faith.
Whittredge.—Interior, Taking it Easy; One Hundred Years Ago.
Weir, Prof.—Niagara Falls.

COLLECTION OF MARSHALL O. ROBERTS, Esq., N. Y.

Baker, G. A.—Love at Sight; Wild Flowers; Children in the Woods.
Bierstadt, A.—Emigrants Crossing the Plains.
Bonfield, G. R.—Coast Scene.
Boughton, G. H.—Gipsy Woman.
Brown, J. G.—First Cigar.
Casilear.—Lake George.

Chapman.—Rachel.
Church.—Rainy Season in Tropics; Under Niagara; Mount Katahdin; Sea View, Mount Desert Island.
Cole, Thomas.—The Old Mill; Landscape.
Cranch, C. P.—Venice.
Cropsey.—Coffe Castle, Ireland; Mediterranean Coast.
Deas, C.—Long Jakes.
Durand, A. B.—Morning of Life; Schroon Lake; The Rescue.
Elliott, C. L.—Portrait of Himself.
Gifford, S. R.—Quebec; Landscape.
Gignoux.—Niagara; Indian Summer, Va.
Gray, H. P.—Just Fifteen.
Guy, S. G.—Field Daisy; Feeding the Ducks; The Sisters; The Picture Book.
Haas, F. H. De.—Storm at Sea; Coast of France.
Hall, Geo. H.—Under the Umbrella; Frederick the Great.
Hart, James M.—Morning in the Adirondacks; Midsummer Day.
Hart, William.—Landscape.
Hays, W. J.—Terrier Dog; Herd on the Move; Dog's Head; Noah's Dove; Strawberries; Flowers.
Haseltine.—Coast Scene.
Hicks.—Bull; Landscape; Vesuvius; The Harem; Shelley's Grave.
Hinckley.—Landscape with Deer; Landscape with Cows.
Hows, J. A.—Interior of a Church.
Huntington.—Mercy's Dream; Good Samaritan; Ruins of Rome; Lady Jane Grey; Fair Sketcher; Old Lawyer; Venice; Mountain Tops; In the Woods; Portrait of a Lady.
Ingham.—Portrait.
Jewett, W. S.—Group, Portraits.
Johnson (Eastman).—The Post Boy; The Organ Boy; Lady at Prayer; Hard Cider; The Woodman.
Kensett.—White Mountains; Morn on the Shore; Two Landscapes.
Lambdin, G. C.—Lazy Bones; Gathering Cherries; In the Library; Autumn Grasses.
Lang, L.—Beatrice Cenci; Musical Inspiration.
Lazarus, J. H.—Indian Princess.
Leutzé.—Washington Crossing the Delaware; Rose of the Alhambra; Triumph of the Cross; Crossing the Alps; John Knox and Mary Queen of Scots.
Mignot.—The Race (two); The Tropics.
Mount.—Raffling for a Goose.
Peale, J. T.—The Bullfinch.
Peale (Rembrandt).—Babes in the Wood.
Powell, W. H.—Landing of the Pilgrims; Scott's Entry into the City of Mexico.
Ranney, W.—Wild Horses; The Muleteer; Old Oaken Bucket.
Rossiter.—Christ Visiting the Sick.
Rothermel, P.—Beggar Girl; Cromwell in the Church.
Stone, W. O.—Morning Lesson.
Sully, T.—Woman at the Well; Young Girl Offering Flowers.
Suydam, J. A.—Newport.
Thompson.—Prairie Flowers.
Tilton.—Venice.
Weir, R. W.—Embarkation of the Pilgrims.
White, E.—Portrait of Himself.
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Bellows.—Indian Camp.
Bierstadt.—White Mountains.
Boughton.—Waiter.
Casilear.—Lake.
Church.—Summer.
Cole.—Catskill; Trees.
Doughty.—Two Landscapes.
Durand.—Two Landscapes.
Edmonds.—Three Figure Pieces.
Gifford.—Lake Como.
Gignoux.—Two Landscapes.
Hart.—Two Landscapes.
Hays.—Terrier.
Inman.—Portrait.
Inness.—Landscape.
Jewett.—Landscape.
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Kensett.—Five Landscapes.
Lang.—One picture.
Leutzé.—Elizabeth.
Loop.—Two pictures.
McEntee.—Landscape.
Rossiter.—Two pictures.
Staigg.—Two pictures.
Weir.—Near Newburgh.
Wüst.—Two Landscapes.

COLLECTION OF JONATHAN STURGES, Esq., N. Y.

Chapman. — Israelites Spoiling the Egyptians; Etruscan Girl; Donkey's Head.
Church.—Morning in the Cordilleras.
Cole. — Two Landscapes — Catskill; View of Thames.
Durand, A. B.—In the Woods; Swiss Scenery; View near Saugerties (his first Landscape to order); Judgment of Gog; Four Roman Heads; Portrait of the Turk Edrehi; Stratford-on-Avon; The Bride (a portrait); One of the Graces (a copy from Titian); The Monk (a copy from Titian); The Knight and Lady (a copy from Metzu); Music Lesson (a copy from Metzu); Portrait of Rembrandt (a copy from Metzu).
Edmonds.—The Bashful Cousin; Boy Stealing Milk.
Gray, H. P.—Proserpine and Bacchus.
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Ingham.—The Flower Girl; The Day Dream; Portrait of a Child.
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Mount, W. S.—The Farmers Nooning; Wringing the Pigs; Turning the Grindstone.
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Sully.—Portrait of W. Tudor.
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Weir.—Indian Captive.
West.—King Lear.

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Stuart.—Portraits of Jeremiah Allen; Edward Everett (unfinished); Lieut. Governor Cobb.
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Trumbull.—Battle of Bunker Hill; Death of General Montgomery; Declaration of Independence; Capture of Hessians at Trenton; Death of General Mercer at Princeton; Surrender of Burgoyne; Surrender of Cornwallis; Resignation of Washington; fifty-five small Heads, Miniatures, and Sketches; Portraits of Van Rensselaer, Washington, life size (1793), Alexander Hamilton, Pres'd't Dwight, Washington, full length (1792), Governor Trumbull, Rufus King, Christopher Gore; thirteen other Paintings, including Paulus Æmilius, Woman taken in Adultery, Earl of Angus conferring Knighthood, etc., etc.

YALE COLLEGE GALLERY, NEW HAVEN.

Allston.—Jeremiah.
Morse.—Portraits of Professor Silliman, Professor Fisher, President Day.
Smybert.—Portrait of Bishop Berkeley.

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DR. NICHOLAS DERING.

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Martin, Homer.—Landscape.
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West.—Portrait of Mrs. Breese.

WARD HUNT.

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ANDREW DEXTER.

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Morse.—Portrait of S. M. Dexter.
Stuart.—Portrait of Andrew Dexter.

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PHILADELPHIA.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

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Doughty.—View near Hartford; On the Susquehanna; Landscape.
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H. C. CAREY, Esq.

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JAMES L. CLAGHORN.

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Whittredge. — In the Bernese Alps. Drawings by Darley, etc.

COLLECTION OF SAMUEL FALES, Esq.

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Moran.—Five Marine Views; Five Landscapes.
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COLLECTION OF J. W. FIELD, Esq.

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BALTIMORE.

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Weir.—Rebecca (Ivanhoe).

WILLIAM GILMORE.

Leslie.—Scene from Macbeth.

OWEN A. GILL.

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J. P. KENNEDY.

Leslie.—Katharine the Shrew.

JOHN B. MORRIS.

Stuart.—Washington.
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PEABODY INSTITUTE.

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E. L. ROGERS.

Cole.—Primitive Man.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

W. W. CORCORAN.

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J. C. McGUIRE.

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Cerachi.—Marble Bust of James Madison, 1792, alto-relievo.
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Ward (Quincy).—Indian Hunter and Dog, Bronze.
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